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THE DEFENCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL

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THE relation of the Panama Canal to the United States has two entirely different aspects. As a commercial water-way we are interested in it in the same manner, although perhaps to a different degree, as are the other nations of the world. In respect to operations of warfare, on the other hand, its relation to our country is unique.

Again, in this relation of the canal to warfare, there are also two aspects which must be borne in mind. The relation of the canal to the efficiency of our own navy has been pretty thoroughly recognized by the American people ever since the voyage of the *Oregon*, in 1898. It is a cardinal principle of naval strategy that, wherever situated, the whole American fleet should be kept together. The construction of the canal makes the enforcement of this policy possible, and by making the fleet readily transferable from coast to coast, for certain contingencies, virtually doubles its efficiency. If the Panama Canal were not being constructed, there would doubtless be great political pressure, which, in time of threatened war, might become overwhelming, to divide the fleet and keep half of it in either ocean for the fancied protection of the respective coasts and to the real destruction of proper naval strategy.

The military importance of the canal to the American nation, in a second aspect, has not been so clearly recognized by the people at large. While they have been quick to see how important it is that in time of war the canal should be *open* to our own fleet, it has not been equally appreciated how important it is that the canal should be *closed* to the fleet of our enemy. If we are ever unfortunate enough to be at war, either with a nation strong enough to have fleets in both the Atlantic and the Pacific, or with two nations, one in the Orient, and the other in Europe, this difference of policy as to the canal would be vital. The closure of the canal to our enemies would permit our fleet to operate on interior lines and would compel the other fleets to operate on exterior lines eight thousand miles longer than ours. It might easily make the whole difference between victory and defeat. Furthermore, the military policy of the United States, and to a large extent its national character, have been controlled by its isolation from possible enemies. The long peninsula of South America, stretching far down toward the Antarctic Ocean, is now, since the development of steam navigation, the chief remnant of that military isolation. South America is the home of no nation likely in the near future to be one of our serious enemies. Hardly any of its harbors or coaling stations are in control of European or Oriental powers, and it thus offers a most difficult and wellnigh insuperable obstacle to the transfer of a hostile fleet from one ocean to the other in time of war. On the other hand, free passage through the canal would shorten the distance between our eastern and western coasts from thirteen thousand to five thousand miles. It would make it

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possible for a hostile fleet to do what it cannot do now, namely, threaten both our coasts at the same time. Protection against such a contingency is an item not lightly to be disregarded in forming our national policy. To have our rich and populous Atlantic coast practically secured against a raid by an Oriental enemy, and our important Pacific cities equally protected against European attack, permits a far-reaching beneficent influence upon our military preparations at home. Our sea-coast fortifications—like any sea-coast fortifications—are effective only to protect our cities from a naval bombardment; that is, they are sufficient only to compel our enemy to leave his ships and take to the land in order to harm us. Against an enemy who has sufficient force and time to land at any one of the countless unprotected places of our coast, our defence must fall back upon our land forces. The peninsula of South America by thus making only one-half of our sea-coast vulnerable at a given time permits our land forces to be concentrated on the threatened side and thus enables us to maintain a smaller army than would otherwise be necessary. The present regular army is insufficient in size even to protect one frontier. If it had to cover two, its effectiveness would be reduced by half. The three months which would be consumed by a foreign fleet or expedition in going around Cape Horn, or through the Straits of Magellan, might make the difference between a successful defence or a complete disaster on the part of those communities against which the attack was intended. Protecting the canal against the passage of a hostile fleet, therefore, instead of being a step toward militarism, is a step in the other direction. It tends to maintain our old isolation, and our consequent ability to remain comparatively disarmed at home.

It may be well to notice here one argument which has been made against fortifying the canal—that is, that the canal could and should be defended by our navy and that no further defence is necessary. Such a contention ignores all considerations, not only of naval strategy, but of national economy. The fleet is the offensive-defence of our nation. If our enemy even obtains complete control of the sea our fate will be hard indeed. No great country is so vulnerable as we are to an enemy able to land its armies on our shore. Our fleet, therefore, must be free to meet its opponent under conditions most favorable to its success. It must have no conditions imposed upon it other than to retain control of that part of the ocean necessary to protect us from invasion. If it were tied down to the defence of the Panama Canal, its primary function would be completely destroyed. In the second place, this would be the most expensive possible method of protecting the canal. It would be using material costing nearly two hundred millions of dollars to do work which could be better done by other means at about ten per cent of that cost, for the total expense of defending the canal by fortifications and land defence, according to present estimates, is less than twenty millions.

The conclusions which American policy must draw from these military considerations affecting the canal are therefore simple and clear. A canal protected by international agreement could not possibly meet the requirements of the United States. Such an agreement would assume at the threshold that the canal was to be equally open to all in time of war—our enemies as well as ourselves. In a military sense, it would turn the canal into an international strait. It would remove the peninsula of South America from the pathway of the fleets of other nations as well as our own.

Even if it were conceivable that other nations would join in a guarantee of protection to a canal under a covenant not to use it against the United States in time of war, we could not afford to rely upon such a guarantee. For all the temptation to violate such a covenant would rest upon the other nations who were parties to it, and all the risk and loss and damage which attended its violation would fall upon us alone. We would have no right to trust to such a hazard a matter of such vital national interest as the exclusion of our enemy's fleet from the Panama Canal in time of war.

We could not afford to risk our national security upon the faith that an international guarantee would be stronger in our behalf, in some future crisis, than it was, for instance, in 1793, when Prussia, after

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having guaranteed only two years before the independence of Poland, joined in the partition of Poland; or in 1807, when Great Britain entered the harbor of Copenhagen, belonging to a nation with which she was at peace and under relations of amity, and destroyed the Danish fleet; or in 1904, when Japan, after having guaranteed the independence of Korea, violated the sanctity of the harbor of Chemulpho by attacking there the Russian fleet; or in 1908, when Austria, after having signed the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, under the terms of which the political sovereignty of Bosnia and Herzegovina was given to Turkey, turned around and herself annexed those two principalities. To insure, therefore, that the Panama Canal will always be open to our own fleet and closed to the fleet of our enemy, it must be under American control, complete and unhampered, and every step must be taken in time of peace, by the construction of fortifications and the preparation of other military defences, to make that control effective in the emergency of war.

On the other hand, the establishment of such complete American control over the canal, for the purposes of defence, is not in the slightest degree inconsistent with the neutralization of the canal for purposes of commerce. The reverse is true —complete control and responsibility may be important for the very purpose of making effective a guarantee of commercial neutrality. In a long series of national declarations, beginning with a Senate resolution in 1835, we have committed ourselves to the policy of a route across the Isthmus in which the commercial rights of transit of all nations shall be equal. During the past quarter of a century there has been simultaneously enunciated by our government, with equal distinctness, the policy of sole American control for the purpose of military defence. And for an even longer time we have been giving a practical example of the combination of the two policies in our protection and control over the railway route across the Isthmus. If any one is inclined to think that military protection over the canal is inconsistent with its commercial freedom, let him remember that during the past fifty-five years we have been compelled to intervene with our armed forces no less than ten times to preserve the freedom of the Panama railway.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850 was framed on an entirely different theory and expressly conceded to Great Britain, even if at war with us, equal rights of transit through the Isthmus for her navy. But with the settlement and development of California and our northwestern Pacific coast this error in our diplomatic policy was quickly recognized and pressure begun for the repeal of that treaty. In 1880 President Hayes, in a message to the Senate, said:

"The policy of this country is a canal under American control. The United States cannot consent to the surrender of this control to any European power or to any combination of European powers. . . . An inter-oceanic canal across the American Isthmus would essentially change the geographical relations between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States and between the United States and the rest of the world. It would be the great ocean thoroughfare between our Atlantic and our Pacific shores and virtually a part of the coast line of the United States. . . . No other great power would, under similar circumstances, fail to assert a rightful control over a work so colossal and vitally affecting its interest and welfare."

Again, in 1881, Mr. Blaine, then secretary of state, in a letter of instructions to the American minister at London, pointed out the policy of neutralization under American military control with great clarity and force:

"The United States seeks only to use, for the defence of its own interests, the same forecast and provision which her Majesty's government so emphatically employ in defence of the interests of the British Empire. To guard her eastern possessions, to secure the most rapid transit to her troops and munitions of war, and to prevent any other nation having equal facilities in the same direction, Great Britain holds and fortifies all the strategic points that control the route to India. At Gibraltar, at Malta, at Cyprus, her fortifications give her the mastery of the Mediterranean. She holds a controlling interest in the Suez Canal, and by her fortifications at Aden and on the island of

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Perin she excludes all other powers from the waters of the Red Sea and renders it a *mare clausum*. It would, in the judgment of the President, be no more unreasonable for the United States to demand a share in these fortifications, or to demand their absolute neutralization, than for England to make the same demand in perpetuity from the United States with respect to the transit across the American continent. The possessions which Great Britain thus carefully guards in the East are not of more importance to her than is the Pacific slope, with its present development and assured growth, to the Government of the United States. . . . If a hostile movement should at any time be made against the Pacific coast, threatening danger to its people and destruction to its property, the Government of the United States would feel that it had been unfaithful to its duty and neglectful toward its own citizens if it permitted itself to be bound by a treaty which gave the same right through the canal to a war-ship bound on an errand of destruction that is reserved to its own navy sailing for the defence of our coast and the protection of the lives of our people. And, as England insists, by the might of her power, that her enemies in war shall strike her Indian possessions only by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, so the Government of the United States will equally insist that the interior, more speedy, and safer route of the canal shall be reserved for ourselves, while our enemies, if we shall ever be so unfortunate as to have any, shall be remanded to the voyage around Cape Horn. . . . For self-protection to her own interests, therefore, the United States in the first instance asserts her right to control the Isthmus transit. And, secondly, she offers, by such control, that absolute neutralization of the canal, as respects European powers, which can in no other way be certainly attained and lastingly assured."

Finally, in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901, while the principle of commercial neutralization was reaffirmed, the restrictions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as to military defence were expressly abrogated and, in the language of Mr. Hay reporting the effect of the negotiations to the Senate, there was left in time of war "to the United States the clear right to close the canal against the other belligerent and to protect it and to defend itself by whatever means might be necessary."

In adopting this policy we have only followed the natural course of self-preservation that has been pursued by other nations in similar cases. Germany, while opening the Kiel Canal to commerce, has fortified and securely holds for her military protection that interior line of connection between her Baltic and North Sea coasts. Mr. Blaine's letter, above quoted, forcibly points out how Great Britain has accomplished the same result in the case of the Suez Canal by fortifying and holding the various approaches to it, and the so-called neutralization of that canal in time of war affords no benefit to a belligerent against Great Britain because none of the vessels of such a belligerent could ever reach the canal so as to take advantage of its neutrality. Furthermore, Great Britain actually declined to consent to the neutralization of the Suez Canal so long as the condition of affairs in Egypt rendered it inconsistent with her own interest to do so.*

The control of the Panama Canal is far more important to our national security than is the control of the Kiel Canal to that of Germany, or the Suez Canal to that of Great Britain. Its protection is more essential than the protection of any part of our coast or any of our seaports, however important, because it is the key to the protection of many seaports and thousands of miles of coast-line. The measures and means which, in common with all other nations, we have employed for the defence of such other points of value are presumptively of even greater necessity at Panama, and there are certain features of the Panama problem which make it, to some extent, unique and peculiar.

The problem of the defence of the Isthmus divides itself, naturally, into the two great classes of defensive operations which

* In spite of a previous declaration of neutrality by the Khedive as to the canal, Great Britain seized it in 1882, used Ismailia, on its bank, as a war base for her expedition against Arabi Pasha, and in direct contravention of the neutrality declaration stopped, for a certain definite period, all neutral commerce in the canal. At the Convention of Constantinople, of 1888, in regard to the same canal, the British delegates declined to commit Great Britain to the provisions of neutrality therein established, "in so far as they would not be compatible with the transitory and exceptional state in which Egypt now exists, and as they might fetter the freedom of action on the part of their government during the occupation of Egypt by forces of her Britannic Majesty."

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we find elsewhere, namely: the problem of a sea-coast defence by fortification and a land defence by a mobile garrison. In the first place, therefore, the entrances to the canal are being protected by fortifications and sea-coast artillery. At the Atlantic end these are situated on either side of Limon Bay. At the Pacific end they are situated principally on the islands which guard the entrance to the canal. These fortifications serve the following purposes:

They prevent the bombardment of the canal locks from a hostile fleet at sea, which could otherwise run in close enough to destroy those locks with their great guns.

Secondly, they enable our fleet, in case it should have to traverse the canal to meet a hostile fleet standing off the opposite entrance, to deploy on its emergence into line for battle with such enemy. Otherwise our fleet could be destroyed in detail by such an enemy as the ships emerged, one after the other, out of the mouth of the canal.

Thirdly, this sea-coast artillery, and particularly the great mortars which are being placed there, are available to prevent an enemy from landing upon the coast within a radius of six or seven miles from the mouth of the canal and within that radius can assist the mobile garrison in defending itself against the approach of an enemy by land.

The aim of the land defence of the Isthmus is to protect the locks and other destructible portions of the canal from the attack of an enemy which has landed upon the Isthmus at a distance and come up behind the sea-coast fortifications. Such an attack may be made in three ways:

In the first place, individuals or small parties may try to creep in by stealth and damage some important work with high explosives. While it is quite likely that such a method may be tried, it is the least formidable danger and should be prevented by watchfulness and care on the part of the garrison and the local police. The amount of such explosive which a single man can carry is less formidable, as against the great structures of the canal locks and gates, than is usually supposed.

In the second place, a raid may be made upon the canal by marines or sailors landed from a hostile fleet. This is perhaps the most probable way in which an attack would come. An enemy, having eluded or beaten off our fleet, may attempt to destroy or get possession of the canal by suddenly landing and attempting to rush our garrison. But the size of such a force is necessarily limited, and would probably not exceed four or five thousand men. Assuming that the American fleet has not been hopelessly destroyed, a hostile naval commander would hesitate to weaken his own force by committing too many of his men to the Panama jungle, with the choice of their destruction by disease or fighting.

In the third place, the attack may come from a substantial army, transported across the ocean, or from a smaller force assisted by Central or South American troops. This could probably not happen until the question of sea control was decided irretrievably against the American navy. A fleet of transports, even convoyed under powerful guard, is the most helpless of all seafaring expeditions, and across the immense distance of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, would hardly be attempted if there was any sting left in the American naval forces. On the other hand, if it were attempted at all it would doubtless be attempted in thorough fashion, and with adequate force. Our possible enemies have large, thoroughly organized and equipped armies, which can be moved promptly. They must be credited with good military judgment. If their object were to capture the canal and not merely to injure it, they would send an expeditionary force of strength. Once captured by such a force, the Panama Canal could be far more easily held against us than any of the other prizes open to such an expedition of our enemy, and, at the same time, it would be a makeweight of importance for the final negotiations after the war was ended. An attempt upon it of that nature, therefore, while not so likely as a sudden raid, must be considered in our calculations of defence.

To meet such a deliberate attack, any garrison which the American nation, under its present military policy, could permanently keep at the Isthmus would probably have to be largely reinforced from home. Fortunately, the Canal Zone is unique in its possibility of reinforcement from the

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United States. Unlike our other over-sea possessions, such as Porto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, Guam, or the Philippine Islands, Panama can be reached from the United States by either one of the two oceans, and even if naval supremacy had been lost upon the other, the garrison at the Isthmus could still be reinforced.

The mobile garrison proposed for the Isthmus, under the present plans of the general staff of the army, is to consist of between six and seven thousand men, composed mainly of infantry, with a battalion of field-artillery and a small force of cavalry for use as scouts and patrols. The theory of this defence is that it is large enough to meet any force of sailors or marines that could be landed from a hostile fleet. It could even make a successful defence against a larger force at the Atlantic end of the canal, where the conditions for jungle defence are particularly favorable. The Pacific end of the zone, with its broad open country of savannas, is much less easily defended, but fortunately on this side the distance which separates us from any enemy capable of landing an army is very great. And out in the Pacific Ocean, immediately upon the flank of any such attack, lie the Hawaiian Islands, where our navy is now establishing its Pacific base, and where the army is preparing, with the assent of Congress, to make that base as nearly impregnable as possible. Our naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, is the real defence against any sustained attack, not only upon Panama from the west, but upon the whole Pacific coast. Properly held and protected, it would make it extremely hazardous, if not virtually impossible, for any nation to ship an army in transports across the Pacific Ocean.

In the conduct of the actual operations against an enemy who has succeeded in landing his men, whether the force be large or small, success would depend, more than anything else, upon the initiative and vigor of the American commander and his previous training of his men. It is the last of all places for a passive defence. A commander who should dispose himself in earthworks immediately around the locks, no matter how strong, and there await the onslaught of his enemy, would be doomed. He must seek out his opponent as soon as he lands, fall upon him in the jungle, harass him, make him fight every inch of the way, and delay him long enough to bring the effect of the deadly climate to the aid of the defence. In such fighting, everything is in favor of the defenders who know the country, whose men can be replaced and saved in ways impossible to the invader camping in the wilderness, and who should have studied out beforehand every problem of the terrain and its complications. It is primarily a problem of jungle warfare, and every effort of our general staff should be bent on preparing and training a body of men until they shall have become thoroughly adapted to the conditions, and in that way have made themselves, man for man, as far as possible, superior to the force of seamen or other troops who must make the attack.

Such, then, in brief, are the reasons for and an outline of the method proposed by the War Department for the defence of the canal. Panama, with Hawaii, and to a lesser extent Guantanamo, are the armed outposts of the United States. Their relation to the ultimate safety of the country is so vital as to admit of none of the neglect and muddled thinking which we are wont to spend upon our other military problems. The details for their defence must be earnestly studied and thoroughly worked out, and the comparatively slight expenditure necessary for keeping a firm control upon them cheerfully borne, simply because upon their readiness depends in so large degree the security of our careless and unprepared nation.

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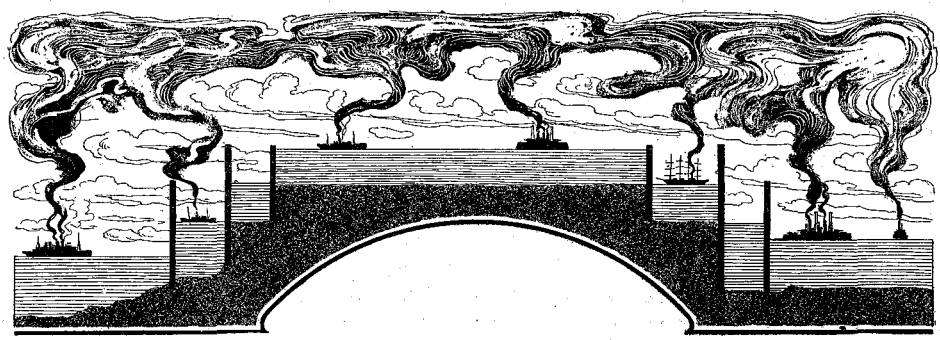

PANAMA'S BRIDGE OF WATER

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP
Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission

WHAT the engineers of the United States Government are constructing at Panama is not a canal through the Isthmus but a bridge of water across and above it. The so-called canal is a huge water bridge, the first in the world's history. It is about 34 miles in length, 87 feet high, with a channel of water through its centre varying in depth from 45 to 87 feet and in width at the bottom from 300 to 1,000 feet. The bridge is divided into two sections, Gatun Lake and Culebra Cut, the latter being an arm of the former. Access to the bridge by vessels will be by means of water-elevators, six in duplicate at either end, each 1,000 feet long, 110 feet wide, and with a combined lift of 87 feet. At the Atlantic end the elevators are grouped one above another, like a flight of three steps. At the Pacific end two pairs of elevators are grouped at the bottom, and are separated from the third pair above by a platform of water in the form of a lake about a mile and a half in length. The piers or walls which hold the bridge in place are the Gatun Dam and elevator gates at the Atlantic end and the dam and elevator gates at Pedro Miguel at the Pacific end.

In constructing the bridge and securing a level for its channel it was necessary to cut a passage through a mountain range near the Pacific end and to erect a lower mountain range or ridge at the Atlantic end. The first is known as the Culebra Cut, and the second, composed in large part of the earth and rock taken from the Cut and transported about thirty miles, is known as the Gatun Dam. A mountain had to be moved, not by faith, but by dynamite, steam-shovels, and railway trains, and set up anew thirty miles away. It was placed across the lower end of a valley or water-shed comprising 1,320 square miles and will form in that valley a lake with an area of 164 square miles, with a depth varying from 45 to 87 feet, and containing 183,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. This lake, with its Culebra Cut arm, is the water bridge of the Isthmus. Twenty-four miles of the channel for vessels will lie within the lake area, and about nine miles will be through Culebra Cut, and these nine miles constitute all that can properly be called a canal, unless the sea approaches at either end be included in that designation.

In a large sense the work on the Isthmus was divided into two parts—destructive and constructive. The dominating element in the problem was the removal of the mountain range, and in solving this the two branches of the work went hand in hand. The magnitude of that task

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proved, before it was accomplished, to be nearly or quite double what it was estimated at before work began. The minority report of the International Board of Consulting Engineers, in 1906, placed the total amount of Culebra Cut excavation for an 85-foot-level canal at 53,800,000 cubic yards, and the majority report of the same board estimated the amount necessary at the same point for a sea-level canal with a depth of 40 feet at 110,000,000 cubic yards. The latest estimate, after eight years of work, places the Cut total for the 85-foot-level canal under construction at fully 100,000,000. There has been a steady increase in the amount each year. In 1908 the Canal Commission, in a revised estimate, placed the total Cut excavation at about 78,000,000 cubic yards. In 1910 it increased it to 84,000,000; in 1911, to 89,000,000; in 1912, to nearly 94,000,000; and in 1913, to about 100,000,000. The increase was due, partially to widening the bottom width of the channel in the Cut from 200 to 300 feet, authorized by President Roosevelt in 1908, an increase of about 13,000,000 cubic yards, and other enlargements of the original plan, but mainly to breaks and slides.

No part of the canal work has more completely confounded the preliminary estimates of some of the highest engineering authorities in the United States and Europe than these slides and breaks in the banks of the canal prism through the Culebra Cut. The International Board of Consulting Engineers, after a thorough study of the question by a special committee, placed the probable total amount at 500,000 cubic yards.

A careful study of the geological structure of the Cut was made in 1898 by two eminent French engineers, Philippe Zürcher and Marcel Bertrand, the latter a professor of geology in the National High School of Mines at Paris; and in their report they declared, in referring to slides:

"The question of these cavings-in was formerly a cause of great anxiety, but that cause no longer exists. That of Cucaracha was partly due to want of care in the method of constructing the embankments, and it was easily stopped by comparatively simple works of drainage. . . . There are no caving belts to fear except the clays of the upper part which are already almost entirely excavated, and if any special precautions are to be taken against cavings-in, it would only be for the small extent of about 1 kilometer (0.62 mile) where the slope of the clay is toward the cut."

Professor William H. Burr, who was a member of the International Board of Consulting Engineers, and was a strenuous advocate of the sea-level as opposed to the lock-level type of canal, said in his testimony before the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, in March, 1906, in regard to slides in the Cut:

"All that is necessary to remedy such a condition is simply to excavate the clay or to drain it to keep the water out. It is not a new problem. It is no formidable feature of the work. It is simply to be treated down on the Isthmus as it would be treated here. There would be no slipping of the clay in the vicinity of Culebra Cut if it is drained, as it may be, or if portions of it, where it may readily be treated in that way, are excavated. It is not a material difficulty; it is not an obstacle to the construction of a sea-level canal. It simply means drainage and excavation; that is all. I might say that I speak, perhaps, with undue emphasis on this point, because I have been over every foot of that ground myself, and, in view of my previous experience with slipping clay, I speak not from hearsay or opinion but actual observation over many years."

These opinions were based mainly upon what is known as the Cucaracha slide, on the east bank of the canal, just south of Gold Hill, which is the highest point of the Culebra Cut. This first began to move in 1887, during the most active period of French operations, and I am assured by persons who were on the Isthmus at the time that it caused a feeling among the French engineers that very nearly approached consternation, they seeing in it a most formidable obstacle to the sea-level canal which they were engaged in constructing. Be that as it may, the French engineers at once ceased operations in that vicinity and never resumed them. In consequence the slide was quiescent during the remaining period of French work. Scarcely had the Americans begun excavation there in 1905 when the slide began to move again in the first wet

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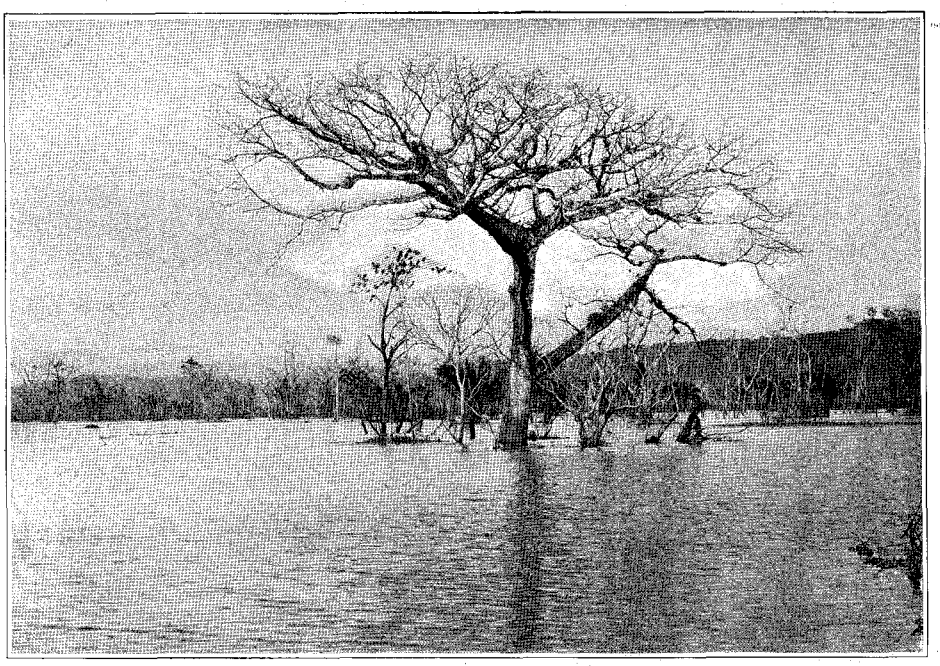

Gatun Lake. The dying jungle.
Surface of water 52½ feet above mean sea level, December, 1912.

season, and to resume movement in the succeeding wet season. On October 4, 1907, after a period of very heavy rains, it started afresh in the night. Without warning, it shot almost completely across the canal prism, overwhelming two steam-shovels in its course, covering all the dirt-train railway-tracks, and for ten days maintained a glacier-like movement of 14 feet each 24 hours. During that time it filled the canal prism and piled up a mass of material 30 feet in height on the west bank. Nearly half a million cubic yards of material were thrown into the canal prism by this movement and the operation of dirt-trains through this part of the Cut was delayed for about a month. In January, 1913, during the dry season, it again became active, carrying about 2,500,000 cubic yards more into the Cut, blocking all tracks in the bottom of the canal, and bringing the total slide excavation at this point up to about 6,000,000 cubic yards.

The Cucaracha slide is the largest of those classed as normal or gravity slides. These have occurred where there was a top layer of porous material resting upon a sloping surface of rock or other harder material. The water of heavy rains, sinking through the overlying porous material, caused a muddy, slippery zone to form between that and the harder material below, sending the entire top layer, of a thickness varying from ten to forty feet, into the canal prism. Slides of another type, involving a very much greater amount of excavation, are classed by geologists as structural break or deformation slides. These were due to unstable geological rock formations, steepness and height of slopes, and effects of blasting. As excavation has advanced, and lateral support has been removed from the high banks in the deepest portions of Culebra Cut, the underlying layer of rock of poor quality and soft material, unable to sustain the enormous weight above it, has been crushed and forced laterally into the prism of the canal, causing a heaving of the bottom to a height varying from fifteen to thirty feet, and a shearing and settling of the slopes.

The most formidable slides of this character have occurred during the dry season, and were in no way due to saturation by rainfall. They were completely unfore-

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seen by any of the engineers who had studied conditions in the Culebra Cut before active operations were begun by Americans. The two most serious have occurred on opposite sides of the canal, one north of Gold Hill and the other in front of the village of Culebra. That on the west bank covered an area of seventy-five acres, involved the removal of about 10,000,000 cubic yards of material, and invaded the site of the village to such an extent that a large number of its buildings had to be removed or demolished. That on the east bank covered an area of fifty acres and involved the removal of about 7,000,000 cubic yards of material. Together these two slides have widened the top width of the canal at this point from 840 to about 2,000 feet.

There have been, at various times during canal construction, twenty-two slides of different kinds, covering an area aggregating 220 acres, and compelling an excavation of about 25,000,000 cubic yards, or about one-fourth of the excavation required for the Culebra Cut. In addition to the extra work required for removal of this material, the interruption of work and general annoyance caused by the slides must be taken into account. Colonel Gaillard, the division engineer in charge of the work in Culebra Cut, estimates the amount of railway track that has been destroyed by them, within 8.8 miles of the Cut, at fully 200 miles, and that they have delayed the completion of the excavation in the Cut by at least a year and a half. This delay will not affect the date of canal completion, however, because that depends upon the concrete and gate-work in the locks. In spite of the addition of the 25,000,000 cubic yards of slide excavation, the Culebra Cut will be ready for use when the condition of the lock-work allows the water to be turned in. This will be done in November or December next. The rock excavation in the Cut will have been completed before that time, and the slide material, which is loose earth mainly, will require no blasting and can be removed more rapidly by dredges than by steam-shovels. It should be borne in mind that the canal will not be opened formally for public use till January 1, 1915. In the meantime the slides will have reached the angle of repose and will give no further trouble, an operating force can be organized and trained, and the machinery of the locks put to a thorough test.

In regard to the method used in the treatment of slides, Colonel Gaillard's views, published in November, 1912, are those of an expert and of the first value:

"Innumerable plans for treating the slides have been suggested by interested and patriotic citizens throughout the country, but not one of them has proven practicable. The only successful method of treating the slides or breaks, once the material is in motion, is to dig it out and haul it away until the slide comes to rest upon reaching the angle of repose for the particular material then in motion. This angle of repose varies much in different localities, depending upon the character of the material composing the slide, the angle of inclination of the strata, and the angles of the numerous dikes, faults, seams, etc. At the Cucaracha slide the angle of repose corresponds to a slope a little steeper than one vertical to five horizontal, while on the west bank of the Cut, at the town of Culebra, the material is still moving slightly on a slope of about one vertical to five horizontal.

"In one or two slides which have developed in the Cut the surface on which the material was sliding had a slope of one vertical to ten horizontal, and in the case of another slide on the west bank of the canal, north of the village of Culebra, the moving material, which consisted of stratified rock, was moving *en masse* at the rate of three feet in twenty-four hours, on a lignite layer about six inches thick, which had a slope of about one vertical to seven horizontal and was underlaid by layers of sedimentary rock, which did not move. A rather remarkable thing about this last slide was that, like two or three other slides, it developed in the dry season and moved at a faster rate during the four months when there was no rain than it has done since the rains have come.

"The writer is aware that there is a very general impression that slides are due solely to saturation by rainfall, or underground water, of the material which is in motion, and, while this is to a great extent correct for the slides like the one at Cucaracha, yet there have been three large slides, involving in all nearly 2,000,000

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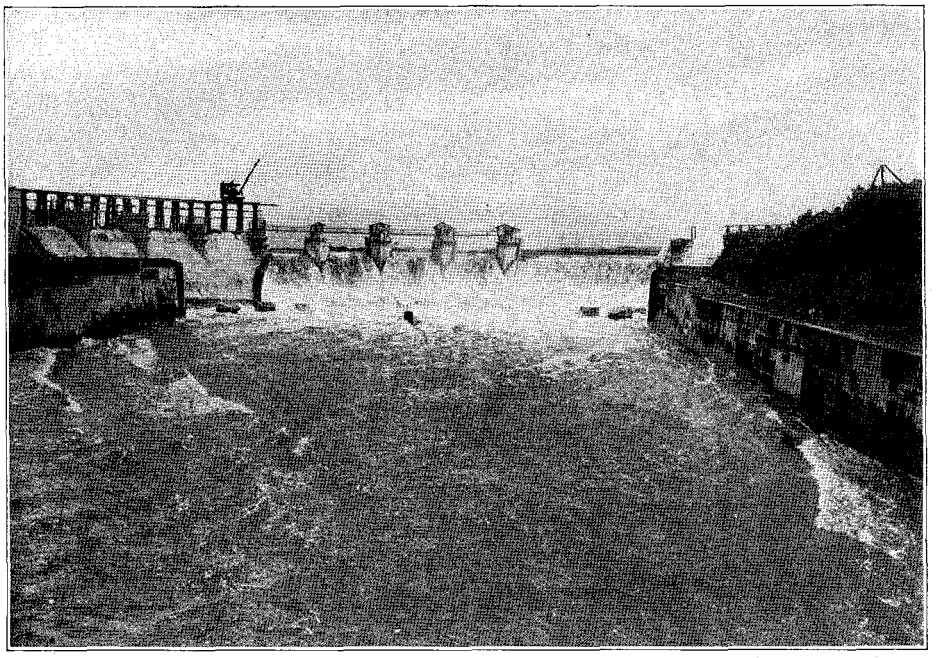

Gatun Spillway Dam, looking south from bridge, November 6, 1912.

The water was running over the dam when the lake was at a height of 57 feet at the close of the last rainy season; the dam over which the water is flowing is 50 feet in height. Construction of the dam was stopped at the height of 50 feet because that was all the water that it was desirable to impound in the lake at that time. The lake was reduced below the 50-foot level during the recent dry season by opening the sluice gates between the piers, and the dam was carried to a height of 69 feet. A portion of the dam is seen at the 69-foot level on the left of this picture under the trestle work.

cubic yards of material, which developed during the dry season and were composed wholly of material so dry that when loaded on the trains the cars were almost hidden during the windy season by clouds of dust. One of these slides was moving on surface which had a slope of one vertical to six horizontal, and its rate of advance was about two and one-half feet per day for several months. A steam-shovel made 103 cuts across the toe of this slide with the position of the loading track unchanged."*

But while the slides have been an annoyance and have added heavily to the task in hand, they have been of great value in demonstrating the utter impossibility of constructing a sea-level canal across the Isthmus, thus vindicating the wisdom of the minority members of the International Consulting Board and the foresight of President Roosevelt, Secretary Taft, and the first Canal Commission in favoring and securing the adoption of the lock plan now nearing successful completion. A sea-level canal would cost billions of money, in all probability would never be completed, and if completed could not be kept open for navigation. This is the united opinion of the engineers on the Isthmus.

The great feature of the constructive part of the work has been the Gatun Dam and the locks connected with it. No part of the great project has been more furiously or more ignorantly assailed and none has been more ludicrously misunderstood. The majority of visitors from the United States and elsewhere who have been passing in great swarms over the Isthmus during the past two years or more have expected to see a dam towering more or less straight into the air for a distance of several hundred feet. What they see is a low-lying ridge which does not look in the least like a dam, but more like the sloping bank of a pond or river. James Bryce, the distinguished English author, traveller, and diplomatist, who visited the Isthmus in September, 1910, spoke of the canal project as the "most gigantic effort yet made by man on this planet to improve upon nature." No part of that

Scientific American, November 9, 1912.

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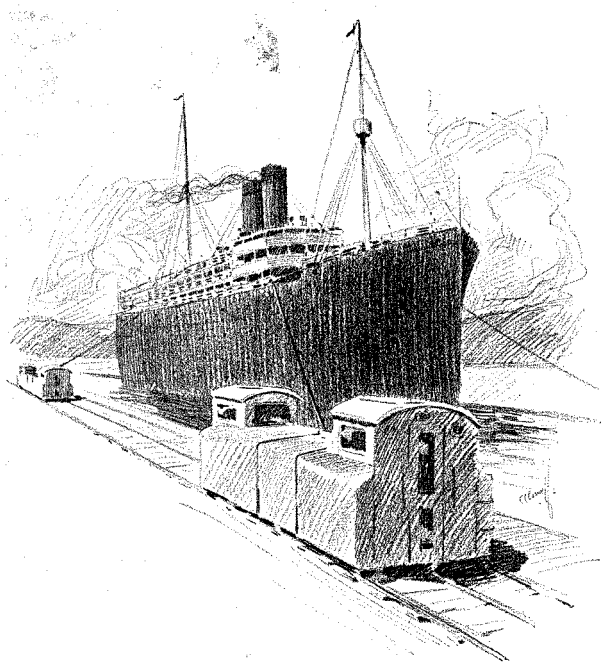
project is an improvement more in harmony with nature's work than the erection of this dam at the extreme southern point in the valley of the Chagres, where the encircling hills most nearly approach each other.

If nature had intended to place a great lake among the hills of the Isthmus at Panama, she would have put a barrier across the valley at this point. It converts the great valley of the Chagres into a huge reservoir which impounds all the water that flows into it, not only from the Chagres River, which is the principal source of supply, but from many other smaller streams. It is about a mile and a half long, measured on its crest, nearly half a mile wide at the base, about 400 feet wide at the water surface, and only 105 feet high, measured from mean sea level. Of its total length only 500 feet, or one-fifteenth, will be exposed to the maximum water head of 85 to 87 feet. It is not one continuous dam but two separate dams, with a hill of solid rock in the centre, through which a spillway or regulating channel has been cut. One end of each dam abuts against the rock and the other against the encircling hills of the valley.



By courtesy of the Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Towing locomotives.

The united dam itself has a central section or core composed of an impervious mixture of sand and clay, pumped by hydraulic process from the river bottom of the valley, held in place on both sides by thick walls or sections of earth and rock brought from Culebra Cut. It contains about 21,000,000 cubic yards of material, about equally divided between core and walls. It is not only as solid as the everlasting hills, but more scientifically constructed than they are, more pains, if one may say so without irreverence, having been taken in its making. That it will hold water was demonstrated during the wet season of 1912, when the lake behind it rose to a level of fifty-seven feet, or within thirty feet of the maximum to be attained, and there was no sign of leakage either under it or through it. No apprehension is felt by its constructors that when the lake rises to its full height, as it will by the end of the present year, the dam will prove less impermeable or immovable.

There was rainfall enough during the last rainy season to have filled the lake to its maximum, had the work on the spillway dam and the top gates of the upper locks been advanced sufficiently to permit of it. The spillway dam, which at that time was only fifty feet in height, will be completed to its full height above sea level, and the top gates of the upper locks, which will hold back the waters of the lake to a point well above the top of the dam, will be in place and completed.

The spillway is a concrete-lined channel, 1,200 feet long and 285 feet wide, cut through the centre of the hill of rock in the middle of the dam. It is in the form of an arc of a circle, with the bend toward the lake, and is composed of heavy walls of concrete, comprising about 140,000 cu-

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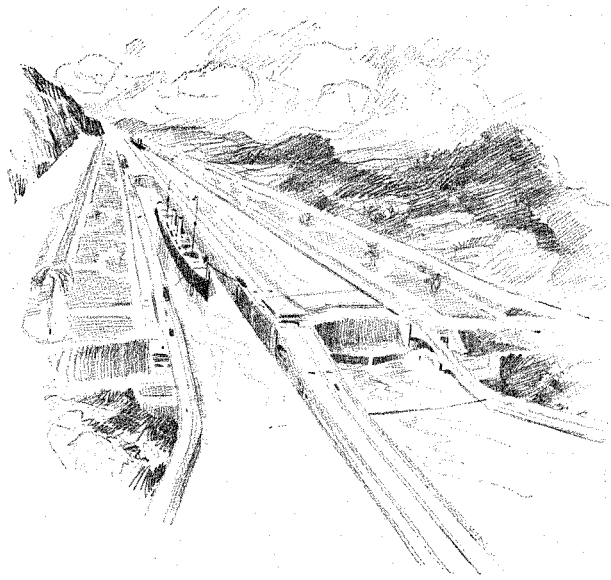
bic yards, rising to a height of 69 feet above sea level, or 16 feet below the 85-foot level of the lake. On its crest are 13 concrete piers, with their tops 115.5 feet above sea level, and between these will be suspended regulating gates of steel which will be moved by machines up and down on roller trains in niches in the piers. These gates are to regulate the water level of the lake in case it should rise above the maximum. With all of them open, they will permit of a discharge of water greater than the maximum known discharge of the Chagres River during a flood.

Adjacent to the north wall of the spillway there will be a passage for the transmission of water from the lake to turbines for the generation of electricity with which to operate the lock machinery, the machine-shops, dry-dock, coal-handling plant, and batteries, to light the locks and Canal Zone towns, and to operate the Panama Railroad. The water used for the purpose will be mainly surplus and will not interfere with the operation of the canal. A hydraulic station will be erected near the spillway dam capable of generating six thousand kilowatts.



Vessel passing through locks.

The construction of the dam, so far as the placing of material is concerned, was completed several months ago. Its lake slope is being riprapped with rock which will withstand the effects of water, and its land slope is being levelled off. Nature is rapidly covering the finished portions with tropical growth and by the time the canal is thrown open to traffic all signs of construction will have disappeared from view. The visitor of the future will stand on its summit and ask, "Where is the dam?" If he recalls the fierce and persistent assault which was made upon both the site and the method of construction, an assault which endured for three years and attracted the attention of the whole world, he will wonder what inspired it. It was an assault as unreasoning as it was venomous. No weapon was too contemptible or too ridiculous to be used, and no ally too unworthy to be welcomed. Engineers who had advocated the sea-level plan threw aside professional etiquette and even professional pride, and sometimes openly, but oftener anonymously, gave the color of expert knowledge to gross and shameless misrepresentation. Every man with a canal plan or with an invention he wished to have adopted for canal work; every contractor whose bid had been rejected by the Canal Commission—all these were sure of a hearing in this chorus of misrepresentation and defamation.

No rumor was too ridiculous to be credited. An unconscious humorist, eager for journalistic fame, sent to an American newspaper a report that a great underground lake had been discovered under the Gatun Dam—and the newspaper published it, without hint of a grin! This feat excited the ambition of a rival, who was an equally unconscious humorist, and he, when an insignificant slump in one of the toes of the as yet unbuilt Gatun Dam occurred, cabled to New York and the world that the dam had "sunk." These two grotesque "yarns"—underground lake and sinking dam—coming one after

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the other upon a public that had been educated to uneasiness by the persistent assault on the Gatun site, were accepted at their face value. They spread instantly, not only throughout the United States but over Europe, carrying everywhere with them doubt about the canal project.

So wide-spread was the uneasiness created by them that President Roosevelt felt obliged to appoint, one after another, two special commissions, composed of the country's most eminent civil engineers, to go to the Isthmus, make a thorough investigation, and report. Both declared that foundation and plan of construction were satisfactory and that the proposed dam would be safe, tight, and durable. In sending the second report to Congress, on February 17, 1909, President Roosevelt said: "This report not only determines definitely the type of canal, but makes it evident that hereafter attack on the type—the lock type—is in reality merely attack upon the policy of building any canal at all."

The publication of the report and the President's plain and literally truthful characterization of the real motive of the prolonged assault upon the canal work marked the subsidence of the agitation. A few feeble and spasmodic efforts were made subsequently to keep it alive, but these too ceased in August, 1909, when Congress authorized for canal construction a bond issue of $290,569,000, in addition to previous issues, bringing the total up to the $375,000,000 estimated as necessary for constructing the canal.

As the visitor to the Isthmus to-day stands at Gatun and looks over the locks and the low-lying dam he cannot fail to wonder, if he is familiar with this long and venomous assault, what it was all about. The dam fits so completely and so unobtrusively into the natural conformation of the region, that it does not seem to be at all artificial, or the work of man. It is so low and flat, so broad and solid, and so apparently a part of the everlasting hills themselves, that it seems incredible that intelligent men should ever have raised the question of its stability and efficiency. Like the great lake whose waters it holds so surely in place, it looks for all the world as if it had been there from the dawn of time. So strong is this impression that, soon after the lake was formed, an ingenuous foreign visitor, who had not grasped in its entirety the plan of the canal, remarked to an engineer who was showing him about Gatun: "You were extremely fortunate, you know, to have this large body of water here!" Another visitor, with equally keen powers of observation, after having been taken over the Gatun Dam in a motor car running on railway tracks, a proceeding consuming nearly an hour's time, and after having been told that the dam contained 21,000,000 cubic yards of material, asked his guide: "Is this a permanent or merely a temporary structure?" Still a third of this joyous class of visitors, whose advent on the Isthmus contributed a welcome note of gayety to its sometimes monotonous life, after looking at the spillway of the dam, a concrete-lined channel 285 feet wide and 1,200 feet long, through which water was rushing furiously, asked thoughtfully: "Where are you going to put the roof?"

In the interest of historic truth it should be recorded that the site of the locks at Gatun was assailed as furiously and persistently as that of the dam. It was said to be composed in part of sand and gravel, to be permeable to water, and to be unsatisfactory in general. As a matter of fact there was sufficient rock foundation for all the locks, but not for the approach walls, and it was not necessary that the latter should rest upon rock. To-day the lock walls are in place and furnish to the eye an aspect of solidity and stability equal to that of the dam. They are mere continuations upward of the natural rock upon which they stand, and are as indestructible. Into their making, 2,000,000 cubic yards of concrete have gone. They are about three-quarters of a mile in length. The centre wall is 60 feet wide with vertical walls from base to summit, and the side walls taper from 45 to 50 feet at the base to 8 feet at the top. The upper half of the centre wall contains three stories of tunnels and galleries, one at the top as a passageway for operators, a middle one for the electric wires for the operation of the gate and valve machinery of the locks, and a lower one for drainage.

Through the lower section of centre and side walls run great culverts, about the size of the Hudson River tunnels of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and from these

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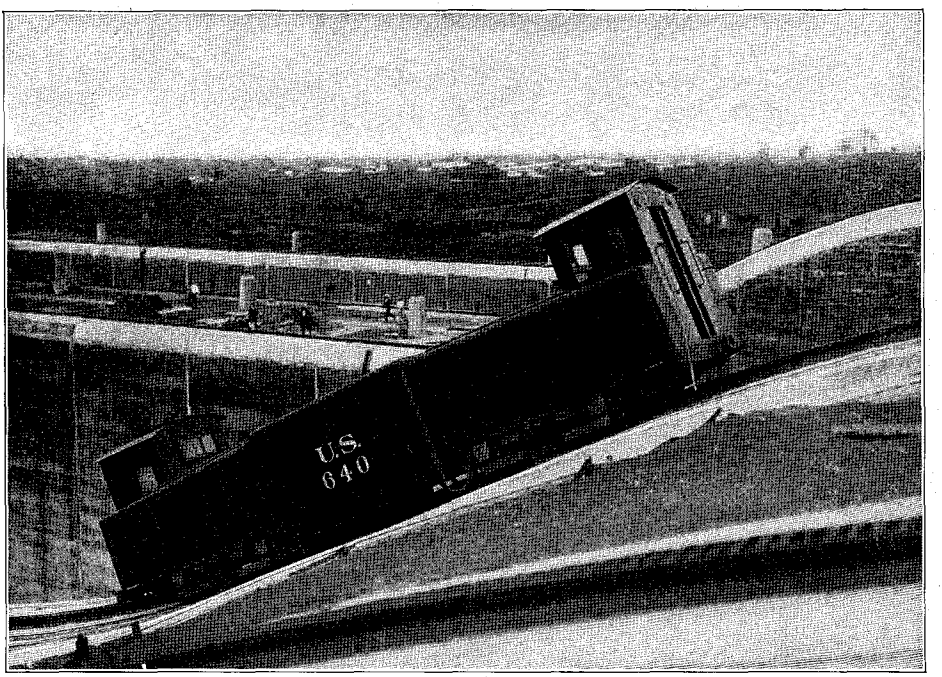

Electric towing locomotive.

First photograph of completed locomotive on the lock walls. This picture shows a locomotive climbing the incline which passes from one lock to the lock above.

smaller lateral culverts beneath the lock floors. Through these the locks will be filled and emptied.

The walls have been in place for several months and their heavy, reinforced-concrete floors for a much longer period, but there has been no sign of settling, or of leakage, or of percolation beneath or around them. Like the dam, they have confounded the direful predictions of the prophets of evil and silenced them forever.

It is impossible to convey in words anything approaching an adequate conception of the picture which the series of locks, with their massive, towering walls, and their equipment of colossal gates, presents. It defies description, as it does the camera, even in its wonderful modern development, and can be portrayed only by the inspired pencil of a Pennell. It is stupendous, prodigious, overwhelming—even these adjectives are inadequate. As I stood above them recently with a distinguished engineer who had been a strenuous advocate of a sea-level canal, I asked him if he could conceive of a safer place in which to put a great ship than inside one of the locks, and he replied without hesitation or equivocation that he could not.

When the time comes to operate the canal, this fact will be demonstrated so clearly that all the world will recognize it. Every device that human ingenuity can conceive has been adopted to secure safety for the vessels using the locks. In the first place, no vessel will be permitted to enter or pass through them under its own power. The worst accidents which have occurred in locks hitherto have been due to an engineer in the engine-room misinterpreting a signal from the bridge, either going ahead when he should have gone back, or *vice versa*, and ramming a gate. When a vessel arrives at a lock at Gatun or Miraflores, it will be tied up to the approach wall and turned over to the absolute control of the canal authorities. These will place a representative of their own on the bridge and another in the engine-room. They will then connect the towing locomotives, or "electric mules," with the ship, two on either side and in advance of the bow, and two on either side

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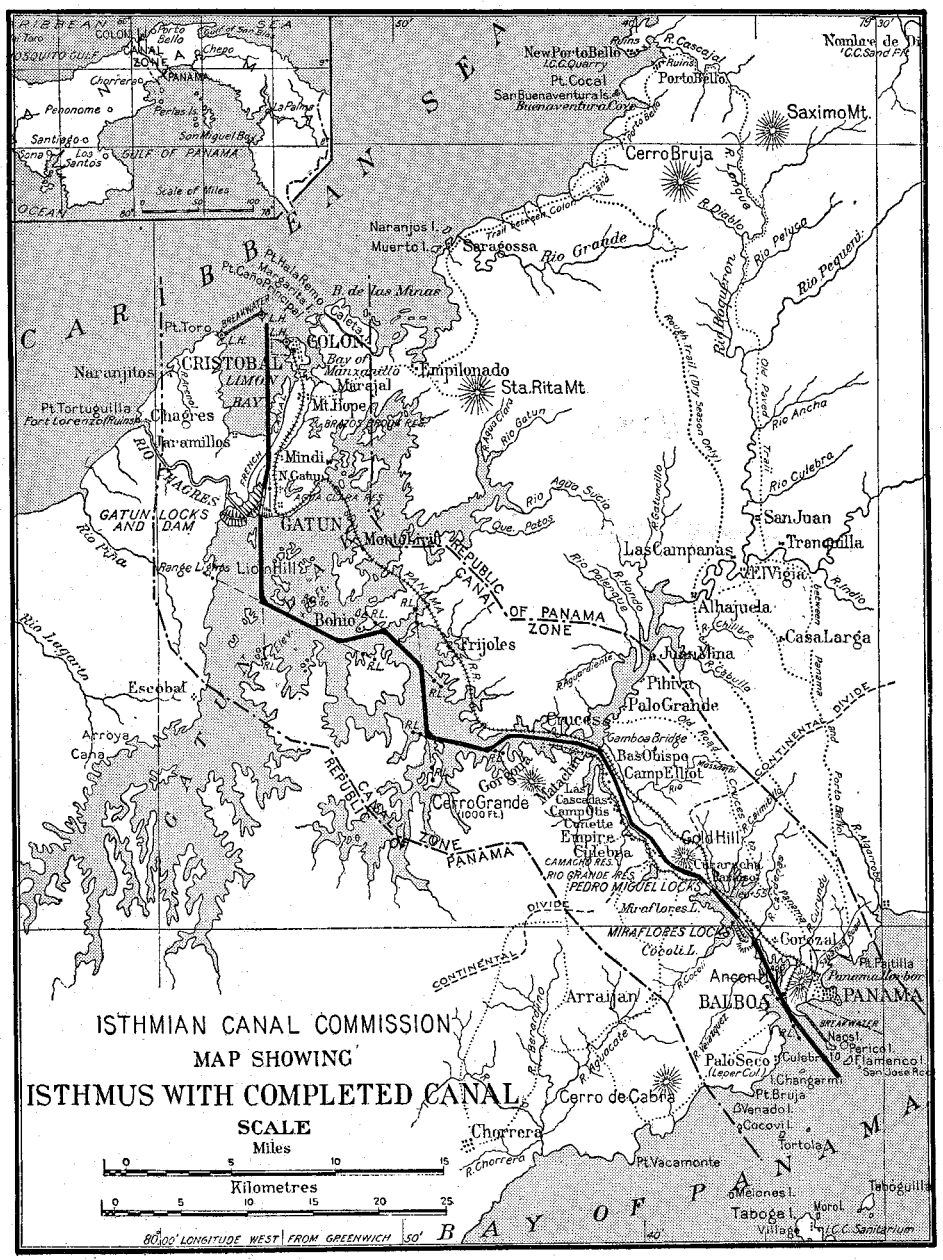
ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION
MAP SHOWING
ISTHMUS WITH COMPLETED CANAL
SCALE
Miles
Kilometres
CARIBBEAN SEA
PACIFIC OCEAN
COLON
CRISTOBAL
GATUN
GATUN LOCKS AND DAM
REPUBLIC OF PANAMA CANAL ZONE
PANAMA
BALBOA
Naranjos
Pt. Toro
Chagres
Mindi
Bohio
Escobal
Arroyo
Cana
Trifolos
Lion Hill
Empilonado
Sta. Rita Mt.
Mt. Hope
Maraial
Monte Lirio
Cerro Grande
Las Cascadas
Camp Otis
Corozal
Ancon
Arraijan
Cerro de Cabra
Chorrera
Pt. Vacamonte
Taboga I.
Taboguilla
Saximo Mt.
Cerro Bruja
Saragossa
Rio Grande
Rio Pelyca
Rio Pequeni
Rio Ancha
Rio Culebra
San Juan
Tranquilla
Las Campanas
El Viga
Alhajuela
Casa Larga
San Juan Vina
Pihiva
Palo Grande
Cruces
Bas Obispo
Camp Elliot
Gold Hill
Empire
Culebra
Pedro Miguel Locks
Miraflores Locks
Pt. Paitilla
Panama Harbor
Pt. Bruja
Venado I.
Cocovi I.
Tortola
Meiones I.
Morel
Naranjos I.
Muerto I.
Rio Gatun
Rio Agua Sucia
Rio Que Patos
Rio Trinidad
Rio Chagres
Rio Juan Gato
Rio Chorrera
Rio Caimito
Rio Obispo
Rio Cardenas
Rio Arrijan
Rio Aguacate
Rio Farfan
Rio Grande
Rio Diablo
Rio Caimito
Rio Cascajal
Rio Mandinga
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Rio Caimito

its groove at the bottom of the channel. If by any chance the ship is moving too rapidly for safety, the chain will remain stretched and the vessel will run against it. The chain, which is operated by hydraulic machinery in the walls, will then play out slowly by automatic release, until the vessel is brought to a stop. The chain, which weighs 24,098 pounds, and is the strongest ever made, is capable of stopping a 10,000-ton ship, running at four miles an hour, within 73 feet, or less than the distance between the chain and the first gate.

If the vessel should, by a remote possibility, get away from the towing locomotives, and, breaking through the chain, ram the first gate, there will be a second gate, 50 feet away, protecting the lock, and certain to arrest farther advance. When the leaves of this gate swing open, the vessel will be towed in, and the gate will be closed behind it. Then, from openings placed at regular intervals in the lock floor, water will pour in lifting the vessel to the level of the lock above. This inflow, coming equally from all points, will not move the ship from a stable position. The gates are never opened or closed with a head of water on either side of them. The process of lifting will be repeated until the vessel reaches the lake level. At all times the vessel will be in full view of the men who are controlling it, and as safe as if tied to a wharf.

One man in a building on the top of the centre wall of the locks, so placed as to command an unobstructed view of every part of the locks, will direct and control every operation in the passage of a vessel, except the movement of the towing locomotives. He will have before him on a table a control-board about sixty-four feet long and five feet wide, which will be a complete model of the flight of locks in duplicate, with switches and indicators in the same relative positions as the machines which they control occupy in the lock walls. Standing before this board, he will throw all the switches and in response to his action will see on the model the fender chains rise and fall, the gates open and close inch by inch, the water rise or fall in the locks, and will know the exact position of the vessel at every stage of its progress.

Each gate, each valve for letting in the water to the culverts, each fender chain, is operated by a separate motor mounted near the machinery in chambers in the lock wall. In each machinery chamber there is a starting panel containing contactors by which current is applied to the motor, and these panels in turn are controlled from a main unit in the central control-house. Some of the machinery chambers at Gatun will be 2,700 feet distant from the point of control; 90 per cent of them will be within 2,000 feet, and 50 per cent of the total within 1,200 feet.

In passing a large ship through the Gatun locks it will be necessary to lower 4 fender chains, operate 6 pairs of gates, open and close 8 pairs of rising stem-gate valves for the water-culverts, and 30 cylindrical valves. In all, no less than 98 motors will be set in motion twice during each lockage of a single ship, and this number may be increased to 143, according to the condition of the gates, valves, and other devices.

The personal factor is reduced to a minimum, if not eliminated entirely, by making the control system interlocking. Before the operating pair of valves in the main culverts can be opened, at least one pair of valves at the other ends of the locks, both upstream and downstream, must first be closed. This limits an operator to the act of equalizing water levels between locks, and keeps him from allowing water to flow from, say, the lake level to the middle lock past the upper lock, thus preventing a possible flooding of the lock walls and machinery rooms. Interlocks, devoted to the control of action between the gate valves in the main culverts and the gates, prevent valves being opened a lock length above or below a gate which is being opened or closed, and thus prevent an operator from causing a flow of water while the gates are being moved. Interlocks for the cylindrical valves guarding the openings from the centre-wall culvert to the lateral culverts will keep those of one side or the other closed at all times, except when it may be desired to cross-fill the chambers, when they may be opened by special procedure. The gates guarded by a fender chain must be opened before the chain can be lowered, and the chain must be raised again before the gate can be closed, or, more exactly, the switches must be thrown in this order, but the

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operations may proceed at the same time. The simple interlocks will prevent such a mistake as leaving the chain down through lapse of memory when it should be up to protect the gate.

The huge lock-gates, weighing from 390 to 730 tons each, are constructed with air-chambers and will float like a ship, taking their weight off the pintle, or hinge, at the top and the hemispherical pivot at the bottom of its heel-port on which each rests. A simple and powerful machine for opening and closing them has been invented by an employee of the Commission, Edward Schildhauer, electrical and mechanical engineer. He describes it as follows:

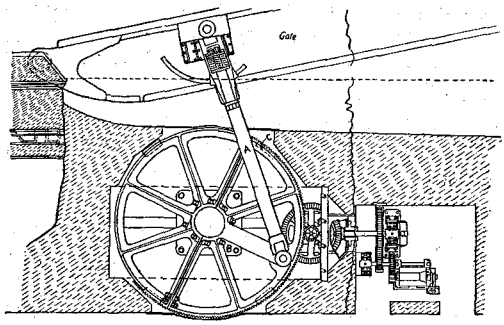

Diagram of lock-gate operating-machine, showing relation of bull-wheel to strut and gate.

A Strut or connecting-rod. *B* Bed-plate. *C* Bearing-wheel.

"It consists essentially of a crank-gear, to which is fastened one end of a strut or connecting-rod, the other end of which is fastened to a lock-gate. The wheel moves through an arc of 197 degrees, closes or opens the gate leaf, according to the direction in which it is turned. One operation takes two minutes. The crank-gear is a combination of gear and crank, is constructed of cast steel, is 19 feet 2 inches in diameter, and weighs approximately 35,000 pounds. It is mounted in a horizontal position on the lock wall; turns on a large centre pin, and is supported at the rim in four places by rollers. The centre pin is keyed into a heavy casting anchored securely to the concrete. The crank-gear has gear teeth on its rim and is driven through a train of gears and pinions by an electric motor in a contiguous room. The motor is remotely controlled by an operator who is stationed at a centre control house near the lower end of the upper locks. A simple pull of a small switch is sufficient to either close or open a 700-ton gate, the operation being perfectly automatic."

The connecting-rod is joined to the lock-gate at the top, 17 feet from the pintle, or hinge. In use the machine will be required to move a floating gate through level and quiet water. It has been put to the extreme test of opening and closing the heaviest of the gates as they have stood in the waterless locks, and has met it with perfect success. The massive structures, weighing from 400 to 700 tons, have been opened and closed as easily and steadily as one would open an ordinary door, and each movement has occupied less than two minutes.

A short time before this test was made that indefatigable but invariably anonymous personage known indifferently as "An American Engineer" or "An Eminent Engineer," who was very familiar in the newspapers of the United States during the early period of construction, emerged into view with the startling information that a stupendous disaster was about to occur on the Isthmus. He declared that he had returned recently from a thorough inspection of the canal work and knew what he was talking about. The Gatun Dam was all right, and the slides in Culebra Cut would be disposed of easily, but a far greater peril was hanging over the project and was to be found in a totally unsuspected quarter—namely, in the huge lock-gates. When the attempt was made to move these, he predicted, a truly awful catastrophe would follow, for they would move only to fall in a mass of ruins—mere junk or "scrap." With this portentous warning ringing in his ears, Colonel H. F. Hodges, the author and supervising architect of the gates, proceeded without visible perturbation to Gatun, one morning in May, 1912, and in the presence of other canal officials, "bowdaciously," as Uncle Remus would say, turned the small switch which started the operating machinery of a gate. As the great wheel in the wall began to revolve, a leaf of the massive gate moved slowly from the wall beside which it hung and without noise or vibration and with perfect steadiness swung into position at the opening of the lock. The journey was made in 1 minute and 48 seconds, 12 sec-

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onds less than was required in the specifications under which it had been constructed. Colonel Hodges pulled the switch again, and the return journey was made in the same manner and time. Since then other gates have been swung in other locks with like success, and there has been no "crash" —save in the reputation of the prophet who, like all his kind, concealed his identity at the moment of supreme inspiration.

In addition to the fender chains and double gates, other protective devices will be in readiness for use when canal operation begins. The most elaborate of these is a ponderous-looking structure called the emergency dam. In repose on the walls at each entrance to the upper locks, it resembles an iron railway bridge. It is in fact a steel truss bridge of the cantilever type. It is so placed that it can, in emergency, be swung across the lock entrance in two minutes. If such an extreme improbability should occur as the carrying away of the fender chain and the double gates of an upper lock, allowing the waters of the lake to rush in and flood the lower locks, carrying destruction through them, the emergency dam can be swung across the channel, and through the application of its ingenious devices the rush of water can gradually be checked. First, a series of wicket girders will be lowered into the channel and their ends will drop into iron pockets in the concrete lock floor. Down the runways in these girders, steel plates will be lowered one by one, in tiers, building a dam from the bottom upward, and diminishing progressively the flow of water until a complete barrier is erected.

The question is raised frequently as to the sufficiency of the Gatun Lake water supply for the operation of the canal in case of an exceptionally small rainfall. It should be borne in mind that during eight or nine months of the year the lake will be kept constantly full by the prevailing rains, and consequently a surplus will need to be stored for only three or four months of the dry season. The smallest run-off of water in the basin during the past 22 years, as measured at Gatun, was that of the fiscal year 1912, which was about 132,000,000,000 cubic feet. Previous to that year the smallest run-off of record was 146,000,000,000 cubic feet. In 1910 the run-off was 360,000,000,000 cubic feet, or a sufficient quantity to fill the lake one and a half times. The low record of 1912 is of interest as showing the effect which a similar dry season, occurring after the opening of the canal, would have upon its capacity for navigation. Assuming that the Gatun Lake was at elevation plus 87 at the beginning of the dry season on December 1, and that the hydro-electric plant at the Gatun spillway was in continuous operation, and that 48 lockages a day were being made, the elevation of the lake would be reduced to its lowest point, plus 79.5, on May 7, at the close of the dry season, after which it would continuously rise. With the water at plus 79 in Gatun Lake there would be 39 feet of water in Culebra Cut, which would be ample for navigation. The water surface of the lake will be maintained during the rainy season at 87 feet above sea level, making the minimum channel depth in the canal 47 feet. As navigation can be carried on with about 39 feet of water, there will be stored for the dry season surplus over 7 feet of water. Making due allowance for evaporation, seepage, leakage at the gates, and power consumption, this would be ample for 41 passages daily through the locks, using them at full length, or about 58 lockages a day when partial length is used, as would be usually the case, and when cross-filling from one lock to the other through the central wall is employed. This would be a larger number of lockages than would be possible in a single day. The average number of lockages through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal on the American side was 39 per day in the season of navigation of 1910, which was about eight months long. The average number of ships passed was about 1½ per lockage. The freight carried was about 26,000,000 tons. The Suez Canal passed about 12 vessels per day, with a total tonnage for the same year of 16,582,000.

The canal will be lighted from end to end by electricity and gas. Here and there along its course, high up on the hillsides and in cleared spots in the jungle, are visible concrete light-houses which seem curiously out of place. These are for the range lights of the channel, which are to be used in all sections of the canal save in Culebra Cut, where beacons will be substituted as being more practicable. Electricity will be used wherever accessibility

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will permit, but in the floating buoys which will mark the channel through Gatun Lake, and in towers and beacons in inaccessible places, compressed acetylene dissolved in acetone will be used. The candle-power of the range lights will vary, according to the length of the range, from about 2,500 to 15,000. The most powerful lights will be those marking the sea channels at the Atlantic and Pacific entrances, they being visible from about 12 to 18 nautical miles. The beacons and gas-buoy lights will have about 850 candle-power. White lights will be used throughout, and, in order to eliminate the possibility of confusing the lights with one another and with the lights on shore, all range lights, beacons, and buoys will have individual characteristics formed by flashes and combinations of flashes of light and dark intervals.

The brilliant spots in the illuminated canal will be at the locks, where great clusters of electric lamps, high up on shapely concrete columns, will flood every portion of the vast structure with noonday brightness, making them the shining centres and symbols of what Joseph Pennell calls the greatest of the world's Wonders of Work.

THE PANAMA CANAL IN CONSTRUCTION

LUMIÈRE PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOR

BY EARLE HARRISON

I.—THE GREAT GATES TO THE LOCK CHAMBERS [frontispiece to this number]

The gates to the lock chambers are immense steel structures, 7 feet thick and with two leaves each 65 feet wide. They open from the centre, swinging back against the lock walls, the powerful machinery operating them as easily as a parlor door is opened or closed. While appearing solid, they are in reality a great steel "honey-comb" structure covered with heavy steel plates. The gates, like the locks, are the same throughout the entire canal.

II.—WHERE THE CANAL CROSSES THE CORDILLERAS

Nothing could be truer than the statement that "the canal workers have removed mountains." Where the canal crosses the Cordilleras a great ravine had to be excavated in order to allow the water from Gatun Lake to flow through to the locks at Pedro Miguel.

III.—CULEBRA CUT, LOOKING NORTH FROM CONTRACTOR'S HILL

Looking north from Contractor's Hill a wonderful view of Culebra Cut is obtained. To the right is a slide, started in January. This view shows clearly the step-by-step method of excavating.

IV.—THE CULEBRA CUT BEFORE THE CUCARACHA SLIDE OF JANUARY, 1913

The excavating of Culebra Cut was the greatest undertaking in the building of the Panama Canal. It is nearly 9 miles long and has a channel width at the bottom of 300 feet. Beginning where the Chagres River flows into the canal, the cut varies from 75 to 160 feet in depth for a distance of 6 miles. Through the foot-hills of the Cordilleras, the Great Continental Divide, the excavation is much deeper, until at "Contractor's Hill," where the canal goes through the Great Divide, it is 500 feet from the top of the cut to canal bottom. Near by, the hillside, as far upward as the reddish earth, comprises the great Cucaracha Slide. It covers nearly 50 acres, and about 6,000,000 cubic yards of material from it has gone into the canal prism. The photograph was taken before the heaviest developments of the slide occurred.

V.—AT WORK IN CULEBRA CUT

The great work of excavating has literally been done step by step, for while the steam-shovels are working at one level, others are digging and loading from another elevation. Trains of from 20 to 30 cars, drawn by powerful locomotives, remove the dirt and rock dug and loaded by these shovels.

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VI.—ONE OF THE LARGE 105-TON, 5-CUBIC-YARD DIPPER STEAM-SHOVELS USED IN CULEBRA CUT

This great shovel scoops up, swings around, and loads upon dirt-cars 5 cubic yards of earth or rock each time the dipper is operated. The record day's work for this shovel was 4,823 cubic yards of rock, which amounted to 8,395 tons. It would have required 3,500 two-horse wagons to remove it.

VII.—THE GREAT SEA-LEVEL DITCH FROM MIRAFLORES LOCK TO BALBOA, THE PACIFIC ENTRANCE

Standing on the centre wall of the Miraflores lock an excellent view is obtained of the work of digging the great sea-level ditch from the lock to Balboa, the Pacific entrance to the canal. This and cleaning up Culebra Cut is practically all that remains to complete the canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

VIII.—GATUN LOCKS, LOOKING FROM THE TOP OF THE CENTRE WALL TOWARD THE ATLANTIC ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL.

The upper gates of the Gatun locks are closed in the picture, holding back the water of the lake. The concrete columns for electric-light clusters, to which Mr. Bishop alludes in his article, are shown in the central strip. A ship in its progress through these locks is lifted three times, the combined height being 85 feet. The Gatun locks, as well as those at Pedro Miguel and the single lock at Miraflores, are in pairs parallel in arrangement, one side for the use of Pacific-going vessels, the opposite for Atlantic-bound boats. Each lock chamber is 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide, and is constructed of concrete.

IX.—A LOCK CHAMBER ON THE PANAMA CANAL AT PEDRO MIGUEL

A lock chamber is a great concrete tub, 1,000 feet long, 110 feet wide, 85 feet deep, with ends of steel. The largest vessel in the world could safely dock in any of these locks.

X.—THE GREAT GATES TO PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS, NOW VIRTUALLY COMPLETED

Like the other gates at Gatun and Miraflores, those of the Pedro Miguel locks are each 65 feet wide and 7 feet thick. A comprehensive idea of this construction is gained here, for only one side of the gate has the steel plates in place, the "honey-comb" construction of the gate being plainly visible.

XI.—THE GREAT CONCRETE WALLS OF THE LOCKS AT PEDRO MIGUEL

It is impossible to conceive the immensity of the great concrete wall of the locks, for the entire canal is constructed upon such a huge scale. The walls are as thick as a city street is wide, resting on a firm foundation 100 feet or more beneath the surface of the bottom of the lock.

XII.—GATUN SPILLWAY

The spillway is a great crescent-shaped concrete dam 808 feet long. It holds back the water of Gatun Lake during the dry season and regulates the overflow during the rainy season. The crest of the dam is 16 feet below the normal level of the lake. On top of the dam are 13 concrete piers, between which are mounted regulating-gates, operated by machinery. By raising or closing them the overflow from the lake is controlled. In this picture the water is shown coming out of sluiceways at the bottom of the dam which are now closed forever.

XIII.—THE ATLANTIC ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL

From the Atlantic entrance to the Gatun locks the canal appears as a natural waterway. The work here is practically completed. An old French dredge, working wonderfully well, is clearing the channel near the entrance to Gatun locks.

XIV.—THE CHAGRES RIVER IN THE DRY SEASON

The Chagres River, the source of supply for Gatun Lake, is most unimpressive in appearance during the dry season, seemingly a very small stream, but during the rainy season it is a huge flood of water. It has been often known to rise 30 feet in twenty-four hours. As the Isthmus is not able to boast of a single decent or even usable road outside of the Canal Zone, the natives make use of the river for a thoroughfare.

XV.—GATUN LAKE

Gatun Lake, formed by impounding the waters of the Chagres River, overflowing what was formerly a basin, has an area of 164 square miles. The canal channel through the lake is 500 to 1,000 feet wide, with a depth of from 39 to 47 feet, varying according to the season of the year.

XVI.—"THE OLD SEA WALL" WITH NEW PANAMA IN THE DISTANCE

The old city was destroyed by Morgan in 1671. The new city was finished in 1673. With the clear blue water of the Pacific washing against it, and the coloring in the Spanish architecture beyond, the Old Sea Wall with its environment remains a relic of the days of romance.

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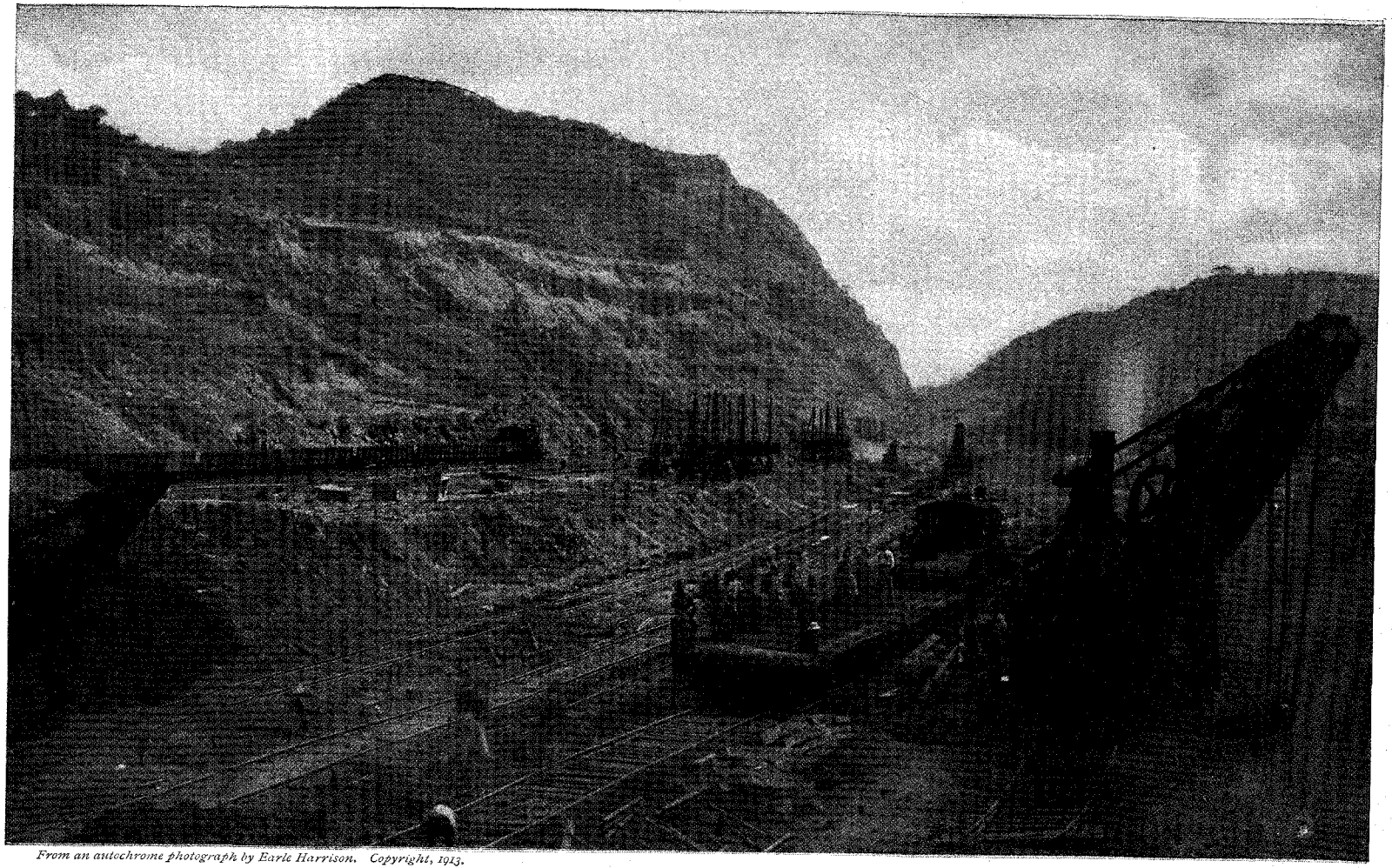

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II.—Where the canal crosses the Cordilleras.

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III.—Culebra Cut, looking north from Contractor's Hill.

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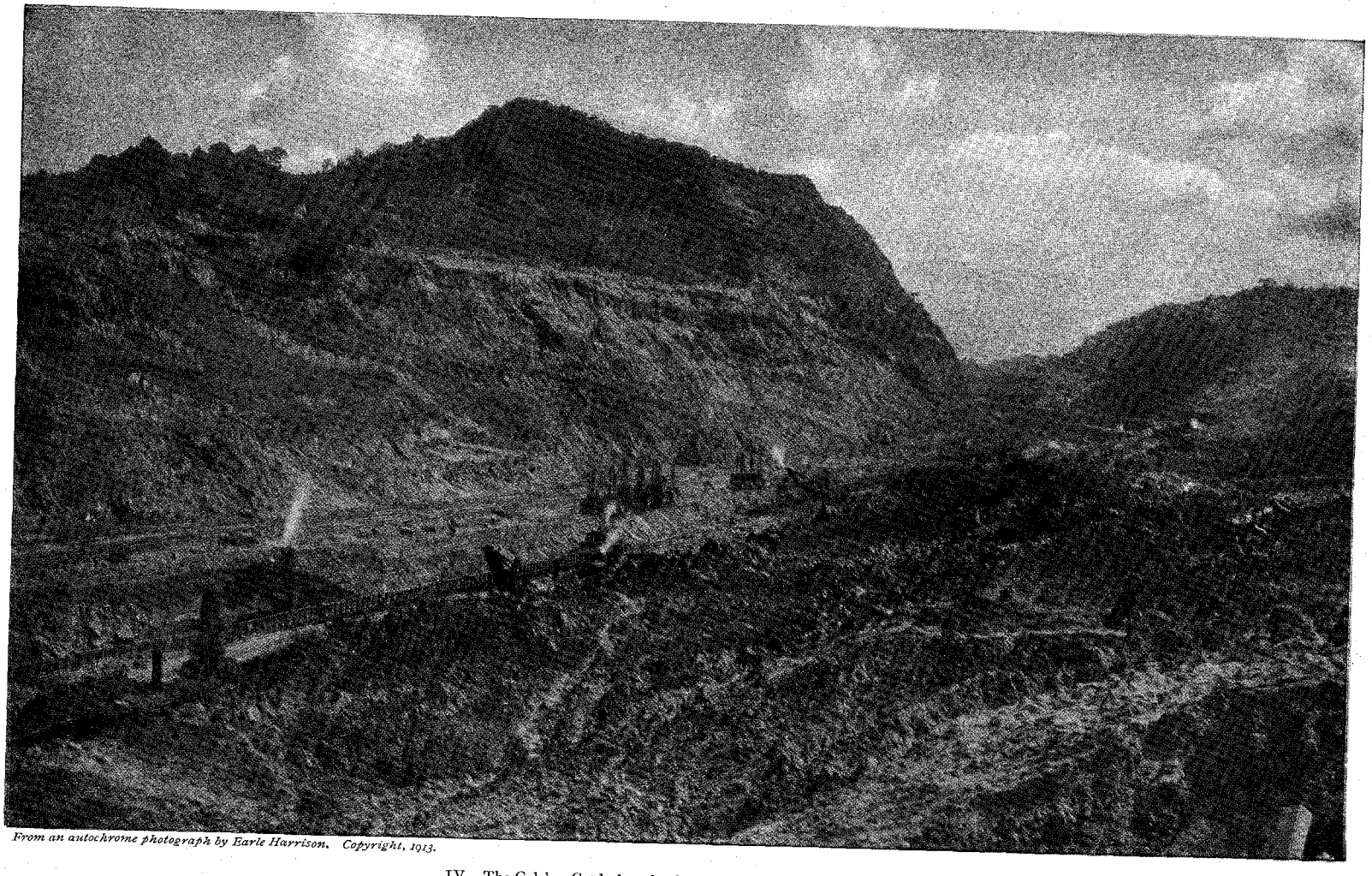

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IV.—The Culebra Cut before the Cucaracha slide of January, 1913.

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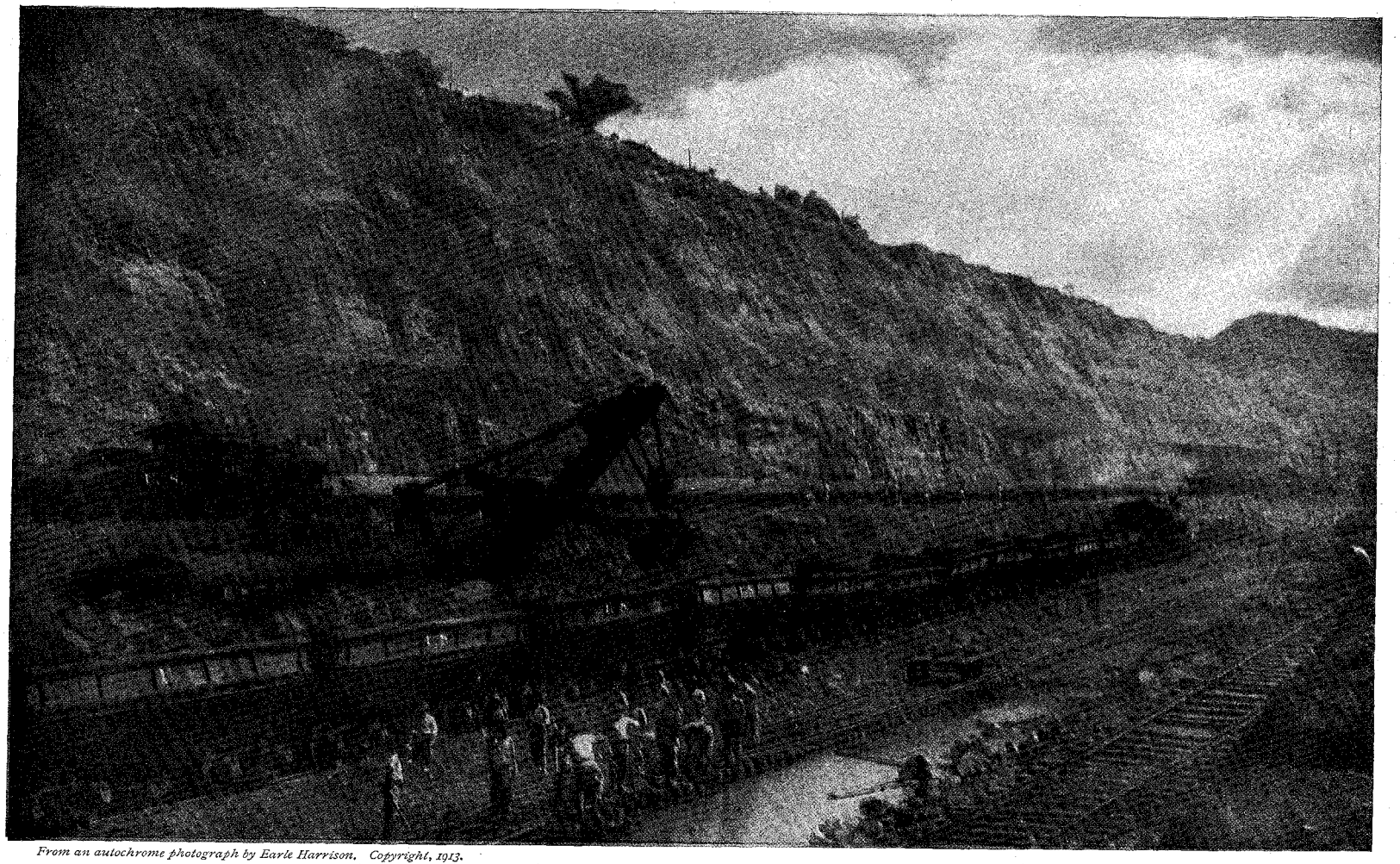

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V.—At work in Culebra Cut.

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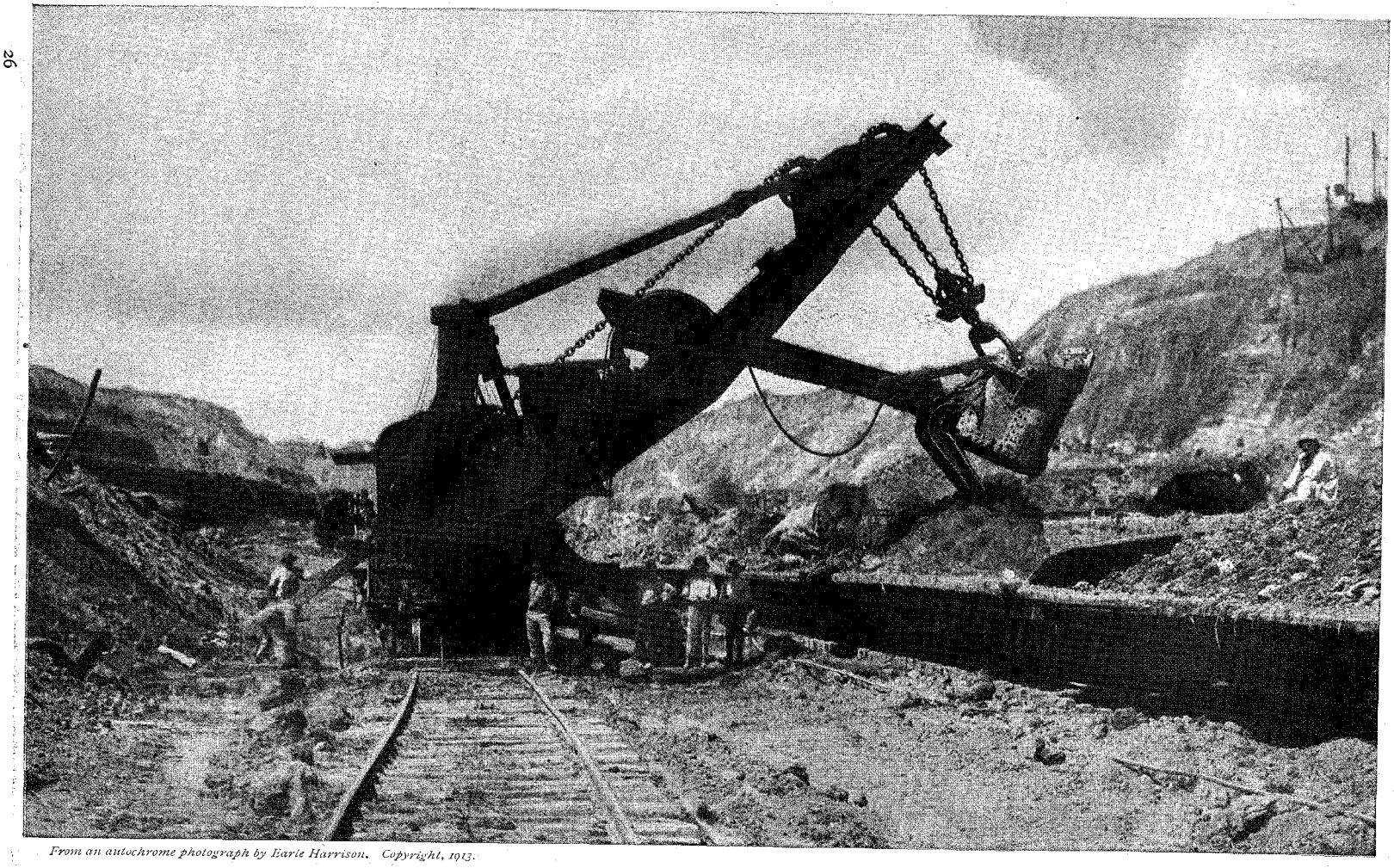

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VI.—One of the large one-hundred-and-five-ton, five-cubic-yard dipper steam-shovels used in Culebra Cut.

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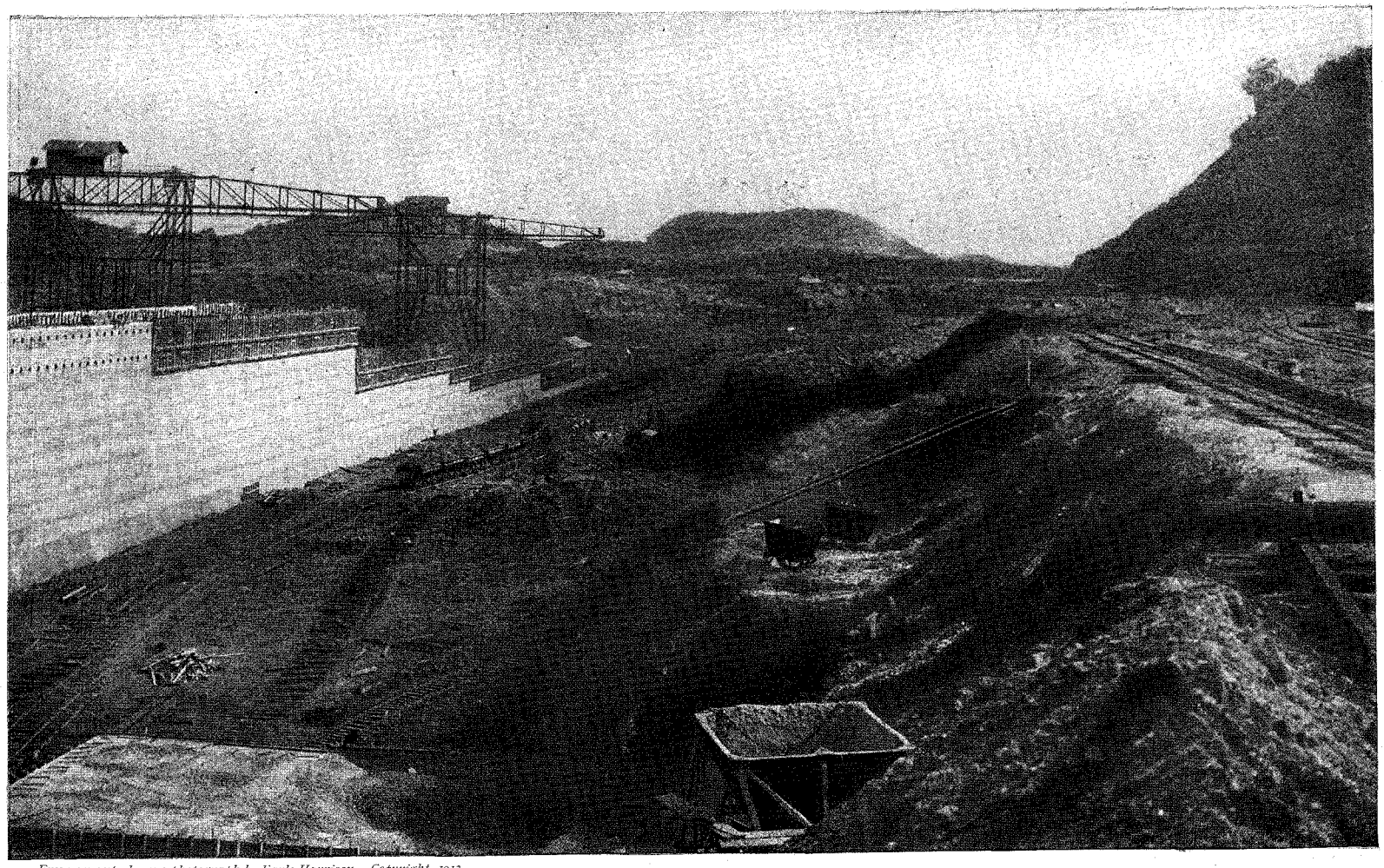

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VII.—The great sea-level ditch from Miraflores Lock to Balboa, the Pacific entrance.

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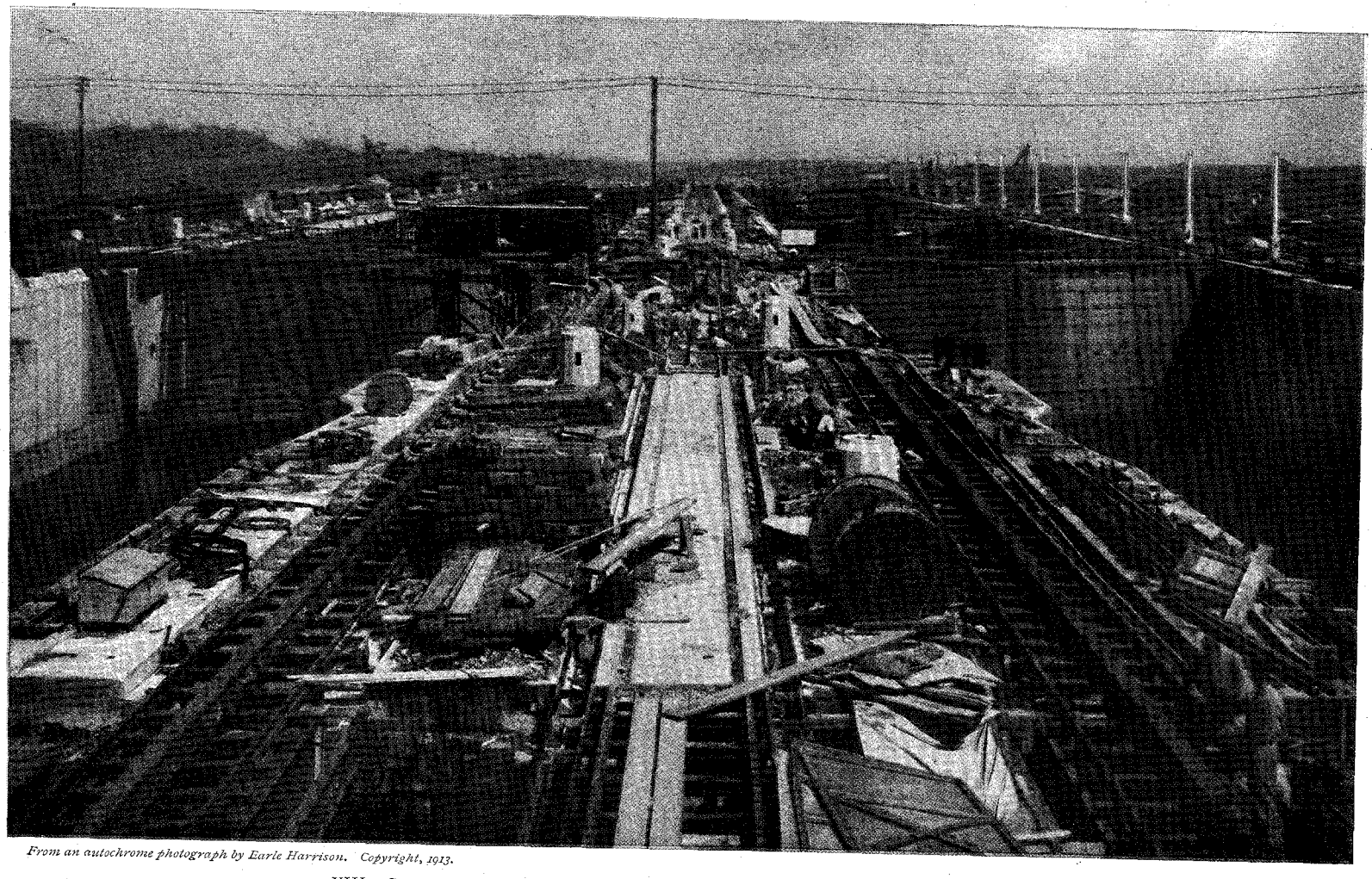

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VIII.—Gatun Locks, looking from the top of the centre wall toward the Atlantic entrance to the canal.

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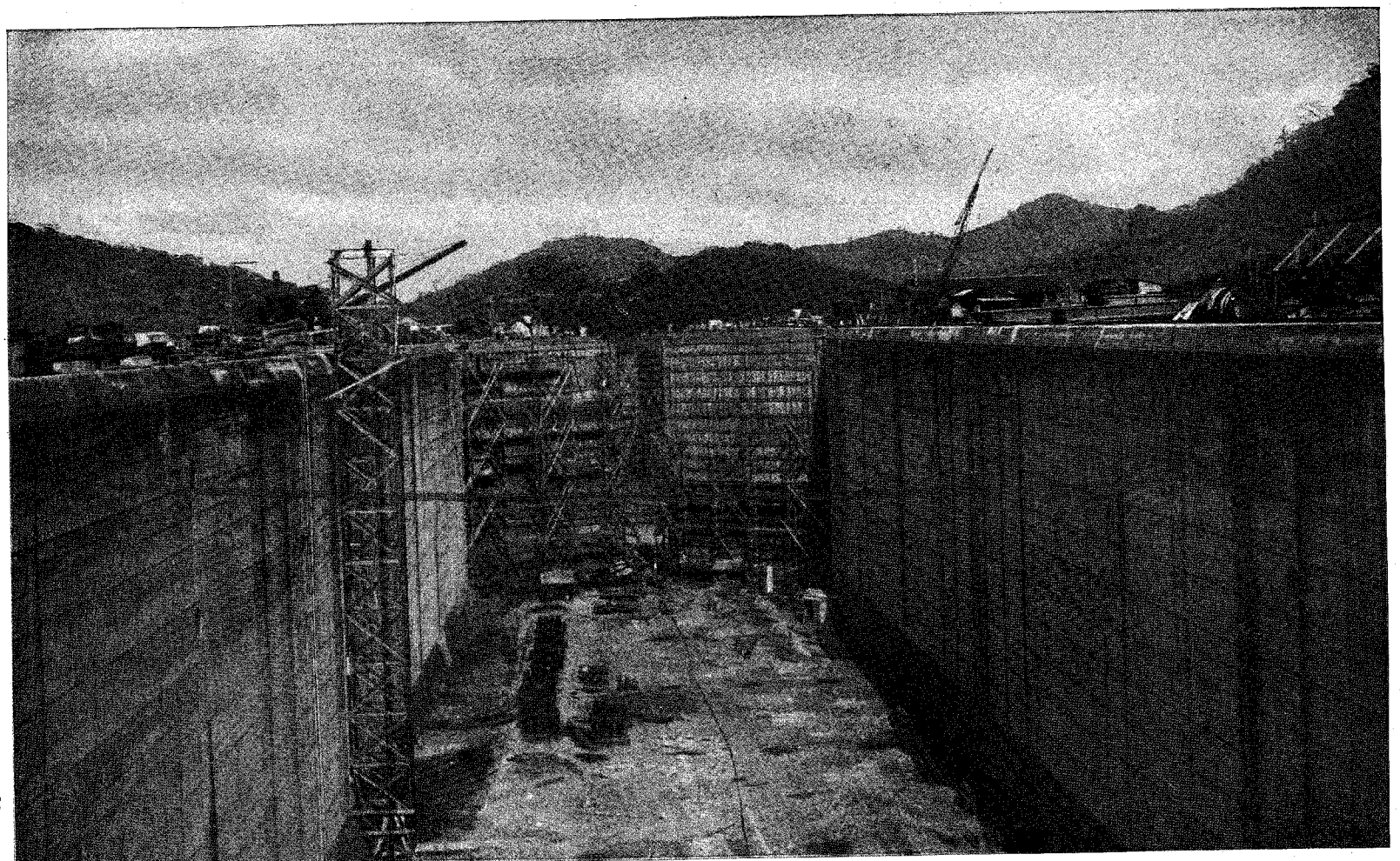

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IX.—A lock chamber on the Panama Canal at Pedro Miguel.

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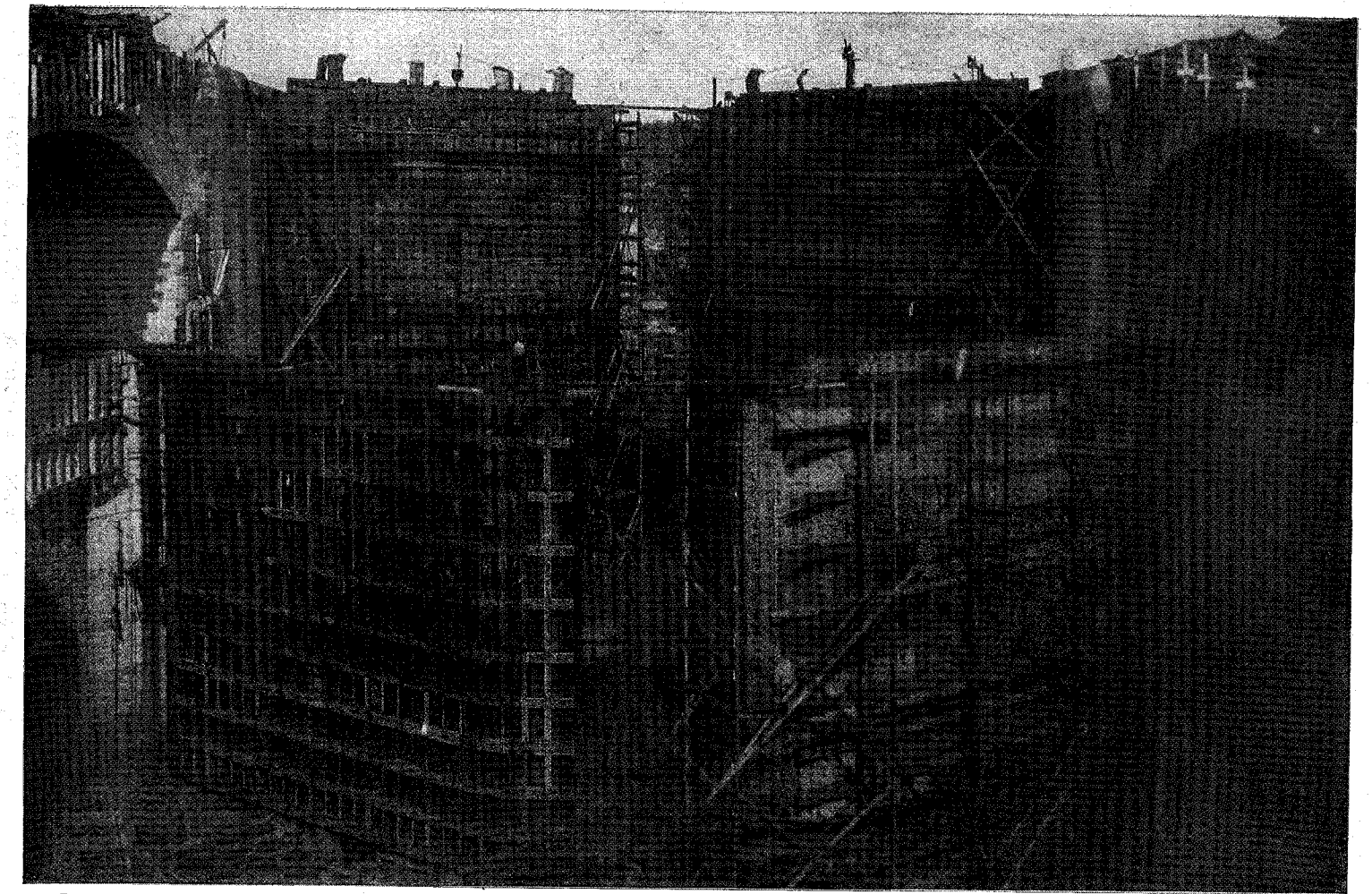

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X.—The great gates to Pedro Miguel locks, now virtually completed.

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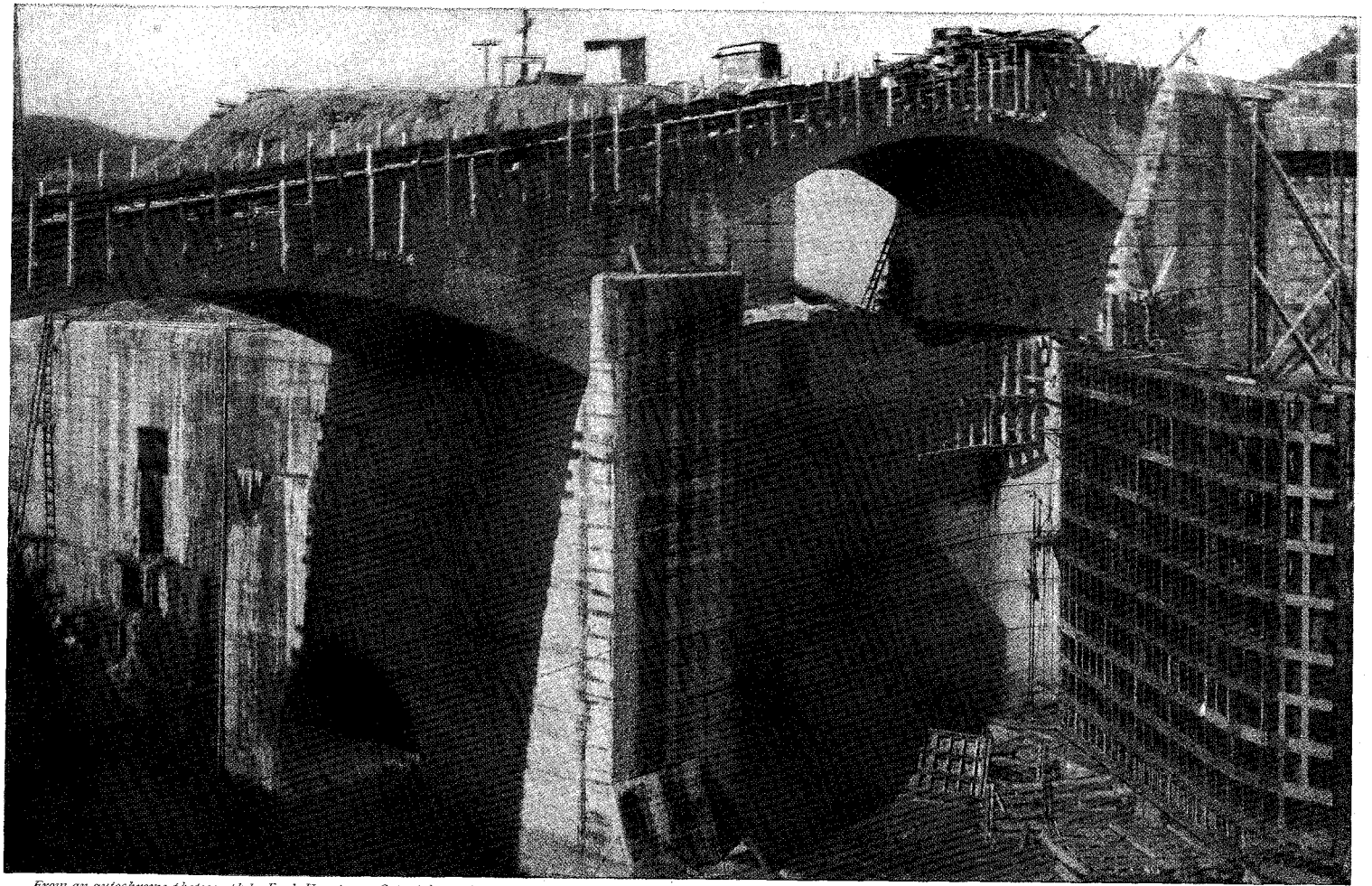

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XI.—The great concrete walls of the locks at Pedro Miguel.

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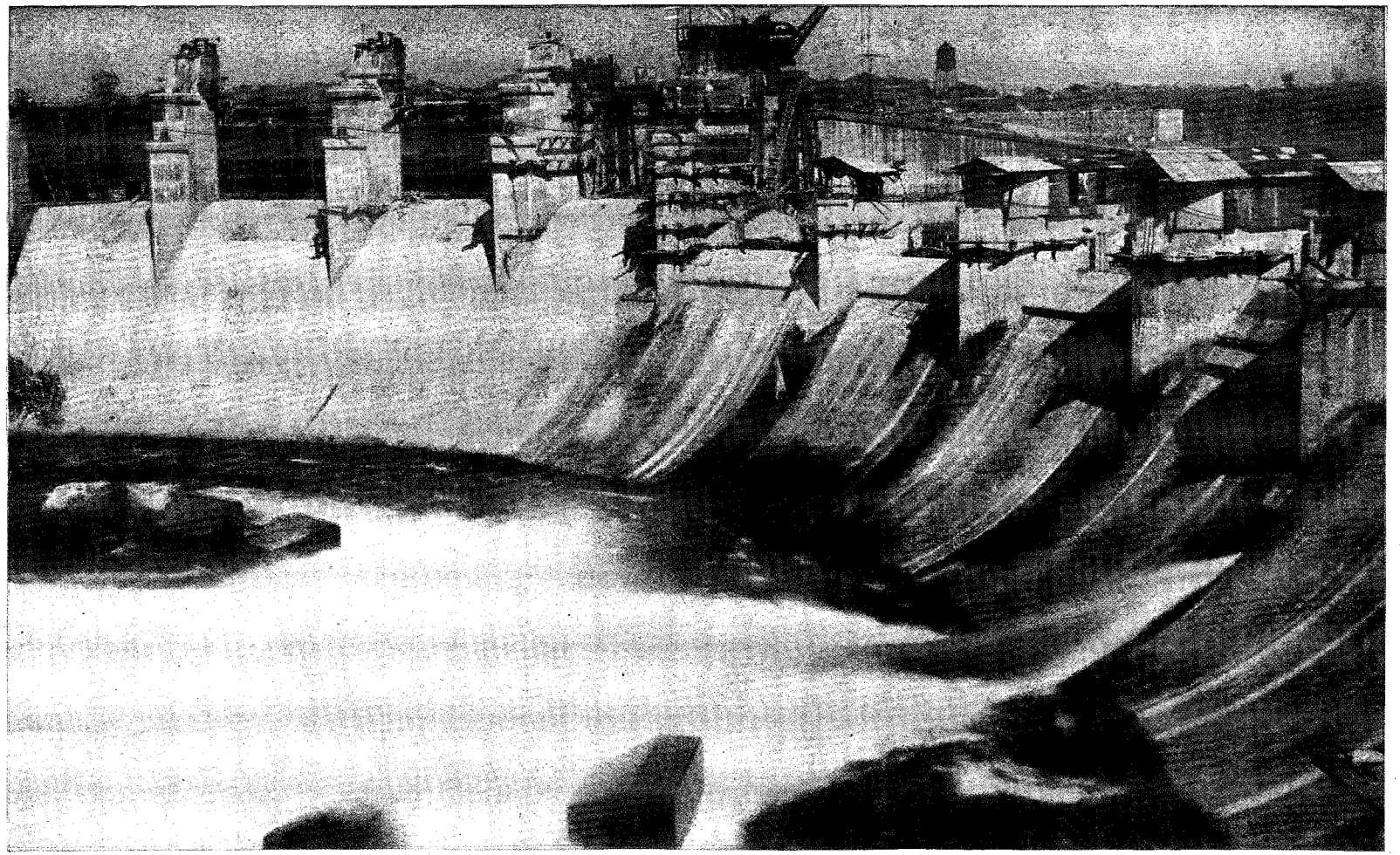

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XII.—Gatun spillway.

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XIII.—The Atlantic entrance to the canal.

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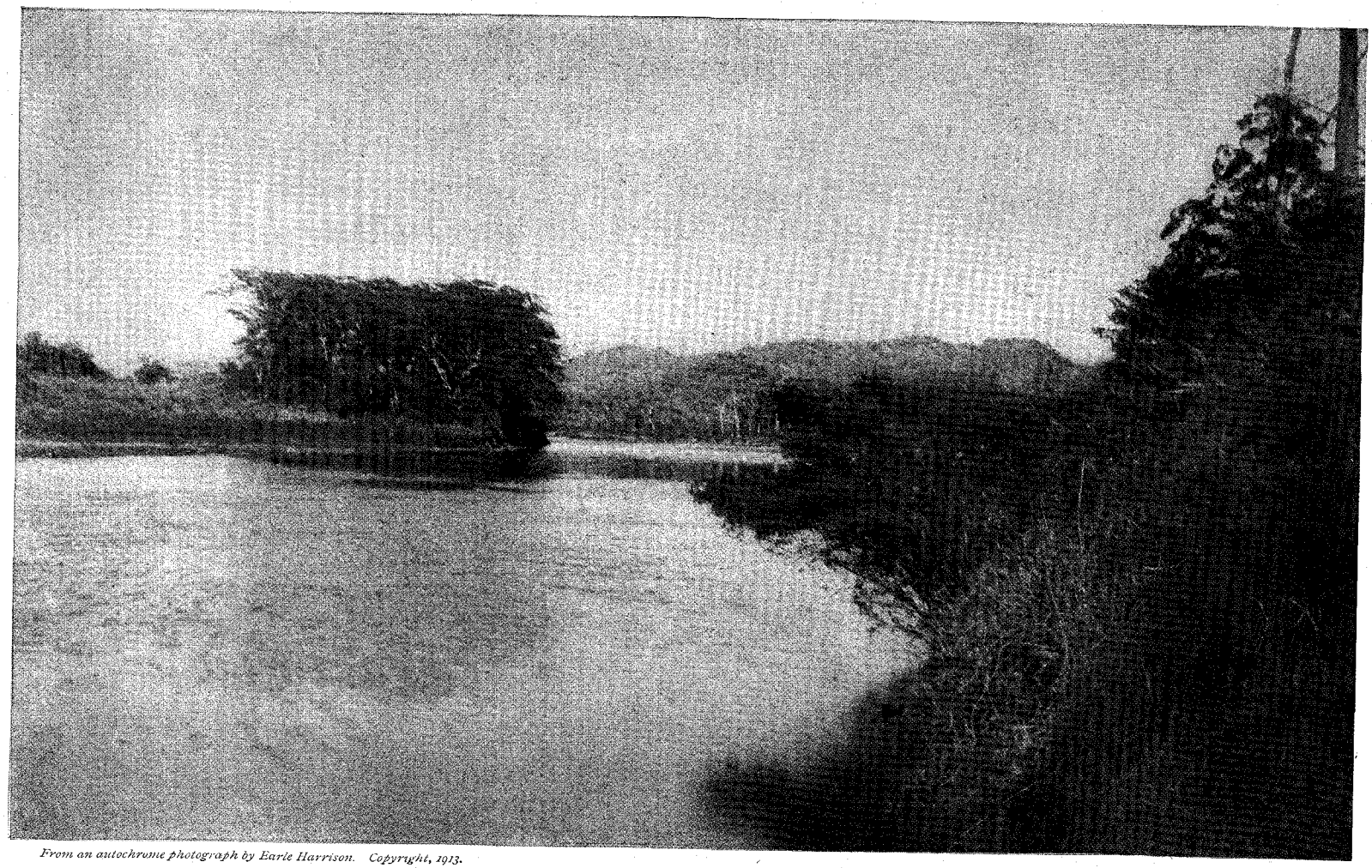

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XIV.—The Chagres River in the dry season.

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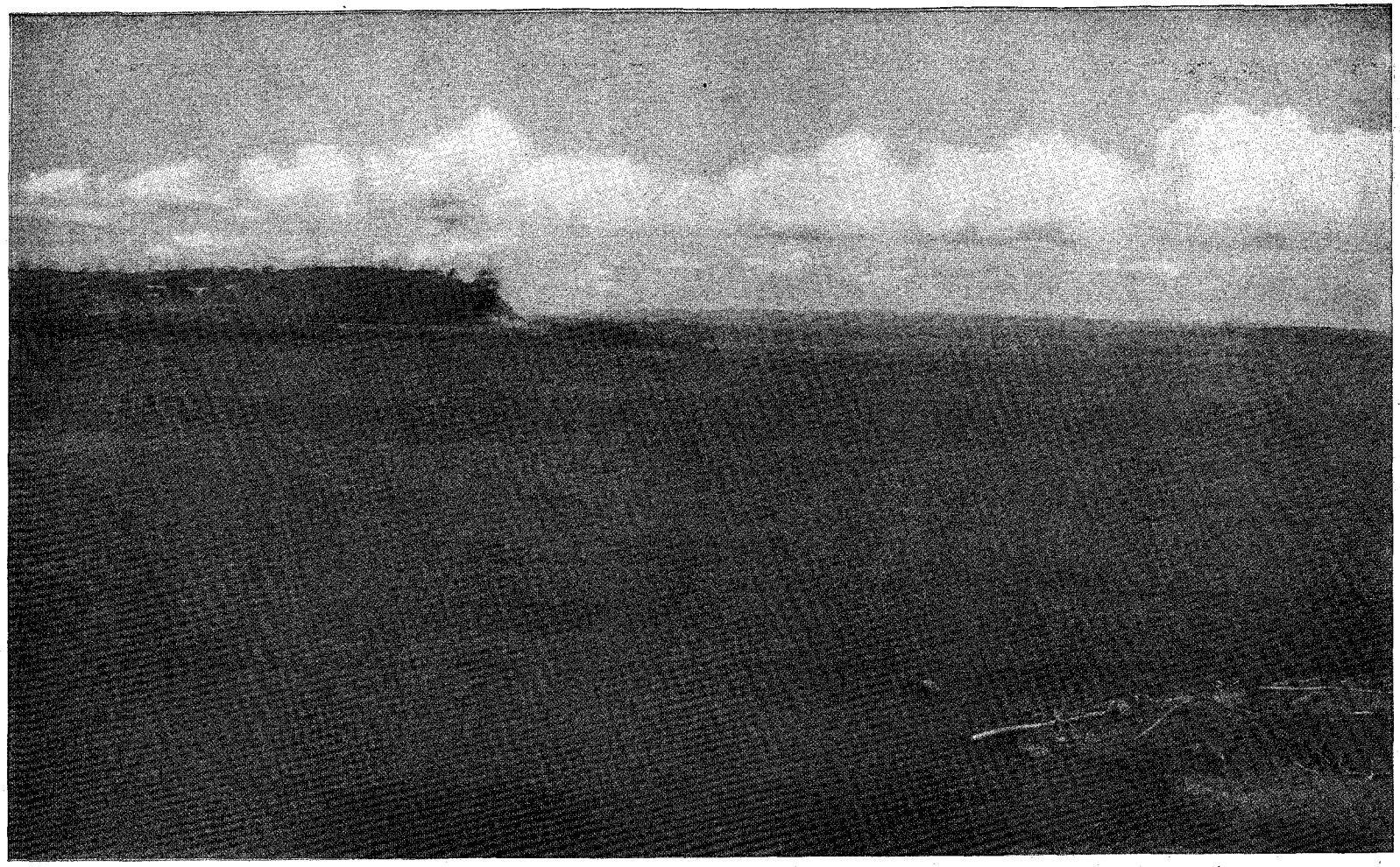

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XV.—Gatun Lake.

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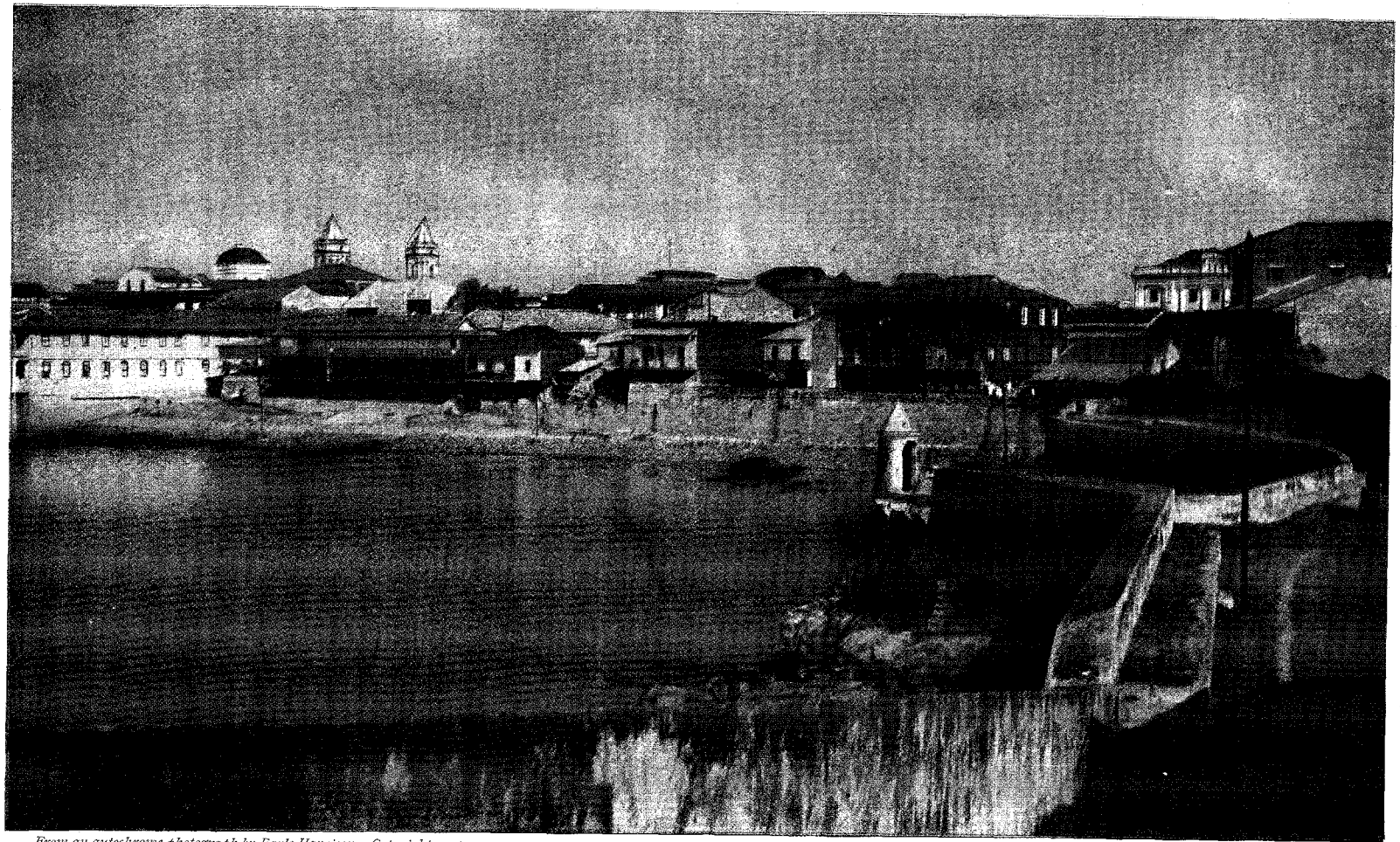

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XVI.—"The Old Sea Wall" with new Panama in the distance.

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WHAT THE CANAL WILL ACCOMPLISH

BY EMORY R. JOHNSON
Special Commissioner on Traffic and Tolls

FROM the days of Columbus the world has desired a canal across the American isthmus, and since the acquisition of California and a frontage on the Pacific the people of the United States have not ceased to consider how the isthmian barrier might be broken through. Now that the hope is about to be realized, what, it may well be asked, is it that the United States and the world are to gain by the expenditure of the $400,000,000 that it has cost to construct the water-way?

The Panama Canal has frequently been declared to be a commercial convenience and a military necessity for the people of the United States. This is such a generalization as would naturally be made by the military expert, and by those statesmen and publicists who place great emphasis upon the enhancement of the military power and naval prestige of the United States. This is not the point of view of business men and of the public generally; they regard the canal as a highway constructed to reduce the expenses and risks of commerce, to make possible the expansion of industry, and to enlarge the profitable employment of labor.

It is for peaceful purposes rather than for military uses that the canal has been built. The American people have not been animated mainly by military ambitions in the work they have done at Panama; their primary object has been to promote their domestic trade, and to remove the handicap under which they now compete with the people of Europe for the vast commerce of the Pacific.

Nevertheless, the Panama Canal will be a valuable, and most welcome, military asset. The United States is a world-power fronting the Atlantic and Pacific, upon both of which oceans it must maintain an efficient naval force. To-day the fleets that defend our eastern and western seaboards and hold the ægis of their protection over our foreign trade are thirteen thousand miles apart; they cannot support each other; each must be strong enough to do its own work, and to fight, unaided, its own battles.

The Panama Canal will bring the Atlantic and Pacific squadrons of the American navy closer to each other, and thus greatly increase the mobility of the fleets; and it will accomplish much more than that. The strong fortifications guarding the canal at the entrances will also protect coaling stations, docks, and machine-shops. The Canal Zone is thus made a secure and well-equipped naval base at which fleets may be assembled, from which a squadron may go forth to strike a blow, and to which it may confidently return for coal, supplies, and necessary repairs. The canal will thus practically unite the Atlantic and Pacific fleets.

Naval experts have said that the canal will double the efficiency of the American navy. This may be an exaggeration, but it is a roughly accurate generalization. Of course, one hardly needs to be a military expert to realize of what strategic value it will be to the United States to have strong fortifications and a secure naval base at the sole gateway between the Atlantic and Pacific.

By the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, as first drafted, the United States was not to fortify the canal, and the promise was made to Great Britain that treaties neutralizing the canal would be entered into with other nations. The Senate wisely took these provisions out of the proposed treaty, and the convention that was subsequently negotiated and ratified contained no references to fortifications. The existing Hay-Pauncefote treaty stipulates that "the canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war

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of all nations"; but the United States is the sole guarantor of the neutral use of the water-way by the vessels of all nations upon terms of entire equality. The United States is free to take full advantage of the canal as a military asset, and it is wisely proceeding with the erection of fortifications and the construction of coaling stations, dry-docks, and repair-shops.

Most traffic now shipped by water between the two seaboards of the United States is sent via the isthmuses of Tehuantepec and Panama, where the double handling of freight and the haul by rail add largely to the costs of transportation, increase losses due to the damage of goods, and lengthen the time that goods are regularly in transit. In times of congested business, goods are often seriously delayed in transit, and shippers or consignees suffer serious losses.

Whatever may be the effect of the Panama Canal on the rates charged by coastwise carriers upon inter-coastal traffic shipped from seaboard and inland points, it is certain that the costs of transportation will be reduced fully one-third. The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company pays one-third of the through rate, or on the average about $3.50 per ton of 2,000 pounds, to the Mexican National Railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, for transferring cargo from the ship in one ocean to the vessel in the other. Through shipments via Panama are likewise billed at through rates, the Panama Railroad Company taking an agreed share of the total rate. The average cost of transferring cargo across Panama, from one steamer to another, is fully $3.00 per ton.

This saving of $3.00 to $3.50 per cargo-ton will be only partially offset by the tolls of $1.20 per net vessel-ton charged for transit through the canal. A vessel-ton is 100 cubic feet of space, while a cargo-ton may be either 2,000 pounds of weight (more often 2,240 pounds on the ocean), or 40 cubic feet of space. Freight-vessels can transport between two and three tons of cargo for each net ton, and in actual service they average nearly two freight-tons per vessel-ton. Thus the tolls that have been fixed by the President will amount to about 60 cents per ton of freight, or, roughly, one-fifth the present average cost of transferring goods across the isthmuses of Tehuantepec and Panama.

The canal will do much more than to provide a cheaper route for existing traffic. By making possible the through shipment of freight without transfer it will permit the movement of a heavy tonnage of lumber, ore, coal, and other commodities, which can seldom bear the expense of a double handling *en route*. The canal will bring into the channels of commerce the basic materials produced in large quantities by the extractive industries of the southern and western sections of the United States. The expenses of trade will be reduced and its volume expanded.

This, at least, is possible and probable; but it will be well to bear in mind that the freight rates charged by the carriers coastwise between the two seaboards of the United States will not necessarily be lowered by the amount which the canal will reduce the costs of transportation. This might happen if the rates were determined solely, or mainly, by the cost of the service; but cost is not the sole basis, nor the principal determinant, of rate schedules. Keen and unrestrained competition among the steam-ship lines would cause the carriers to adjust their charges with reference to the costs of service; but the competition of the coastwise lines will be effectively regulated by means of "conferences," or organizations, of the lines. The rates between the two seaboards will be the same by all the rival lines, and the charges for most of the freight are more apt to be what the traffic will bear than to be what the costs of the service would compel the carriers to charge.

The coastwise steam-ship lines will have to meet outside competition. The exceptionally large producer or shipper of lumber, coal, ore, or grain will, or may, transport his goods in vessels which he owns or charters, and his transportation expenses will depend upon the cost of owning and operating his vessels, or upon the rates which he must pay to charter ships. Charter rates are truly competitive.

It is not to be expected, however, that the individual vessel owned or chartered by the producer or trader will do much to regulate the rates of the steam-ship lines.

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Only a few commodities can be handled in full vessel-loads, and but comparatively few individuals and corporations will buy and sell in cargo-lots. Most of the traffic between the two seaboards will be carried by the regular steam-ship lines, which will probably serve ninety-nine out of every hundred shippers.

The transcontinental railroads and the coastwise carriers will be traffic rivals, but it remains to be seen how actively they will compete. Will the railroads make large reductions in their coast-to-coast rates to keep traffic from going coastwise, or will the rail lines maintain their through rates at the present level, and deliberately lose such shipments as can secure satisfactory service and lower rates from the coastwise carriers?

If the transcontinental railroads do not cut their through rates, they may lose ten per cent (but not more than ten per cent) of their tonnage moving between the eastern and western sections of the United States; if they lower the through rates, they will not only decrease their revenues from nine-tenths of their through business, but, because of the interdependence of intermediate and through tariffs, their entire schedule of charges must be modified and their revenues therefrom must be lowered.

Again, should the railroads decide that their net profits will be larger if they maintain their present rate schedules and lose some of the through traffic, will the coastwise steam-ship lines, or rather their "conferences," fix their rates with reference to the stable schedules of railroad tariffs, making the charges by water such differentials under the railroad rates as will secure for the steam-ship lines the volume of traffic required to fill the vessels in service?

The known facts as to rate-making by railroads and by steam-ship lines do not presage keen competition among the steam-ship lines, or between the coastwise carriers and the railroads. It is not probable that the steam-ship lines operated through the canal will compete so actively with each other and with the railroads as to bring the rates by water as low as the cost of service will allow. It is rather to be expected that the steam-ship lines will so effectually restrict their competition with each other as to be able to fix and maintain their rates, not primarily with reference to the cost of the service, but mainly with regard to what the traffic will bear.

The coastwise rates, for the most part, will be what the shippers can and will pay for transportation by water instead of by rail. The rates now charged by way of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are, in fact, adjusted with reference to the tariffs by rail. This policy is the one that the coastwise carriers may be expected to maintain after the opening of the canal.

This analysis does not point toward a revolution in coast-to-coast rates as a result of the lower costs of transportation by the canal. Rates, however, on many commodities will be lower. Cost of service is not without its influence upon rates—and the larger volume of traffic, and the increase in the number of steam-ship lines, will affect the policy of the coastwise carriers in making rates. Competition may be regulated and mitigated, but it cannot be eliminated; and much the same is true of public sentiment. The pressure of public opinion, exerted by business organizations and by the newspapers, and embodied in laws against trusts and monopolies, is not without influence upon the action taken by the makers of rates.

Competition alone will not insure cheap transportation via the Panama Canal. The benefits to which the public as a whole is entitled will not be secured merely by opening the canal, and by designating what carriers may and may not use the water-way. It will be found necessary to apply to the regulation of the services and rates of the regular coastwise lines the principles that have been effectively applied to the railroads. A public demand for the regulation of coastwise carriers is one of the results that will follow from the opening of the Panama Canal.

The simplest and most concrete measure of the service rendered by the Panama Canal will be the tonnage of ships that use the water-way. This can be forecast with a fair degree of certainty, because it is possible to ascertain how much traffic now moves by routes that would be abandoned in favor of the canal route, and it is easy to find out how fast this available canal traffic is increasing.

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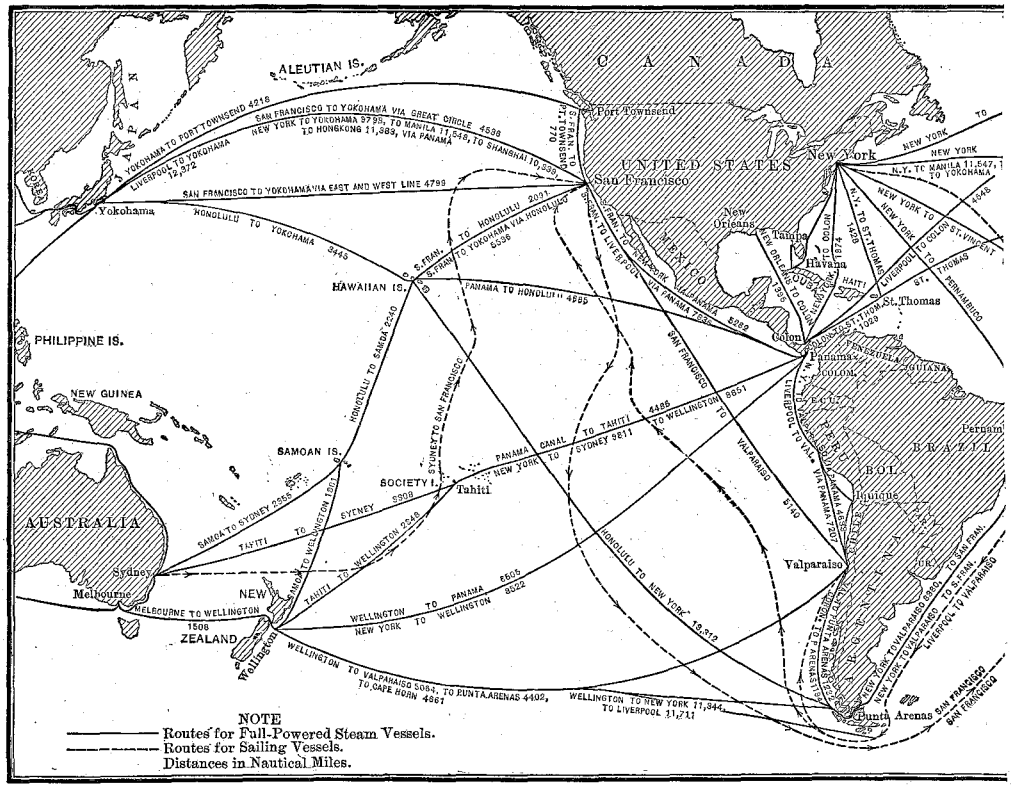

The history of the Suez Canal, the great inter-oceanic highway with which the Panama Canal is closely comparable, is an open book. Last year, 5,373 ships, having a net tonnage of 20,275,000 tons, passed through the Suez water-way. The growth of tonnage in ten years had been more than seventy per cent.

The shipping using the Panama Canal annually during the first year or two of its operation, that is in 1915 and 1916, will amount to about 10,500,000 net tons. At the end of ten years the tonnage will doubtless have reached 17,000,000 net tons. The prospect thus is that the Panama Canal will start with less than half the tonnage which will then be making use of the Suez Canal. Moreover, it will be a long time before the Panama Canal catches up with the Suez water-way in volume of traffic. Should the Suez tonnage continue to increase at the present rate, the volume of shipping served by the Suez Canal in 1925 will be double that passing through the Panama water-way. It is hardly probable that the Suez tonnage will continue to increase at its present high rate; while it may well happen that the stimulating effect of the Panama Canal upon industry and trade has been underestimated. Eventually, at the end of two or three decades, let us say, the traffic at Panama may equal or exceed that at Suez.

The Panama Canal is always thought of, first of all, with reference to the commerce between the two seaboards of the United States; yet it is probable that only one-tenth of the ships that pass through the canal in 1915 will be employed in the inter-coastal trade. The canal may so assist the growth of this coast-to-coast traffic as to cause it to double in a decade; but, even so, it will amount to only one-eighth of the total tonnage of shipping passing the Panama locks.

The foreign trade of the United States will employ a third of the ships that use the Panama Canal; and the trade that is strictly foreign to the United States, that does not touch our shores, will be served by more than half of all the vessels that take the Panama short cut between the Atlantic and Pacific.

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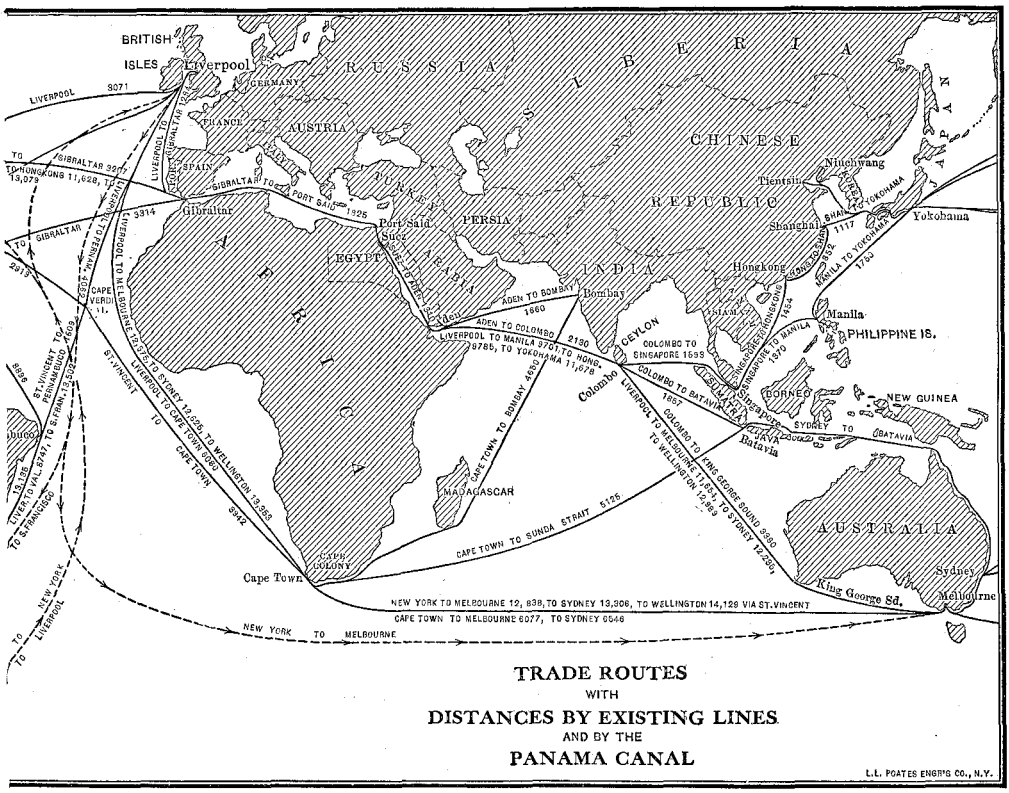

TRADE ROUTES
WITH
DISTANCES BY EXISTING LINES
AND BY THE
PANAMA CANAL

L.L. POATES ENGRG CO., N.Y.

The west coast of South America originates a large tonnage. Two million five hundred thousand weight-tons of nitrate are now shipped from northern Chili each year, four-fifths of it being sent to Europe, and one-fifth to the United States. Copper shipments from the west coast of South America are also important, and as soon as the canal is opened large quantities of iron ore are to be brought to the United States and taken to Europe by way of the canal. The exports of Chilian grain will also be larger after the costs of transportation have been reduced by the canal.

Under present conditions most of this large west-coast South American commerce is secured by Europe. The tonnage of shipping serving the European trade with western South America is six times that employed in the commerce of the eastern seaboard of the United States with that section of the world. This should gradually change as the result of the opening of the canal, which will bring the United States nearer than Europe to western South America by the distance across the north Atlantic.

Australia and New Zealand have a large commerce, of which the United States has a fair share in spite of the fact that the eastern part of the United States, the section from which most of our manufactures are exported, and to which the wool, hides, and other materials from Australasia are imported, is farther from Australia than is Europe. The Panama Canal will place the United States and Europe on a par, as far as distance is a controlling factor, in competing for the commerce of Australasia.

The same is true of Japan, China, and the Philippines. The short route from Europe to the Orient is via the Suez Canal; the short course from the Atlantic seaboard of the United States to Japan and most of China will be by way of Panama. A ten-knot freight-steamer will be able to make the run from New York to Yokohama via Panama in fifteen days less time than it now takes by way of Suez. Hong-Kong and Manila, however, will be equally distant from New York via Suez and Panama. They will be in the enviable position of being served both by the

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vessels that take the Suez route and by those that are operated by way of Panama.

The Panama Canal is being constructed to shorten the distance and time of ocean voyages; but it should be remembered that distance is only one of several factors that may determine the routes taken by vessels. It often happens that the longer of two alternative routes is more profitable, because of lower costs for fuel, and of greater opportunities for trading at intermediate ports. Fortunately, the expenses for coal and fuel oil will be less via Panama than by most of the alternative routes; indeed, the low fuel costs via the Panama route and at the canal, where the United States will sell coal and oil at reasonable prices, will greatly assist the canal in competing for traffic free to move by some alternative route.

Another vital fact that should not be overlooked is that transportation costs do not alone determine which country shall succeed in commercial competition. At the present time the commercial and financial relations of Pacific countries are mainly with Europe, not with the United States. It has been only a few years since American capital began to be invested in foreign countries. The industries of western South America, of Australia, and the Orient have been developed mainly by European capital. Under these conditions, European manufacturers have a distinct advantage over American producers in competing for the trade of most Pacific countries.

Similarly, the merchants of Great Britain, Germany, and other European countries have long-established trade relations with the Pacific. Their mercantile houses have outposts in South America, Australia, and the Orient. It will not be easy quickly to shift the merchandising business from European to American houses.

The transfer of trade from Great Britain, Germany, and other European countries to the United States will also be hampered by the fact that the banking connections of countries on both sides of the Pacific are mainly with Europe. Time will be required, and probably our laws will have to be changed, to enable New York and other banking centres of the United States to be of large service to American merchants in extending their trade with Pacific countries. Naturally, European merchants, trading with Pacific countries, will continue to make use of the banking facilities of London, Paris, and Berlin. One of the problems to be worked out in the development of the trade of the United States with Pacific countries is that of substituting American for European banking arrangements.

The Panama Canal will assist in transferring a growing and increasing share of the trade of western South America and of trans-Pacific countries from Europe to the United States; but the shifting of commercial connections will be gradual. There will be no sudden revolution in the trade relations of Pacific countries. In estimating the influence of the Panama Canal upon the development of the trans-Pacific trade of the United States the fact must not be ignored that the traders of Europe, who have long used the Suez Canal, will have the advantage of a prior occupation of the field. Europe's hold upon the trade of the Far East is so firm that the United States cannot hope suddenly to wrest the rich prize from the merchants and manufacturers of Europe.

Since the Spanish-American War, which occurred only fifteen years ago, the United States has been drawn more and more into world politics. Every event and every agency that increases intercourse between the United States and other countries, that broadens and multiplies American trade relations, enhances not only the opportunity but also the responsibility of the United States as one of the leaders among the nations of the world. Our country cannot, and doubtless does not desire to, avoid taking upon itself larger international obligations.

The Panama Canal will, of a certainty, bring the United States into closer touch with the Latin countries of North America and western South America; indeed, Mexico and Central America will be brought within the circuit of the active route by which the coastwise trade between the two seaboards of the United States will be carried on. Commerce and travel between the United States and the Pacific shores of South America will, in a few decades, increase manyfold.

More frequent intercourse and the larger

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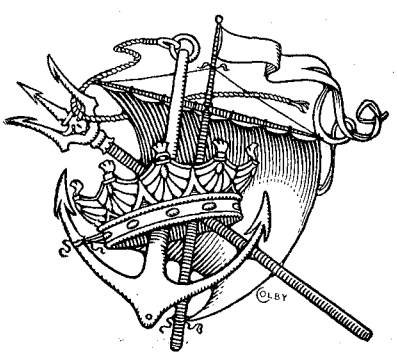
commerce between the United States and Latin-American countries should prove to be mutually advantageous, politically as well as economically. In its relations with all countries south of the Rio Grande the United States is, and has every reason for continuing to be, politically disinterested. The autonomous political and economic development of Latin-American countries is the desire of the United States. Whatever assistance the United States may be able to render its neighbors will be given in a cordial spirit, untainted by any selfish desire to acquire dominion or to exercise political control over any country.

Nor will the people of the United States be unaware of the fact that closer political relations with other American countries will be helpful to the United States. This country possesses a monopoly neither of political wisdom nor of the elements of civilization. Co-operation between Latin and Saxon countries will be mutually beneficial. The Panama Canal promises to promote Pan-Americanism, to bring American countries nearer together in thought and feeling, and to promote trade in culture as well as commodities.

This is true in spite of the necessary admission that the connection of the United States with the canal has temporarily estranged one Latin-American country. This is to be regretted. The people of the United States, it is certain, have not desired to wrong Colombia, and it is to be hoped that both countries will place before each other and the world the full record of their action. If either party has done wrong, it must be large enough to admit its wrong-doing. In that way alone can mutual understanding and confidence be restored.

It is possible that the chief accomplishment of the Panama Canal may be one of which the people of the United States will scarcely be aware. The main obstacle to the successful development of our federal government has been sectional strife. A country of continental area, comparable in size to Europe, and having within its borders great diversities of climate, of industrial activities, and of population elements, is governed by the will of the whole people. In times past the clash of sections has been so severe as nearly to disrupt the government.

Fortunately, sectional strife, though not at an end, is no longer violent. The railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone have made political unity possible and certain; but every agency that more closely unites the different parts of the country makes possible better and more effective government. The Panama Canal, by increasing the economic interdependence of the East and the West, and of the West and the South, will promote the political unity as well as the economic solidarity of the country.



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THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1915

BY ELMER GREY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY JULES GUÉRIN AND PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SKETCH MODELS

IT was inevitable that the great formal event which is to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal should be held in San Francisco. Many factors unite in making that city not only the most appropriate, but also in many ways the only desirable one for the purpose. The canal will join the Occident with the Orient; San Francisco is the largest and most cosmopolitan city of those lying along our coast facing the Orient. The canal will unite our far west more closely with our east; San Francisco is our most important far-western city. It is the one American city having a harbor suitable for the purpose of celebrating the greatest maritime event in the world's history. It is also representative, in its spirit and oft-mentioned "atmosphere," of that hardy and adventurous race of pioneers who settled our far-western country and who now, with their children and children's children, are to have their opportunities enlarged and their activities broadened.

The harbor of San Francisco, surrounded as it is by hills, forms a natural, a colossal, and a wonderfully beautiful amphitheatre. It is on the south side of this amphitheatre, facing the hills of Marin County and Mount Tamalpais, and lying next to the water, that the Exposition Grounds are situated. They comprise a tract of six hundred and twenty-five acres on partly level, partly sloping ground, extending about two miles along the edge of the harbor just at a place where most of the sea-going traffic passes. San Francisco's choicest residence section overlooks them on the south and east; the Presidio, a United States Government reservation overgrown with large trees and improved with winding drives, adjoins them on the west.

Being thus situated, the Exposition will really consist of two totally dissimilar kinds of attraction. One will be staged on the water and will consist of maritime pageantry, such as parades of the world's battle-ships and the like, carried out on a gorgeous and world-inclusive scale. The other will be on land and consist of the Exposition buildings, sculpture, gardens, land pageants, exhibits, musical festivals, amusement concessions, etc., etc. When special events are not taking place on the water abundant interest will nevertheless be provided there by the many and varied kinds of shipping constantly coming and going; fishing-smacks, full-rigged ships, lumber-schooners, ocean liners, war vessels, all these and others will be seen passing frequently and at close range.

To afford ample opportunity for the great numbers who visit the Exposition to enjoy these interesting water events a wide esplanade planted with cypress and eucalypti, and liberally provided with seats, will extend along the water's edge about half the entire length of the Exposition Grounds. On the south side of this esplanade the Exposition "City," comprising eight of the principal palaces, will extend in unbroken line for the same distance. It is the unusual treatment of this portion of the Exposition called the City that occasions one of several ways in which the San Francisco fair will be absolutely different from previous world's fairs. The planning of it was a unique problem, owing partially to climate and partially to situation; but it has been solved in ways that are so delightfully unique that it will be sure to attract many thousands of people on that score alone. It will be

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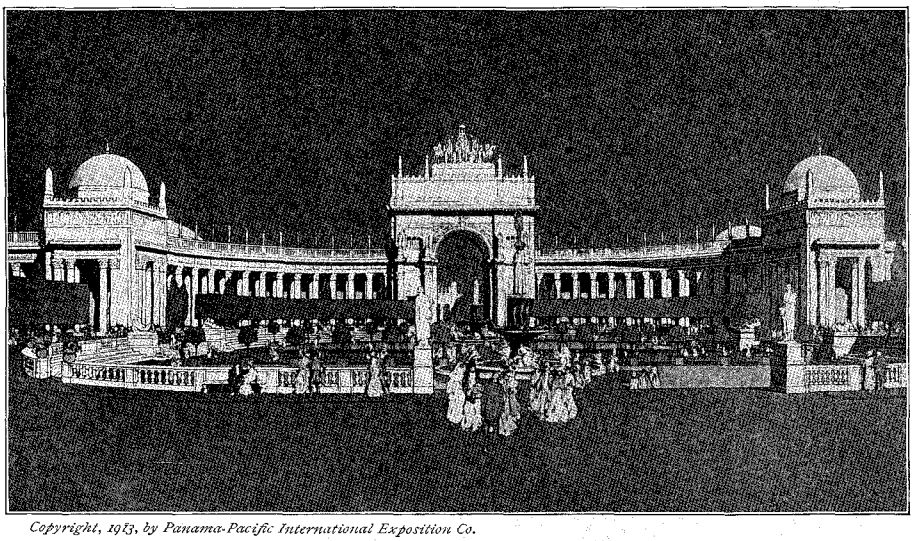
different from other world's fairs not merely because its designers wanted it to be different, but also because making it so was the only logical thing for them to do. The climate in San Francisco, usually balmy enough when one is out of the direct range of the sea winds, is apt to provide these winds unpleasantly strong in places where their sweep is unbroken, such as along the harbor's edge. This fact was candidly recognized by its designers, and was met by planning a wind-barrier. All along the harbor or north frontage of the Exposition City a "Great Wall" sixty feet high will be built. It will be continued along its west end facing the sea, and also around the other two sides. It will form the outer walls of the eight exhibition palaces comprised in the city, portions of which, however, will loom high above it. It will constitute a walled enclosure very much in appearance like some of the old walled towns of southern France and Spain.

The same idea of protection from the elements was, however, carried much farther. The Great Wall will be pierced along the harbor frontage with two monumental city gateways. These two gateways, and a third and larger opening in the centre, will form the entrances, on the water side, to three great interior courts. Farther south, inside the city, are two lesser courts. The plan of these five courts and the buildings which surround them is such as will make it possible to go from one building to another, and to complete the entire circuit of the eight main exhibition palaces, without once stepping from under cover; while of course the courts themselves are also protected from the winds. The three largest courts are named, respectively, the Court of the Sun and Stars in the centre, the Court of Abundance on the east, and the Court of the Four Seasons on the west. The East Court represents the Orient, the West the Occident, the Centre, or Court of the Sun and Stars, the comprehensive witness to the joining of the Orient and Occident through the completion of the Panama Canal. The two lesser courts are called the Court of Flowers and the Court of Palms, the former being south of the East Court, the latter south of the West Court. The palaces grouped around these courts house the departments of varied industries, mines, manufactures, transportation, liberal arts, education, and agriculture. Outside of the Walled City there will be in addition five other important palaces, namely: Machinery Hall, directly east of it, the largest individual building on the grounds, Automobile Hall, south of



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Court of Sun and Stars.
McKim, Mead & White, architects.

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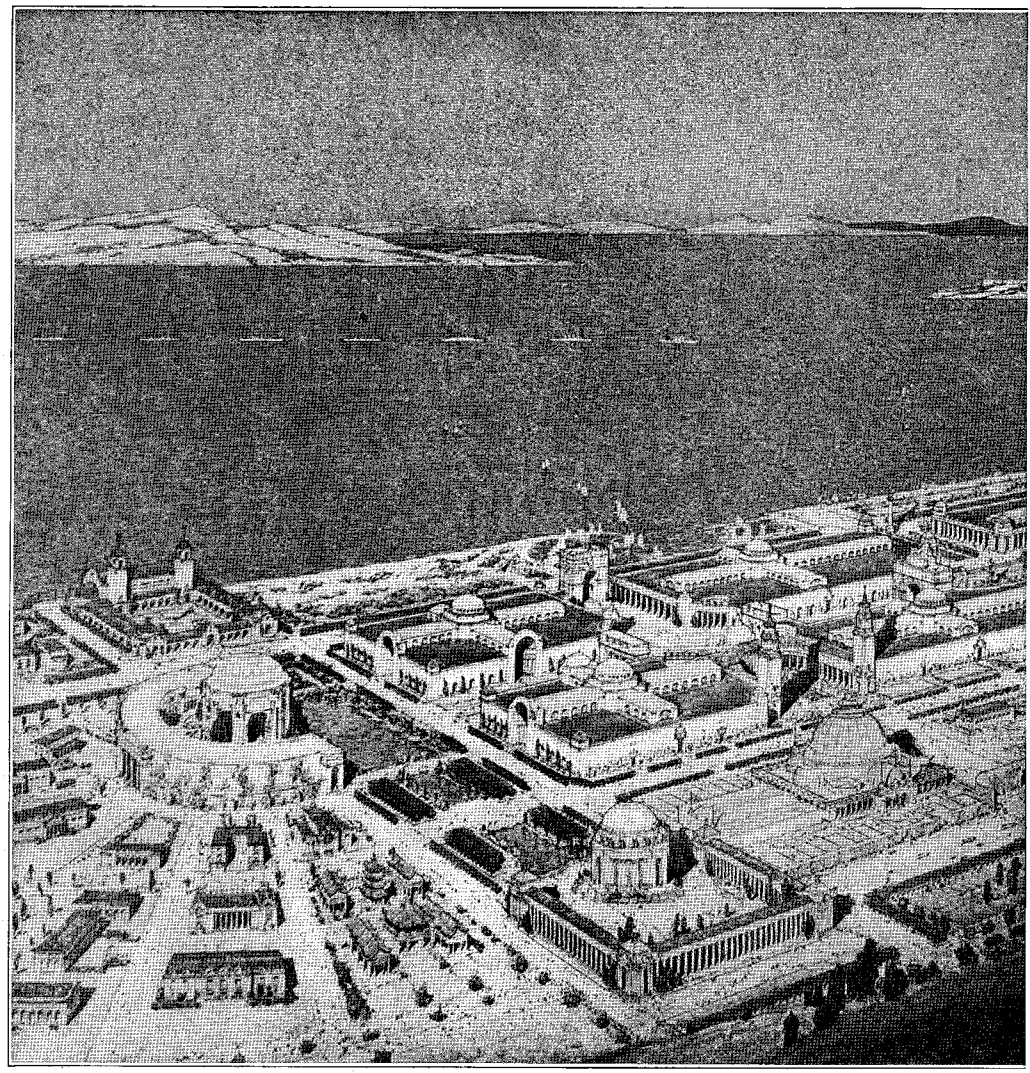

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Bird's-eye view of Panama-
From a drawing

Machinery Hall, Festival Hall, south of the gateway to the Court of Flowers, Horticultural Hall, south of the gateway to the Court of Palms, and the Art Palace, west of the Walled City.

Another marked difference between the San Francisco fair and previous world's fairs will result from its being situated on the floor of an amphitheatre. The sites of the Chicago and St. Louis fairs were comparatively level, with little or no rising ground around them; at San Francisco the principal residence section of the city rises above the Fair Grounds, as do also some of the hillside cities and towns across the bay. With such surrounding conditions a very important consideration was the appearance of the Exposition when looked at from above. To be effective when thus seen it was necessary to plan it upon broad, simple lines having well-defined axes; and this is what was done. In consequence its various buildings when thus looked down upon will be seen each to constitute a part of one homogeneous plan scheme; and this plan scheme with

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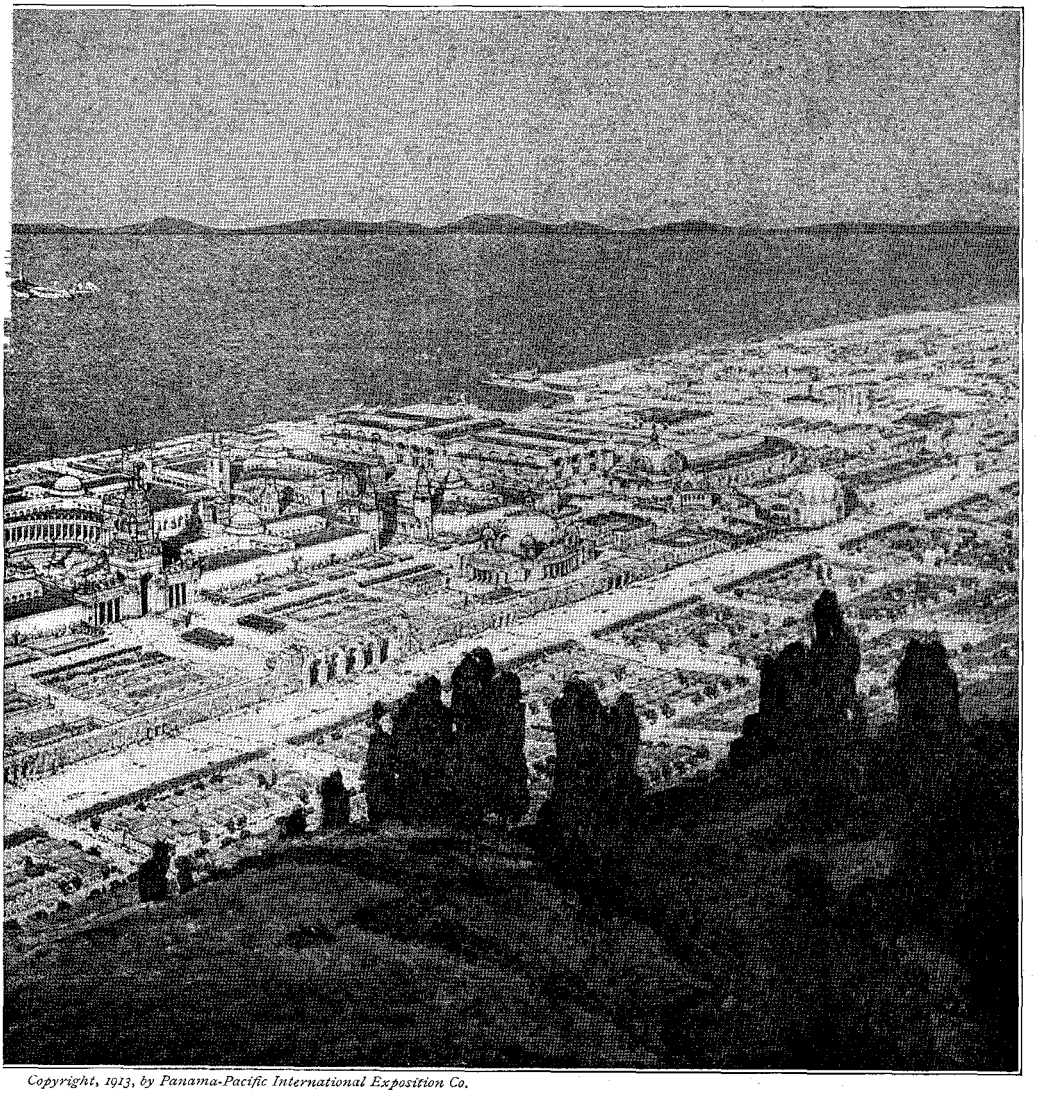

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Pacific International Exposition.
by Jules Guérin.

its courts, axes, and roof lines will appear as a thing of unusual beauty in itself. It was evident that in any such scheme the kind of roof treatment adopted was a matter of very great importance; and this point consequently was also well considered. Running through the centre of all the eight exhibition palaces comprised in the Walled City are so-called "arteries of circulation"; they are the main thoroughfares through which people will travel when passing through the palaces. These thoroughfares will be bounded on the interior by long rows of supporting columns. Toward the roof the columns will terminate in trusses so designed as to constitute a part of the general architectural effect and contribute to it. Above the roofs the existence of the thoroughfares will be acknowledged by clearstories, which, rising above the level of the main roofs, will serve the double purpose of shedding light down to the interior, and of giving interesting expression on the exterior of the interior plan. Where these clearstories intersect at the centres of the buildings

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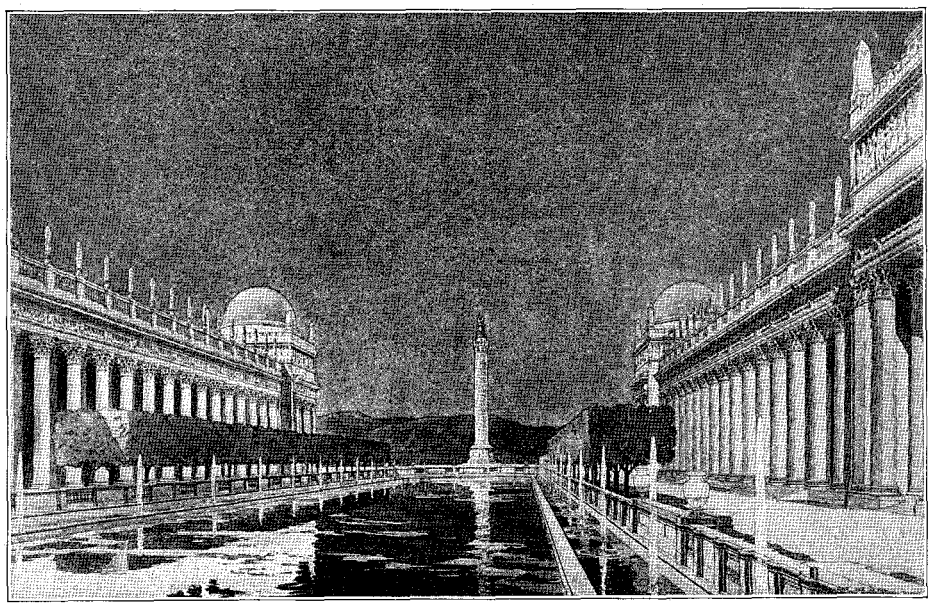
another happy treatment was evolved. Their intersections have in all cases been accented by domes; and these domes, covered with gold, will form one of the most beautiful features of the Exposition architecture.

Still another feature of the Exposition that will be very different from previous Expositions will be its color. The Chicago fair was a "White City." The San Francisco fair will be all aglow with rich color. Mr. Jules Guérin, who has charge of this department, is himself a guarantee that results in this line will be happy. "When I went to California to study the problem of color," he said, "I saw the vibrant tints of the native wild flowers, the soft browns of the surrounding hills, the gold of the orangeries, the blue of the sea; and I determined that, just as a musician builds his symphony around a motif or chord, so must I strike a chord of color and build my symphony on this. The one point upon which I have insisted is that there shall be no white (save, perhaps, a man visitor's shirt front or a woman's summer frock). The pillars, statues, fountains, masts, walls, and flagpoles that are to contrast with the tinted decorations are to be of ivory-yellow, rich and soft in tone. I have even personally superintended the dyeing of the bunting for flags and draperies." The situation of the fair as seen from above is also a matter which Mr. Guérin considered from the color stand-point. "I resolved," he said, "that even the roofs should be harmoniously colored: so that when those who throng the avenues on the land side of the exhibition look down upon them they will see a great party-colored area of red tiles, golden domes, and copper-green minarets." It is not only the color of the roof treatment, however, that will be effective when thus seen, but the roof colors will be enhanced and emphasized by the rich coloring of intervening courts that will be filled with greenery and gorgeous masses of bloom. Their color scheme also will be under Mr. Guérin's control. The total effect, undoubtedly, will be much as he has pictured it: "Imagine," said he, "a gigantic Persian rug of soft melting tones, with brilliant splashes here and there, spread down for a mile or more, and you may get some idea of what the Panama-Pacific Exposition will look like when viewed from the distance, say of the



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Colonnade from Court of Sun and Stars.
McKim, Mead & White, architects.

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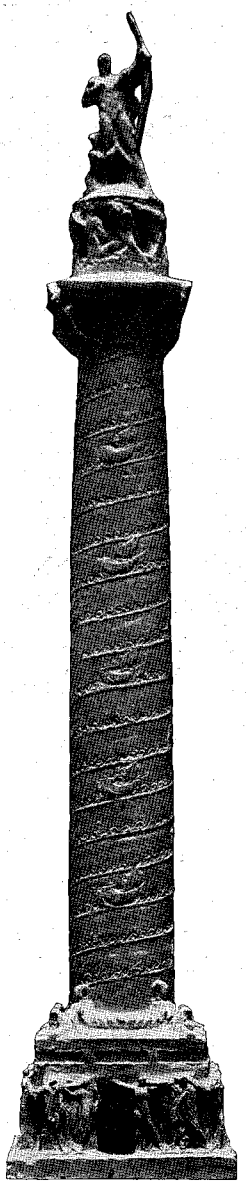
Sausalito Heights across the Golden Gate. This color plan, that of making the group of buildings a veritable blaze of color and at the same time avoiding the garish or barbaric, is a great new salient feature of the Exposition."

Another entirely new feature of the Exposition will be its lighting scheme. This is all under the control of Mr. W. D'A. Ryan, who supervised the illumination of the Hudson-Fulton celebration and is directing the illumination of the Panama Canal. At the time of the Chicago fair artistically effective night lighting was practically unknown. Most of the illumination of the "White City" consisted of arc lights mounted upon standards. At the Buffalo fair outline lighting had come into use, and gave much better results. To-day this has all been superseded by indirect lighting and the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be illumined by night with practically the same intensity and evenness of distribution as by day. There will be lights hidden behind the colonnades, lights above the cornices, and masked batteries of lights on the roofs. The entire outlines and details of the buildings will thus appear with practically uniform distinctness; paintings on the walls will have their true color values, sculpture will stand out without shadow as by day. In addition to this indirect daylight effect, much will be accomplished by means of search-lights, many of which will be colored. It is proposed to throw great jets of steam up from certain points in the grounds and upon these the search-lights will play in varying colors. Anchored out in the harbor in front of the esplanade will be several batteries of these colored search-lights, with men drilled to operate them in ways such as to obtain combination effects from shafts of different colors. Even the fogs of the harbor will in this way be made to contribute to the night effect of the Exposition, so that men will in truth "paint pictures upon the clouds." "The effect," said Mr. Ryan, "will be marvellous. The batteries will go through evolutions of color, forming auroras in the sky and over the Exposition, that will spread like a great lily. On clear nights the shafts of light will be visible forty or fifty miles."



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Sketch model for Column of Human Progress.

A. Stirling Calder, sculptor.

All along the southern side of the Walled City between Festival Hall and Horticultural Hall, and comprising a strip of ground a half mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, will extend "The Gardens." This strip, protected from the winds of the bay by the Walled City and by Horticultural Hall, will be planted out with rare flowers, trees, and shrubs, tenderer varieties being used here than would thrive on the waterside. It is on the south side of these gardens that the principal land entrances to the Exposition will be located; so that visitors entering will pass through the Gardens in order to reach the Walled City or other parts of the grounds. To protect the gardens from the dust of Chestnut Street, the main avenue of approach running south of and parallel to them, a great hedge sixty feet high will be grown. This result will be accomplished by placing flower-boxes one upon another in such ways that vines will trail down over

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them and form one continuous wall of greenery. Preparations have long been going on for the planting of the gardens and other portions of the grounds. Six greenhouses, each one hundred and fifty feet in length, are at present housing sixty thousand plants and shrubs. Adjacent to them another block of glass buildings is shortly to be erected where many more thousands of plants and shrubs will soon be grown. Ten acres of prepared ground elsewhere are being used for the planting out. Millions of cuttings and seedlings are there being fostered so they may be ready for transplanting as soon as the fair grounds are ready for them. It is intended to arrange all the planting so that there will be a continuous succession of bloom. "The plants and flowers to be used in the gardens will need continuous renewal," said Mr. John MacLaren, chief of the landscaping department. "That is why we are so far ahead at present. Already in the open we have twenty thousand veronica of various kinds maturing. These yield beautiful blues and whites and amaranths. In other grounds thousands of acacia and gum trees are being nurtured and as soon as possible will be transplanted to the fair grounds. Among these cuttings and seedlings in the greenhouse boxes are sixty thousand thriving plants. When in bloom many of these plants—such as the geranium, the clematis, the fuchsia, the salvia, the bignonia, and the muehlenbeckia—will afford to the Exposition such a wealth of color as could not be obtained by any other open-air garden outside of California."

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Sketch model for figure symbolizing Star, in Court of Sun and Stars.

The main purpose of the Exposition, the commemoration of the opening of the Panama Canal, will be emphasized in its sculpture. "I see in that event," said Mr. Karl Bitter, chief of the department of sculpture, "the final result of the effort of many centuries to cut the passage between the two great oceans." In front of the main entrance to the Walled City, called the Tower Gate, there will be an allegory of the Panama Canal called "Energy, the Lord of the Isthmian Way," and represented by an enormous horse standing on a heavy pedestal, the horse carrying a man with extended arms pushing the waters apart. Over the pedestal of the statue there will be rushing water to carry out the idea farther. In the Court of the Sun and Stars will be two great sculptural fountains emphasizing the scope of the canal, one indicating the rising and the other the setting sun. The upper portions of these fountains will be sources of illumination at night. Great globes surmounted by figures representing a sunburst and a sunset, typifying the rising and the setting sun, will give forth an incandescent glow, while below, in the basins, reclining figures of the planets will again surmount globes of light. Around all sides of this court are colonnades, each column of which will bear a figure as a finial, one hundred and ten in all. Carrying out the symbolic nature of the centre fountains, these figures will express stars, which by night will be illumined with great jewelled lights. On the east side of the court there will be a great composition representing the "Nations of the East," with camels and other types of the Orient embraced in it; on the west there will be one representing the "Nations of the West," and showing the history and activity of the West. In order to emphasize the length of the court as one enters, there will be, at its farther end, a great sculptural column. A frieze winding from its base to its top will suggest the world's continuous march toward a higher and a still higher goal. The column will be surmounted by a youth pointing his arrow to the sun, as the highest expression of human ambition. In the East Court the sculpture will be treated in a more Oriental manner, that is, will be conceived in a

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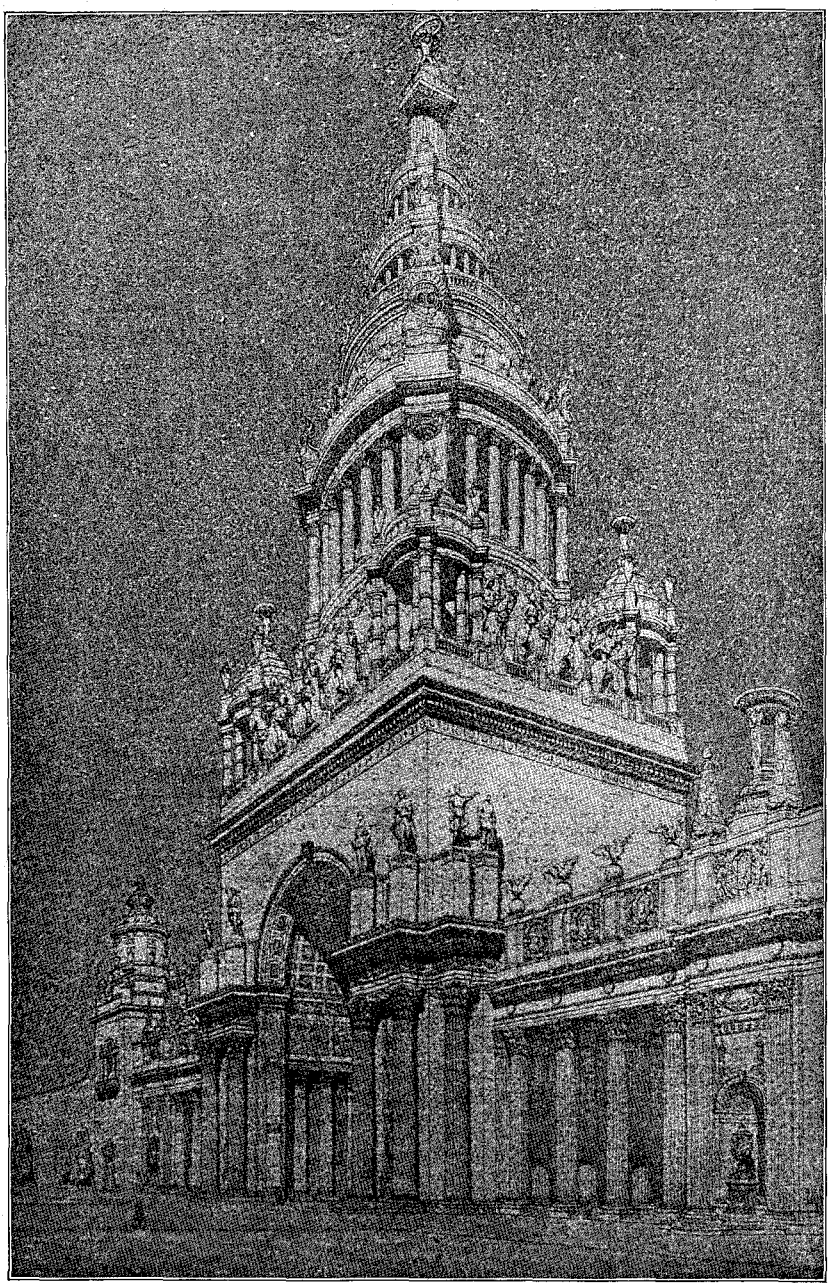

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The Tower Gate, which marks entrance to Court of Sun and Stars.

Carrère & Hastings, architects.

joyous mood, with elements of pleasure of various kinds, such as music, dancing, etc. In the West Court it will be of a more serious aspect, and will portray the struggle of the pioneers as indicated by work in the mines, the fields, the factories, etc. In many other portions of the grounds there will be sculptural groups, many of them of no lesser importance than those here mentioned. One of the good offices which a world's exposition incidentally performs is that of bringing into prominence

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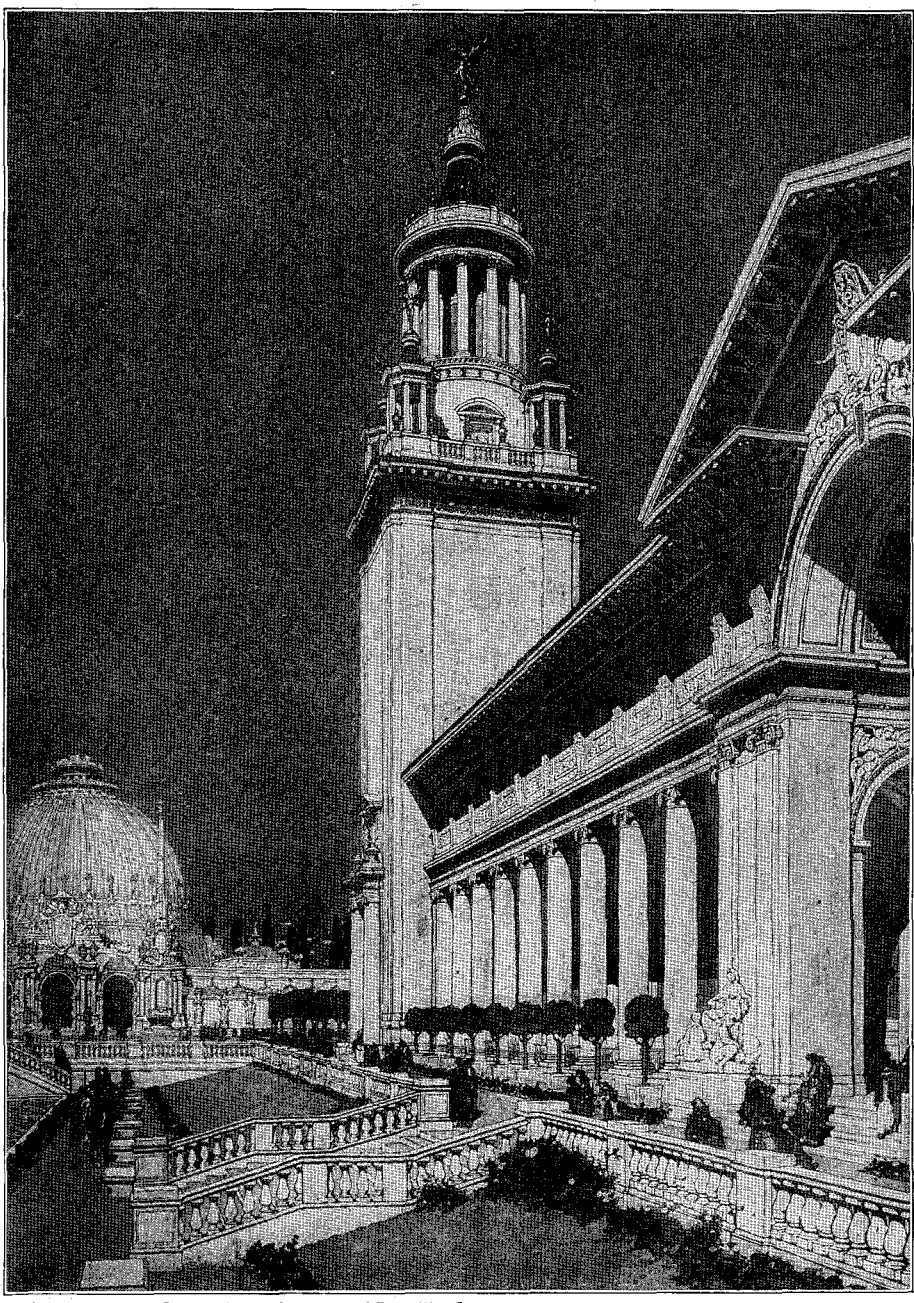

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Looking north in Court of Palms and view of Horticultural Hall in distance.

Court of Palms, George W. Kelham, architect. Horticultural Hall, Bakewell & Brown, architects.

artists whose ability might otherwise remain unrecognized. At Chicago the names of some of the sculptors previously unknown became familiar throughout the country. At San Francisco, in addition to Mr. Bitter and Acting Chief of Sculpture A. Stirling Calder, there will be more than two dozen other artists who will assist in the sculptural adornment of the grounds. Some of these are already widely known,

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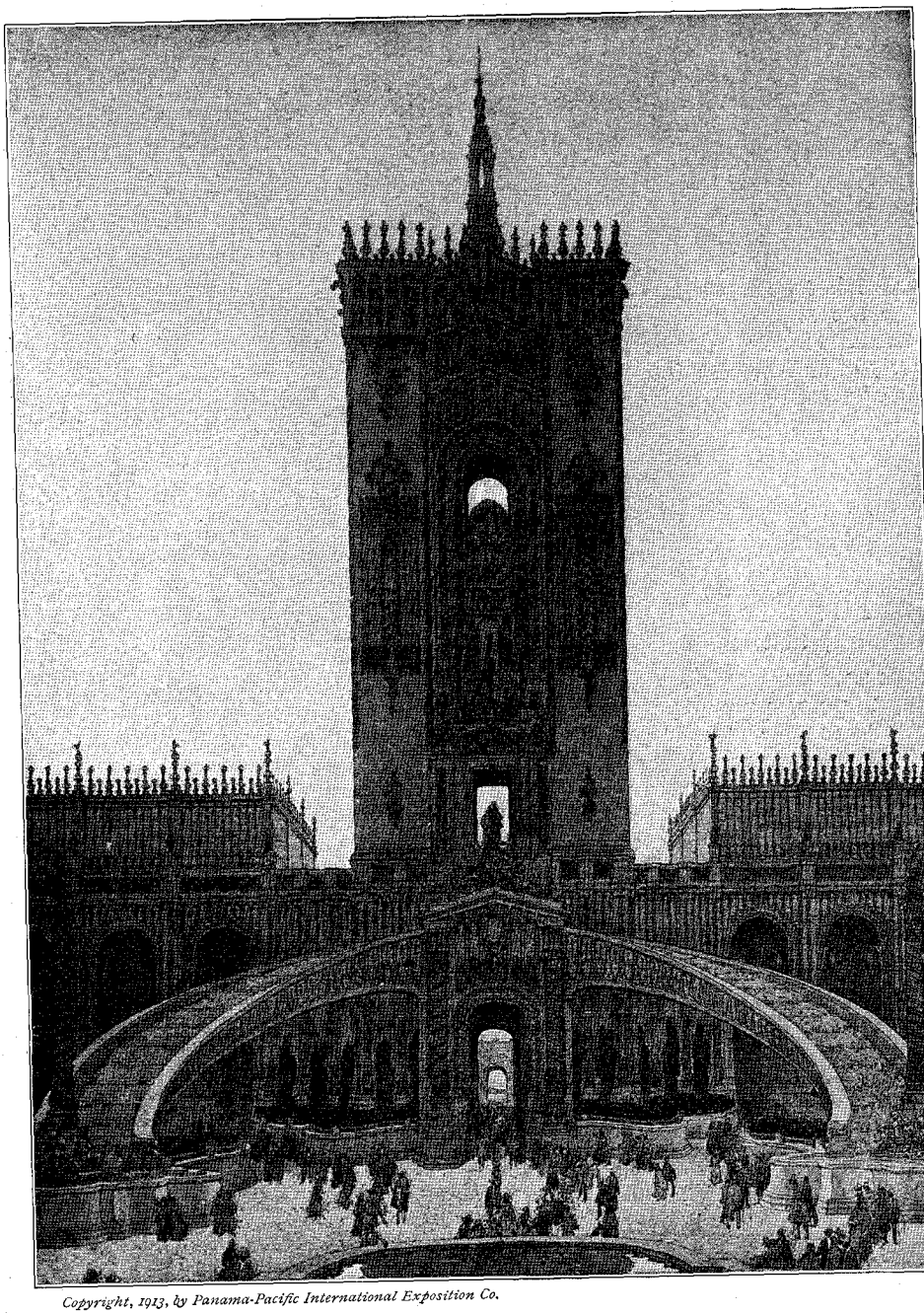

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Central tower of the Court of Abundance.
Louis Mullgardt, architect.

while others still have names to make. Doubtless many fine groups from sculptors heretofore little known will be the result.

One of the purposes of all world expositions has been that of education. People saw things at the Chicago fair which they never before dreamed of; and many went home and tried to emulate them. This applied to the architecture and grouping of the buildings as well as to the exhibits; a

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marked improvement in American architecture has been noticeable since. It is safe to say that most, if not all, of the architects who are engaged in designing the buildings for the Panama-Pacific Exposition feel that its buildings also should be of a serious character and aim at being educational. It is true, as Mr. Frederic Thompson once pointed out, that buildings intended as places of amusement should not be too seriously designed if they are to be successful; but a great International Exposition is not a place solely of amusement; it would not draw the crowds from great distances that, for example, the Chicago fair did, if it were. People will travel great distances to be both amused and instructed, but few are willing to travel far for amusement alone. In a great International Exposition there is room for both, and also for both of their equivalents in architecture. The architecture of the "Midway" can afford to be grotesque; that of the buildings housing instructive exhibits should at least be dignified. At San Francisco each court of the Walled City, as well as each building outside of it, has been treated differently, and by a different architect. The result will be that when one passes from court to court in the city, or from one building to another outside, each new vista will bring an entirely new impression. The Central Court has been designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, and has been treated with classic colonnades of great scale arranged in circular form and screening the exhibition buildings behind them. In the centre will be a sunken garden with formal planting and fountains. On each side, toward the east and west, will be monumental gateways, well studied and dignified in proportion; one opening into an avenue leading to the East Court, the other into a similar avenue leading into the West Court. In the direction of the esplanade the Central Court will widen out into a kind of rectangular mall, on each side of which are continuations of the colonnades. Looking down this mall from the main portion of the court one will see in the centre a long lagoon; beyond the lagoon will stand the sculptural column representing Progress; next will come the esplanade, and beyond this the waters of the harbor, Mount Tamalpais, and the beautiful hills of Marin County. The Tower Gate overlooking the Court of the Sun and Stars has been designed by Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, and will dominate in height all of the Exposition buildings. Upon its walls will be a series of friezes fifteen by eighty feet in size painted upon canvas by Mr. Guérin, and which, after the fair is over, will be presented to San Francisco.

The East Court, or Court of Abundance, has been designed by Mr. Louis Mullgardt, and will have its Oriental significance emphasized by a more lavish use of ornament than will be used in the other courts and also by a freer handling. As dominating features it will have three towers, the centre and largest one of which will contain a powerful pipe organ. The two smaller towers will contain echo organs electrically controlled from the centre tower. In front of the main tower will be a most unusual feature made up of a cascade arranged in monumental form, with aquatic plants growing in profusion down its course, and with water trickling and pouring through them much as it is wont to do in California's famous Shasta Springs. The perimeter of this court will be raised ten feet above the central portion, and a colonnade which surrounds it and screens the exhibit palaces behind will be still further elevated. These various elevations will enable visitors to look down upon the central portion of the court, where will probably be enacted much of the Exposition pageantry. Unusually rich coloring will be used in the court, and one of its features that will attract art-lovers will be eight mural paintings, twelve feet wide and twenty-five feet high, painted by Frank Brangwyn, than whom probably no living artist is better fitted for the task. The main West Court, indicative of the advanced progress and higher civilization of the West, was designed by Mr. Henry Bacon, the architect of the Lincoln memorial. It also widens out toward the harbor, although the opening upon the esplanade will be partially closed by a monumental gateway. The court itself is one of the most dignified and beautiful of all in its architectural treatment and proportions. In each of its four corners will be niches, containing sculptural groups and mural paintings. The Court

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of Flowers and the Court of Palms were designed by Mr. George W. Kelham, who holds the office of chief of architecture of the Exposition. They also are treated with classic colonnades and have terraces that lead to lower levels where will be pools and much planting. The great outer wall

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Sketch model for the "Nations of the East."
Roth, Lentelli, and Calder, sculptors.

of the city and most of its entrance gateways were designed by Messrs. Bliss & Faville. The treatment consists of broad plain wall surfaces relieved by profuse masses of ornament concentrated about the entrances after the manner of the Spanish Renaissance, and by rows of eucalypti which will be planted along the base of the wall. The two monumental gateways on the harbor side are called the Gate of Columbus and the Gate of Balboa. No illustrations of them are at present available, but from the working plans it can be seen that they will be among the most impressive features of the Exposition.

Outside of the Walled City the style of architecture varies with its situation and purpose. Machinery Hall, designed by Messrs. Ward & Blohme, will evidence by its great size and the height of some of its openings the use to which it will be put. Automobile Hall, designed by Mr. G. Albert Lansburgh, will cover an area of nearly 225,000 square feet. At Chicago there was no separate building devoted to such a purpose, which marks the great advance since then in this line of industry. Festival Hall and Horticultural Hall, the former designed by Mr. Robert D. Farquhar and the latter by Messrs. Bakewell & Brown, stand apart from the other buildings, and for this reason have been treated with four façades of equal prominence and with domes. The Art Palace will be effective in a way quite its own. Standing at the extreme west end of the Exposition Grounds, where it will be seen practically from only one direction, it has rightly been treated with but one principal façade. It will be semicircular in shape, the front of it screened by a colonnade, and it will partially envelop a lake across which, upon causeways, it will be approached. The main entrance will consist of a circular pavilion of Greek design standing out in the lake as upon a peninsula. This pavilion will be so hidden by trees as to be scarcely visible, and if the ideas of its architect, Mr. B. R. Maybeck, are carried

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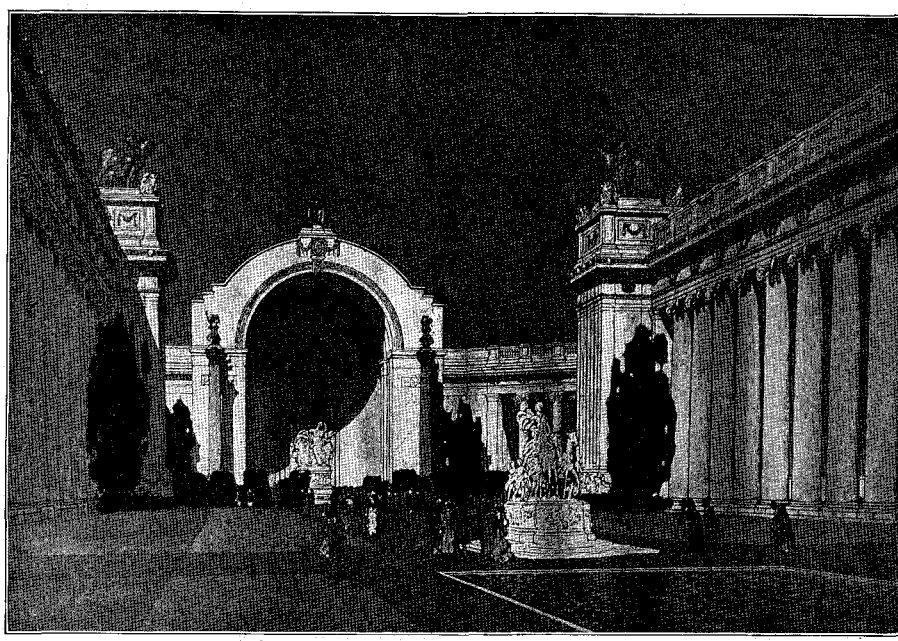

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Showing a niche in the Court of Four Seasons.
Henry Bacon, architect.

out, one will hardly know one has entered it until encompassed by its arched openings and vaulted ceilings.

Northeast of the Art Palace and next to the water's edge will be the California Counties Building, and west of it, bordering the water for about a mile, the department of Domestic State Buildings. New York has already sent in the design for its building, as have also several of the other States. South of this section will be the section devoted to foreign pavilions. One of the most interesting contributions in this department has been offered by Japan. That country will expend a million dollars in reproducing upon the grounds of the Presidio one of its famous Japanese gardens, which will also include a reproduction of some of the native architecture, probably some beautiful temple. The garden will cover an area of five acres, and the entire exhibit, at the close of the Exposition, will be presented to the United States Government. France recently cabled San Francisco requesting twelve acres for the location of the French exhibit. West of the foreign pavilions will be the United States Government's display, covering ten acres and including a drill-ground where much is expected in the way of competitive drills. An international military tournament conducted under the direction of Major Sidney A. Cloman, United States Army, military director of the Exposition, will be held there during the summer. On the water-front, covering thirty acres west of the Domestic States section, will be the Live Stock Exhibits. One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars has been set aside by the Exposition management for premiums and cash prizes in live stock. West of the Live Stock Exhibits will be the Aviation Field and Race Track. There will also be a protected harbor on the water-front for yachts. East of the esplanade will be the ferry landings. East of these will be docks, where ocean liners loaded with heavy exhibits may land their cargoes from any part of the world directly upon the Exposition Grounds. The "Midway" (as yet it is unnamed at San Francisco) will be east of Festival Hall, from which point it will extend still farther east in irregular shape for a distance of about a mile. Among the concessions already granted in this department is a working model of the Panama Canal with a ca-

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pacity of handling two thousand people through its locks every twenty minutes. A reproduction of the Grand Canyon of Arizona by the Santa Fé Railway will be another attraction. At one time it was thought of having a Roman galley manned by three hundred oarsmen as a feature, but the idea has been abandoned through doubt about securing the oarsmen!

The Panama-Pacific Exposition has the start on previous world's expositions by at least one year. The managers have learned a lesson from previous expositions and are profiting by it. The Service Building is finished and occupied. Two of the principal palaces are under contract and are being erected at the rate of a roof truss a day. Two more are now ready for contract. From the condition of the plans of the other main buildings it would seem safe to say that all of them will be under contract not later than August of this year, and finished not later than June or July of 1914. The workmen will then turn to the erection of the minor State buildings. Trees and shrubs in the gardens will soon be planted, so that they will have had more than a year's growth at the time the Exposition opens. In California this means wonders. When people enter the gates of the Exposition in 1915, undoubtedly it will appear as finished.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

XXV

UNDINE MARVELL, for the next few months, tasted all the accumulated bitterness of failure.

The drifting hordes of her compatriots had scattered, after January, to the four quarters of the globe, leaving Paris to resume, under its low grey sky, its compacter winter personality. Noting, from her more and more deserted corner, each least sign of the social revival, Undine felt herself as stranded and baffled as after the ineffectual summers of her girlhood. She was not without possible alternatives; but the sense of what she had lost took the savour from all that was left. She might have attached herself to some migratory group winged for Italy or Egypt; but the prospect of travel did not in itself appeal to her, and she was doubtful of its social benefit. She lacked the adventurous curiosity which seeks its occasion in the unknown; and though she could work doggedly for a given object the obstacles to be overcome had to be as distinct to her as the prize to be gained.

Her one desire was to get back an equivalent of the precise value she had lost in ceasing to be Ralph Marvell's wife. Her new visiting-card, bearing her Christian name in place of her husband's, was like the coin of a debased currency testifying to her diminished trading capacity. Her restricted means, her vacant days, all the minor irritations of her life, were as nothing compared to this sense of a lost advantage. Even in the narrowed field of a Parisian winter she might have made a place for herself in some more or less extra-social world; but her experiments in this line gave her no pleasure proportioned to the possible derogation involved. She feared to be associated with "the wrong people," and scented a shade of disrespect in every amicable advance. The more pressing attentions of one or two of the men she had formerly known filled her with a fury of outraged pride, and for the first time in her life she felt that even solitude might be preferable to certain kinds of society.

Since ill-health seemed the most plausible pretext for seclusion, it was almost a relief to find that she was really growing "nervous" and sleeping badly. The doctor she summoned advised her trying a small quiet place on the Riviera, not too

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near the sea; and thither, in the early days of December, she transported herself with her maid and two omnibus-loads of trunks.

The place disconcerted her by being really small and quiet, and for a few days she had to struggle against the desire for flight. She had never before found herself in a world as colourless and negative as that of the large white hotel where everybody went to bed at nine, and donkey-rides over stony hills were the only alternative to slow drives along dusty roads. Many of the dwellers in this temple of repose found even these exercises too stimulating, and preferred to sit for hours under the palms in the garden, playing Patience, embroidering, or reading odd volumes of Tauchnitz. Undine, driven by despair to an inspection of the melancholy hotel library, discovered that scarcely any work it contained was complete; but this did not seem to trouble the readers, who continued to feed their leisure with mutilated fiction, from which they occasionally raised their eyes to glance mistrustfully at the new arrival who swept the garden gravel with her frivolous draperies. The ladies in the hotel were of divers nationalities, but their racial differences were levelled by the stamp of a common mediocrity. All differences of tongue, of custom, of physiognomy, disappeared in this deep community of insignificance, which was like some secret bond, with the manifold signs and pass-words of its ignorances and its imperceptions. It was not the heterogeneous mediocrity of the American summer hotel, where the lack of any standard is the nearest approach to a tie, but an organized codified dulness, in conscious possession of its rights, and strong in the voluntary ignorance of any others.

It took Undine a long time to reach an understanding of this new world, and meanwhile she fretted, fumed and flaunted, or abandoned herself to long periods of fruitless exasperation. Sometimes, during her phases of retrospection, a flame of anger shot up in her, dismally illuminating the path she had travelled and the blank wall to which it led. At other moments past and present were enveloped in a dull fog of rancour which seemed to distort and fade even the image she presented to her morning mirror. There were days when every young face she saw left in her a taste of poison. But when she compared herself with the dowdy specimens of her sex who plied their languid industries under the palms, or looked away as she passed them in hall or staircase, her spirits rose, and she rang for her maid and dressed herself in her newest and vividest. These were unprofitable triumphs, however. She never made one of these attacks on the organized disapproval of the community without feeling she had lost ground by it; and the next day she would lie in bed in her darkened room and send down capricious orders for food, which her maid would presently remove untouched, with orders to transmit her complaints to the landlord.

In other moods the events of the past year, ceaselessly revolving through her brain, became no longer a subject for criticism or justification, but simply a series of pictures monotonously unrolled. Hour by hour, in such moods, she re-lived the incidents of her flight with Peter Van Degen: the part of her career that, since it had proved a failure, seemed most unlike herself and hardest to justify. She had gone away with him, and had lived with him for two months: she, Undine Marvell, to whom respectability was the breath of life, to whom such follies had always been unintelligible and therefore inexcusable. She had done this incredible thing, and she had done it from a motive that seemed, at the time, as clear, as logical, as free from the distorting mists of sentimentality, as any of her father's business enterprises. It had been a bold move, but it had been as carefully calculated as the most successful "stroke" in Wall Street. She had gone away with Peter because, after the decisive scene in which she had put her power to the test, to yield to him seemed the surest means of victory. Even to her practical intelligence it was clear that an immediate dash to Dakota might look too calculated; and she had preserved her self-respect by telling herself that she was really his wife, and in no way to blame if the slow processes of the law delayed to ratify the fact.

She was still convinced of the justness of her reasoning; but she now saw that it had left certain contingent risks out of account. Her life with Van Degen had

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taught her many things she had not understood before. The two had wandered from place to place, spending a great deal of money, always more and more money; for the first time in her life she had been able to buy everything she wanted. For a while this had kept her amused and busy; but presently she began to perceive that her companion's view of their relation was not the same as hers. She saw that he had always meant it to be an unavowed tie, screened by Mrs. Shallum's companionship and Clare's careless tolerance; and that on those terms he would have gloried in shedding on their adventure the brightest blaze of notoriety. But since Undine had insisted on being carried off like a sentimental school-girl he meant to shroud the affair in mystery, and was as zealous in concealing their relation as she was bent on proclaiming it. In the "powerful" novels which Popple was fond of lending her she had met with increasing frequency the type of heroine who scorns to love clandestinely, and proclaims the sanctity of passion and the moral duty of obeying its call. Undine had been struck by these arguments as justifying and even ennobling her course, and had let Peter understand that she had been actuated by the highest motives in openly associating her life with his; but he had opposed a placid insensibility to these allusions, and had persisted in treating her as though their journey were the kind of escapade that a man of the world is bound to shroud in secrecy. She had expected to show herself with him in all the amusing places where couples like themselves are relieved from a too sustained contemplation of nature by the distractions of the restaurant and the gaming-table; but he had carried her from one obscure corner of Europe to another, shunning fashionable hotels and crowded watering-places, and displaying an ingenuity in the discovery of the unvisited and the out-of-season that gave their journey an odd resemblance to her melancholy wedding-tour.

She had never for a moment ceased to remember that the Dakota divorce-court was the objective point of this later honeymoon, and her allusions to the fact had become as frequent as prudence permitted. Peter seemed in no way disturbed by them. He responded with expressions of increasing tenderness, or the purchase of another piece of jewelry; and though Undine could not remember his ever voluntarily bringing up the subject of their ultimate marriage he did not shrink from her recurring mention of it. He seemed merely too steeped in present well-being to think of the future; and Undine knew him well enough to be aware that his faculty of enjoyment could not project itself beyond the moment. Her business, therefore, was to make each day so agreeable that when the last of them came he should be conscious of a void to be bridged over as quickly as possible; and when she thought this point had been reached she packed her trunks and started for Dakota.

In the dreary evocation of her past, the next picture to follow was that of the dull months in the western divorce-town, where, to escape loneliness and avoid comment, she had cast in her lot with Mabel Lipscomb, who had recently arrived there on the same errand.

Undine had begun by being sorry for the friend whose new venture seemed likely to result so much less brilliantly than her own; but compassion had been replaced by a stealing irritation as Mabel's unpruned vulgarities, her enormous complacent satisfaction with herself and her surroundings, began to pervade every corner of their provisional household. Undine, at first, had been sustained by the fullest confidence in her own future. When she had parted from Van Degen she had felt sure he meant to marry her, and the fact that Mrs. Lipscomb had no similar hope on her horizon made her easier to bear with. Undine was almost ashamed that the unwooed Mabel should be the witness of her own felicity, and planned to send her off on a trip to Denver when Peter should announce his arrival; but the weeks passed, and Peter did not come. Mabel, on the whole, behaved well in this contingency. Undine, in her first exultation, had confided all her hopes and plans to her friend, but Mabel took no undue advantage of the fact. She was even tactful in her loud fond clumsy way, with a tact that insistently boomed and buzzed about its victim's head. But one day she blushingly mentioned that she had asked to dinner a gentleman from Little Rock who had come to Dakota with the same

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object as themselves, and whose acquaintance she had made through her lawyer.

The gentleman from Little Rock came to dine, and a week later Undine understood that Mabel's future was assured. If Van Degen had been at hand Undine would have smiled with him at poor Mabel's impressionability and her suitor's crudeness. But Van Degen was not there. He had made no sign, he had sent no excuse; he had simply continued to absent himself; and it was Undine who, in due course, had to make way for Mrs. Lipscomb's caller, and sit upstairs with a novel while the drawing-room below was given up to the enacting of an actual love-story.

Even then, even to the end, Undine had to admit that Mabel had behaved "beautifully." But it is comparatively easy to behave beautifully when one is getting what one wants, and when some one else, who has not always been altogether kind and considerate, is not. The net result of Mrs. Lipscomb's magnanimity was that when, on the day of parting, she drew Undine to her bosom with the hand on which her new engagement-ring blazed, Undine hated her as she hated everything else connected with her vain exile in the wilderness.

XXVI

THE next phase in the unrolling vision of Undine's past was the episode of her return to New York. She had gone to the Malibran, to her parents—for it was a moment in her career when she clung passionately to the conformities, and when the fact of being able to say: "I'm here with my father and mother" was worth paying for even in the stuffy discomfort of that grim abode. Nevertheless, it was an additional thorn in her pride that her parents could not—for the meanest of material reasons—transfer themselves, at her coming, to one of the big Fifth Avenue hotels. When she had suggested their doing so, Mr. Spragg had briefly replied that after the heavy expenses of her divorce suit he couldn't, for the moment, afford anything better than the Malibran; and this announcement cast a deeper gloom over her future.

It was not an occasion for being "nervous," however; she had learned too many hard facts in the last few months to think of having recourse to her youthful methods of getting what she wanted. And something told her that if she made the attempt it would have been useless. Her father and mother seemed much older, seemed tired and defeated, like herself.

Parents and daughter bore their common failure in a common silence, broken only by Mrs. Spragg's occasional timid allusions to her grandson. But her anecdotes of little Paul's exploits left a deeper silence behind them. Undine did not want to talk of her boy. She could forget him when, as she put it, things were "going her way," but in moments of discouragement the thought of him was an added element of bitterness, subtly different from her other bitter thoughts, and harder to quiet. It had not occurred to her to try to gain possession of the child. She was vaguely aware that the courts had given her his custody; but she had never seriously considered the possibility of asserting this claim. Her parents' restricted means and her own uncertain future made her regard the care of Paul as an additional burden, and she quieted her scruples by thinking of him as "better off" with Ralph's family, and of herself as rather touchingly disinterested in putting his welfare before her own. Poor Mrs. Spragg was pining for him, but Undine rejected her artless suggestion that Mrs. Heeny should be sent to "bring him round." "I wouldn't ask them a favour for the world—they're just waiting for a chance to spite me," Undine scornfully declared; but the fact of her boy's being so near, yet inaccessible, was bitter to her, and for the first time she was visited by unwonted questionings as to her own part in the calamity that had befallen her. She had voluntarily stepped out of her social frame, and the only person on whom she could with any satisfaction have laid the blame was the person to whom her thoughts now turned with a vague belated tenderness. It was thus, in fact, that Ralph's image presented itself to her. His pride, his reserve, all the secret expressions of his devotion, the tones of his voice, his quiet movements, even his puzzling irony: these seemed, in contrast to what she had since known, the very qualities

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essential to her happiness. She could console herself only by regarding it as part of her sad lot that poverty, and the relentless animosity of his family, should have put an end to so perfect a union: in brooding over the subject she gradually began to see herself and Ralph as the victims of dark machinations, and when she mentioned him she spoke forgivingly, and implied that "everything might have been different" if "people" had not "come between" them.

She had arrived in New York in midseason, and the dread of meeting familiar faces kept her shut up in her room at the Malibran, reading innumerable novels and brooding over possibilities of escape. She tried to avoid seeing the daily papers, but they formed the staple diet of her parents, and now and then she could not help taking one up and turning to the "Society Column." Everybody was in town, and the social record glittered with well-known names. It seemed to Undine that the season must be the gayest New York had ever known. The Harmon B. Driscolls, young Jim and his wife, the Thurber Van Degens, the Chauncey Ellings, and all the other Fifth Avenue potentates, seemed to have their doors perpetually open to a stream of revellers among whom the familiar presences of Grace Beringer, Bertha Shallum, Dicky Bowles and Claud Walsingham Popple, came and went with the irritating sameness of the figures in a stage-procession.

Among them also Peter Van Degen presently began to appear. He had been on a tour around the world, and Undine could not take up a newspaper without lighting on some allusion to his progress. After his return to New York she noticed that his name was usually coupled with his wife's: he and Clare seemed to be celebrating his home-coming in a series of brilliant festivities, and Undine guessed that he had special reasons for wishing to keep before the world the evidences of his conjugal *entente*.

Mrs. Heeny's "clippings" furnished her with such items as her own reading missed; and one day the masseuse appeared with a long article from the leading journal of Little Rock, recounting the brilliant nuptials of Mabel Lipscomb—now Mrs. Homer Branney—and her departure for "the Coast" in the bridegroom's private car. This put the last touch to Undine's exasperation, and that day she got up earlier than usual, put on her most becoming dress, went for a quick walk around the Park, and told her father, when she came in, that she wanted him to take her to the opera that evening.

Mr. Spragg stared and frowned. "You mean you want me to go round and hire a box for you?"

"Oh, no." Undine coloured at the infelicitous allusion: besides, she knew now that the smart people who were "musical" went in stalls.

"I only want two good seats. I don't see why I should stay shut up. I want you to go with me," she added.

Her father received the latter part of the request without comment: he seemed to have gone beyond surprise. But he appeared that evening at dinner in a creased and loosely fitting dress-suit which he had probably not put on since the last time he had dined with his son-in-law, and he and Undine drove off together, leaving Mrs. Spragg to gaze after them with the pale stare of Hecuba.

Their stalls were in the middle of the house, and around them swept the great curve of boxes at which Undine had so often looked up in the remote Stentorian days. Then it had been all one indistinguishable glitter, now it was full of familiar details: the house was thronged with people she knew, and every box seemed to contain a parcel of her past. At first she had shrunk from recognition; but gradually, as she perceived that no one noticed her, that she was merely part of the invisible crowd below the range of the encircling opera glasses, she felt a defiant desire to make herself seen. When the performance was over her father wanted to leave the house by the door at which they had entered, but she guided him toward the stockholders' entrance, and pressed her way through the packed vestibule, among the furred and jewelled splendours of the ladies waiting for their motors. "Oh, it's the wrong door—never mind, we'll walk to the corner and get a cab," she exclaimed, speaking loudly enough to be overheard. Two or three heads turned, and she met Dicky Bowles's glance, and returned his laughing bow. The woman

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talking to him looked around, coloured slightly, and made a barely perceptible motion of her head. Just beyond her, Mrs. Chauncey Elling, plumed and purple, stared, parted her lips, and turned to say something important to young Jim Driscoll, who looked up involuntarily and then squared his shoulders and gazed fixedly at a distant point, as people do at a funeral. The next moment Undine caught sight of Clare Van Degen; she stood alone, and her face was pale and listless. "Shall I go up and speak to her?" Undine wondered. Some intuition told her that, alone of all the women present, Clare might have greeted her kindly; but she hung back, not venturing to make a sign, and Mrs. Harmon Driscoll surged by on Popple's arm. Popple crimsoned, coughed, and signalled despotically to Mrs. Driscoll's footman. Over his shoulder Undine received a bow from Charles Bowen, and behind Bowen she saw two or three other men she knew, and read in their faces surprise, curiosity, and the wish to show their pleasure at seeing her. But she grasped her father's arm and drew him out among the entangled motors and vociferating policemen.

Neither she nor Mr. Spragg spoke a word on the way home; but when they reached the Malibran her father followed her up to her room and went in after her. She had dropped her cloak and stood before the wardrobe mirror studying her reflection when he came up behind her and she saw that he was looking at it too.

"Where did that necklace come from?" he asked.

Undine's neck grew pink under the shining circlet. It was the first time since her return to New York that she had put on a low dress and thus revealed the string of pearls she always wore. She did not answer, and Mr. Spragg continued: "Did your husband give them to you?"

"*Ralph!*" She could not restrain a contemptuous laugh.

"Who did, then?"

Undine still remained silent. She really had not thought about the pearls, except in so far as she consciously savoured the pleasure of possessing them; and her father, habitually so unobservant, had seemed the last person likely to turn an unwelcome light on the awkward question of their origin.

"Why—" she began, without knowing what she meant to say.

"I guess you better send 'em back to the party they belong to," Mr. Spragg continued, in a voice she did not know.

"They belong to me!" she flamed up.

He looked at her as if she had grown suddenly small and insignificant. "You better send 'em back to Peter Van Degen the first thing to-morrow morning," he said as he went out of the room.

As far as Undine could remember, it was the first time in her life that he had ever ordered her to do anything; and when the door closed on him she had the distinct sense that the question had closed with it, and that she would have to obey, and send back the pearls. She took them off and threw them from her angrily. The humiliation her father had inflicted on her was merged with the humiliation to which she had subjected herself in going to the opera, and she had never before hated her life as she hated it then.

All night she lay sleepless, wondering miserably what to do; and out of her hatred of her life, and her hatred of Peter Van Degen, there gradually grew a loathing of Van Degen's pearls. How could she have kept them, how have continued to wear them about her neck? Only her absorption in other anxieties could have prevented her feeling the humiliation of carrying about with her the price of her shame. Her insatiable novel-reading had filled her mind with the formulas of outraged virtue and with pathetic allusions to woman's frailty, and while she pitied herself she thought her father heroic. She was proud to feel that she had such a man to defend her, and exulted in the thought that it was in her power to express her scorn of Van Degen by sending back his jewels.

But this burst of righteous ardour gradually cooled, and she was left once more to face the dreary problem of her future. Her evening at the opera had shown her the impossibility of remaining in New York. She understood that she had neither the skill nor the power to fight the forces of indifference leagued against her. She must get away at once, and try to make a fresh start. But, as usual, the

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lack of money hampered her. Mr. Spragg could no longer afford to make her the allowance she had intermittently received from him during the first years of her marriage, and since she was now without child or household she could hardly make it a grievance that he had reduced her subsidies. But the income he allowed her, even with the addition of the alimony accorded by the courts, was absurdly insufficient for any endurable plan of life. Not that she looked far ahead; she had always felt herself predestined to ease and luxury, and the idea of organizing a future adapted to her present budget would never have occurred to her. But she desperately wanted enough money to carry her comfortably through the coming year.

When her breakfast tray was brought in she refused it, and continued to lie in her darkened room. She knew that when she got up she must send back the pearls. She had no doubt as to the necessity of this; but there was no longer any satisfaction in the thought, and she lay listlessly wondering how she could best transmit them to Van Degen.

As she lay there she heard Mrs. Heeny's voice in the passage. Hitherto she had avoided the masseuse, as she did every one else associated with her past. Mrs. Heeny had behaved with extreme discretion, refraining from all direct allusions to Undine's misadventure; but her silence was manifestly the criticism of a superior mind. Once again Undine had disregarded her injunction to "go slow," with results that justified the wisdom of the warning. Mrs. Heeny's very reserve, however, now suggested the possibility of her being a safe adviser; and Undine sprang up and called her in.

"My sakes, Undine! You look's if you'd been setting up all night with a remains!" the masseuse exclaimed in her round rich tones.

Undine, without answering, caught up the pearls and thrust them into Mrs. Heeny's hands.

"Good land alive!" Mrs. Heeny dropped into a chair and let the long twist slip through her fat flexible fingers. "Well, you got a fortune right round your neck whenever you wear them, Undine Spragg."

Undine murmured something indistinguishable. "I want you to take them—" she began.

"Take 'em? Where to?"

"Why, to——" She was checked by Mrs. Heeny's guileless stare. The masseuse must know where the pearls had come from, yet it had evidently not occurred to her that Mrs. Marvell was about to ask her to restore them to their donor. In the light of Mrs. Heeny's unclouded gaze the whole episode took on a different aspect, and Undine began to be vaguely astonished at her own instant submission to her father's will. The pearls were hers, after all!

"To be re-strung?" Mrs. Heeny placidly suggested. "Why, you'd oughter to have it done right here before your eyes, with pearls that are worth what these are."

As Undine listened, a new thought germinated in her mind. She could not continue to wear the pearls, of course: the idea had become intolerable. But for the first time she understood what they might be converted into, and what they might rescue her from; and almost as if impelled by some external force, she brought out breathlessly: "Do you suppose I could get anything for them?"

"Get anything? Why, what——"

The idea, by this time, had absolute possession of Undine. "Anything like what they're worth, I mean. They cost a lot of money: they came from the biggest place in Paris." Under Mrs. Heeny's simplifying eye it was comparatively easy to make these explanations. "I want you to try and sell them for me—I want you to do the best you can with them. I can't do it myself—but you must swear you'll never tell a soul," she pressed on eagerly.

"Why, you poor child—it ain't the first time," said Mrs. Heeny, coiling the pearls in her big palm. "It's a pity too: they're such beauties. But you'll get others," she added, as the necklace vanished into her gaping bag.

A few days later there appeared from the same receptacle a bundle of banknotes considerable enough to satisfy Undine as to the expediency of her course. She no longer understood her previous scruples. Why should she have thought it necessary to send back the pearls to Van Degen?

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What he owed her represented far more than the relatively small sum she had been able to realize on the necklace. She hid the money in her dress, and when Mrs. Heeny had gone on to Mrs. Spragg's room she drew the packet out, counted the bills slowly over, and sat staring at them and murmuring to herself: "Now I can get away!"

Her one thought was to return to Europe; but she did not want to go alone. The vision of her solitary figure adrift in the spring mob of trans-Atlantic pleasure-seekers depressed and mortified her. She would be sure to run across acquaintances, and they would be sure to infer that she was in quest of a new opportunity, a fresh start, and to suspect her of trying to use them for the purpose. The idea was repugnant to her newly awakened pride, and she decided that if she went to Europe her father and mother must go with her. The project was an audacious one, and when she broached it she had to run the whole gamut of Mr. Spragg's irony. He wanted to know what she expected to do with him when she got him there; whether she meant to introduce him to "all those old Kings," how she thought he and her mother would look in court dress, and how she supposed he was going to get on without his New York paper. But Undine had been aware of having what he himself would have called "a pull" over her father since, on the morrow of their visit to the opera, he had taken her aside to ask: "You sent back those pearls?" and she had answered coldly: "They went this morning."

After a moment of half-bewildered resistance her parents, perhaps secretly flattered by this first expression of her need for them, had yielded to her entreaty, packed their trunks, and stoically set out for the unknown. Neither Mr. Spragg nor his wife had ever before been out of their country; and Undine had not understood, till they stood beside her, tongue-tied and helpless, on the dock at Cherbourg, the burden she had assumed in uprooting them. Mr. Spragg had never been physically active, but in his new environment he was seized by a strange restlessness, and an odd dependence on his daughter. Mrs. Spragg, in spite of her long habit of apathy, seemed frightened at the idea of being left alone when her husband and Undine went out, and delayed and impeded their expeditions by insisting on accompanying them; and much as Undine hated sight-seeing, there seemed no alternative between "going round" with her parents and shutting herself up with them in the crowded hotels to which she successively transported them.

The hotels were the only European institutions that really interested Mr. Spragg. He regarded them as manifestly inferior to those at home; but he felt a statistical curiosity as to their size, their number, their cost, and their capacity for housing and feeding the incalculable hordes of his itinerant countrymen. He went through galleries, churches and museums in a stolid silence that corresponded to Undine's own inward state in accomplishing these obligations; but in the hotels he never ceased to enquire and investigate, questioning every one who could speak English, comparing bills, collecting prospectuses, and computing the cost of construction and the probable return on the investment. He regarded the non-existence of the cold-storage system as one more proof of European inferiority, and no longer wondered, in the absence of the room-to-room telephone, that foreigners hadn't yet mastered the first principles of time-saving.

But after a few weeks it became evident to both parents and daughter that their unnatural association could not continue much longer. Mrs. Spragg's shrinking from everything new and unfamiliar had developed into a kind of settled terror, and Mr. Spragg had begun to be depressed by the incredible number of the hotels and their simply incalculable housing capacity.

"It ain't that they're any great shakes in themselves, any one of 'em; but there's such a darned lot of 'em: they're as thick as mosquitoes, every place you go." And he began to reckon up, on slips of paper, on the backs of bills and the margins of old newspapers, the number of travellers who could be simultaneously lodged, bathed and boarded on the continent of Europe. "Five hundred bedrooms—three hundred bath-rooms—no; three hundred and fifty bath-rooms, that one has: that makes, supposing two-thirds of 'em double up—do you s'pose as many as

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that do, Undie? That porter at Lucerne told me the Germans slept three in a room—well, call it eight hundred people; and three meals a day per head; no, four meals, with that afternoon tea they take; and the last place we were at—'way up on that mountain there—why, there were seventy-five hotels in that one spot alone, and all jam full—well, it beats me to know where all the people come from. . ."

He had gone on in this fashion for what seemed to his daughter an endless length of days; and then suddenly he had roused himself to say: "See here, Undie, I got to go back and make the money to pay for all this."

There had been no question on the part of any of the three of Undine's returning with them; and after she had conveyed them to their steamer, and seen their vaguely relieved faces merged in the handkerchief-waving throng along the taffrail, she had returned alone to Paris and made her unsuccessful attempt to enlist the aid of Indiana Rolliver.

XXVII

She was still brooding over this last failure when one afternoon, as she loitered on the terrace among the palms, wondering how she should fill in the long blank hours before dinner, she was approached by a young woman she had seen sitting near the wheeled chair of an old lady wearing a crumpled black bonnet under a funny fringed parasol with a jointed handle.

The young woman, who was small, slight and brown, was dressed with a disregard of the fashion which contrasted oddly with the mauve powder on her face and the traces of artificial colour in her dark untidy hair. She looked as if she might have several different personalities, and as if the one of the moment had been hanging up a long time in her wardrobe and been hurriedly taken down as probably good enough for the present occasion.

With her hands in her jacket pockets, and an agreeable smile on her boyish face, she strolled up to Undine and asked, in a pretty variety of Parisian English, if she had the pleasure of speaking to Mrs. Marvell.

On Undine's assenting, the smile grew more alert and the lady continued: "I think you know my friend Sacha Adelschein?"

No question could have been more embarrassing to Undine. If there was one point on which she was doggedly and puritanically resolved, it was that no extremes of social adversity should ever again reduce her to frequenting the group of people among whom Madame Adelschein too conspicuously figured. Since her fruitless attempt to win over Indiana by introducing her to that group, Undine had been righteously resolved to remain aloof from it; and she was drawing herself up to the height of her loftiest disapproval when the stranger, as if unconscious of her look, went on: "Sacha speaks of you so often—she admires you so much. I think you know also my cousin de Chelles," she added, looking suddenly into Undine's eyes. "I am the Princess Estradina. I've come here with my mother for the air."

The murmur of negation died on Undine's lips. She found herself grappling with a new social riddle, and she was always stimulated by such efforts. The name of the untidy-looking young woman she had been about to repel was a noted one in the impregnable quarter of the proud houses beyond the Seine. No one figured more vividly in the Parisian chronicle than the Princess Estradina, and no name more impressively headed the list at every marriage, funeral and philanthropic entertainment of the Faubourg Saint Germain than that of her mother, the Duchesse de Dordogne, who must be no other than the old woman sitting in the Bath-chair with the crumpled bonnet and the ridiculous sunshade.

But it was not the appearance of the two ladies that surprised Undine. She knew that social gold does not always glitter, and that the lady she had heard spoken of as Lili Estradina was notoriously careless of the conventions; but that she should boast of her intimacy with Madame Adelschein, and use it as a pretext for naming herself, overthrew Undine's hierarchies at a blow.

"Yes—it's hideously dull here, and I'm dying of it. Do come over and speak to my mother. She's dying of it too; but

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don't tell her so, because she hasn't found it out. There were so many things our mothers never found out," the Princess rambled on, with her half-mocking half-confidential smile; and in another moment Undine, thrilled at having Mrs. Spragg thus carelessly coupled with a Duchess, found herself seated between mother and daughter, and responding, by a blush and a droop of the lids, to the elder lady's amiable opening: "You know my nephew Raymond—he's your great admirer."

How had it happened, whither would it lead, how long could it last? The questions raced through Undine's brain as she sat listening to her new friends—they seemed already too intimate to be called acquaintances!—replying to their enquiries, and trying to project her thoughts far enough ahead to guess what they would expect her to say, and what tone it would be well to take. She was used to such feats of mental agility, and it was instinctive with her to become, for the moment, the person she thought her interlocutors would like her to be; but she had never had quite so unfamiliar a part to play at such short notice. She took her cue, however, from the fact that the Princess Estradina, in her mother's presence, made no farther allusion to her dear friend Sacha, and seemed somehow, though she continued to chat on in the same easy strain, to look differently and throw out different implications. All these shades of demeanour were immediately perceptible to Undine, who tried to adapt herself to them by combining in her manner a mixture of Apex "dash" and New York dignity; and the result was so successful that when she rose to take leave the Princess, with a hand on her arm, said almost wistfully: "You're staying on too? Then do take pity on us! We might go on some trips together; and in the evenings we could make a bridge."

A new life began for Undine. The Princess, chained to her mother's side, and frankly restive under her filial duty, clung to her new acquaintance with a persistence too flattering to be closely analyzed. "My dear, I was on the brink of suicide when I saw your name in the visitors' list," she explained; and Undine felt like answering that she had nearly reached the same pass when the Princess's lean little hand had been held out to her. For the moment she was dizzy with the reaction produced by that random gesture. Here she was, at the lowest ebb of her fortunes, miraculously rehabilitated, re-instated, and restored to the old triumphant sense of her youth and her power! Her sole graces, her unaided personality, had worked the miracle; how should she not trust in such gifts after this proof of their efficacy?

Aside from her sense of the concrete advantages of her achievement, Undine was deeply interested in her new friends. The Princess and her mother were both, in their different ways, different from any one else she had known. The Princess, who might have been of any age between twenty and forty, had a small triangular face with caressing impudent eyes, a good-humoured smile like a silent whistle and the gait of a baker's boy balancing his basket. She wore either baggy shabby clothes like a man's, or rich draperies that looked as if they had been rained on; and she seemed equally at ease in either style of dress, and carelessly unconscious of both. She was extremely familiar and unblushingly inquisitive, but she never gave Undine the time to ask her any questions or the opportunity to venture on any freedom with her. Nevertheless she did not scruple to talk of her sentimental experiences, and seemed surprised, and then rather disappointed, that Undine had so few to tell in return. She playfully accused her beautiful new friend of being *cachottière*, and at the sight of Undine's blush cried out: "Ah, you funny Americans! Why do you all behave as if love were a secret infirmity?"

The old Duchess was even more impressive, because she fitted better into Undine's preconceived picture of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and was more like the people with whom she pictured the former Nettie Wincher as living in privileged intimacy. The Duchess was, indeed, more amiable and accessible than Undine's conception of a Duchess, and displayed a curiosity as great as her daughter's, and much more puerile, concerning her new friend's habits and customs. But through her mild prattle, and in spite of her limited perceptions, Un-

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dine felt in her the same clear impenetrable barrier that she ran against occasionally in the Princess; and she was beginning to understand that this barrier represented a number of things about which she herself had yet to learn. She would not have known this a few years earlier, nor would she have seen in the Duchess anything but the ruin of an ugly woman, dressed in clothes that Mrs. Spragg wouldn't have touched. The Duchess certainly looked like a ruin; but Undine now saw that she looked like the ruin of a castle.

The Princess, who was unofficially separated from her husband, had with her her two little girls. She seemed extremely attached to both—though avowing for the younger a preference she frankly ascribed to the interesting accident of its parentage—and she could not understand that Undine, as to whose domestic difficulties she minutely informed herself, should have consented to leave her child to strangers. "For, to one's child, every one but one's self is a stranger; and whatever your *égarements*—" she began, breaking off with a blank stare when Undine interrupted her to explain that the courts had ascribed all the wrongs in the case to her husband. "But then—but then—" murmured the Princess, turning away from the subject as if checked by an abyss of difference too wide to bridge.

The incident had embarrassed Undine, and ingeniously as she tried to justify herself by allusions to her boy's dependence on his father's family, and to the duty of not standing in his way, she saw that she made no impression. "Whatever one's errors, one's child belongs to one," her hearer continued to repeat; and Undine, who was frequently scandalized by the Princess's conversation, now found herself in the odd position of having to set a watch upon her own in order not to scandalize the Princess.

Each day, nevertheless, strengthened her hold on her new friends. After her first flush of triumph she became indeed vaguely aware that she had perhaps been a slight disappointment to the Princess, had not completely justified the hopes raised by the doubtful honour of being known as one of Sacha Adelschein's intimates. Undine guessed that the Princess had expected to find her more amusing, "queerer," more audacious in speech and conduct. Though by instinct she was none of these things, she was eager to go as far as was expected of her; but she felt that her audacities were on lines too normal to be interesting, and that the Princess probably thought her somewhat school-girlish and old-fashioned. Still, they had in common their youth, their boredom, their high spirits and their hunger for amusement; and Undine was making the most of these affinities when one day, coming back from a trip to Monte-Carlo with the Princess, she was brought up short by the sight of a lady—evidently a new arrival—who was seated in an attitude of respectful intimacy beside the old Duchess's chair. Undine, advancing unheard over the fine gravel of the garden path, recognized at a glance the Marquise de Trézac's drooping nose and disdainful back, and at the same moment heard her say: "—And her husband?"

"Her husband? But she's an American—she's divorced," the Duchess replied, as if she were simply repeating the same statement in two different ways; and Undine stopped short, pale with a sudden apprehension.

The Princess came up behind her. "Who's that solemn person with Mamma? Ah, that old bore of a Trézac!" She dropped her eye-glass with a laugh. "Well, she'll be useful—she'll stick to Mamma like a leech, and we shall get away oftener. Come, let's go and be charming to her."

She approached Madame de Trézac effusively, and after an interchange of flattering exclamations Undine heard her say: "You know my friend Mrs. Marvell? No? How odd! Where do you manage to hide yourself, *chère Madame?* Undine, here's a compatriot who hasn't the pleasure——"

"I'm such a hermit, dear Mrs. Marvell—the Princess shows me what I miss," the Marquise de Trézac murmured, rising to give her hand to Undine, and speaking in a voice so different from that of the supercilious Miss Wincher that only her facial angle and the droop of her nose linked her to the hated vision of Potash Springs.

Undine felt herself dancing on a flood-tide of security. For the first time the

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memory of Potash Springs became a thing to smile at, and with the Princess's arm through hers she shone back triumphantly on Madame de Trézac, who seemed to have grown suddenly obsequious and insignificant, as though the waving of the Princess's wand had stripped her of all her false advantages.

But upstairs, in her own room, Undine's courage fell. Madame de Trézac had been civil, effusive even, because for the moment she had been taken off her guard by finding Mrs. Marvell on terms of intimacy with the Princess Estradina and her mother. But the force of facts would reassert itself. She would not continue to see Undine through her French friends' eyes; she would, on the contrary, invite them to view her compatriot through the searching lens of her own ampler information. "The old hypocrite—she remembers me—she'll tell them everything," Undine murmured, flushing at the recollection of the dentist's assistant from Deposit, and staring miserably at the reflection of her blush given back to her by her dressing-table mirror. Of what use were youth and grace and good looks, if one drop of poison distilled from the envy of a narrow-minded woman could suffice to paralyze them? Of course Madame de Trézac knew and remembered, and, secure in her own impregnable position, would never rest till she had driven out the intruder.

XXVIII

"WHAT do you say to Nice to-morrow, dearest?" the Princess suggested a few evenings later, as she followed Undine upstairs after a languid evening at bridge with the Duchess and Madame de Trézac.

Half-way down the passage she stopped to open a door and, putting her finger to her lip, signed to Undine to enter. In the taper-lit dimness of the room stood two small white beds, each surmounted by a crucifix and a palm-branch, and each containing a small brown sleeping child with a mop of hair and a curiously finished little face. As the Princess stood gazing on their innocent slumbers she seemed for a moment like a third little girl, scarcely bigger and browner than the others; and the smile with which she watched them was as fresh as theirs.

"*Ah, si seulement je pouvais choisir leurs amants!*" she sighed as she turned away.

"—Nice to-morrow," she repeated, as she and Undine walked on to their rooms with linked arms. "We may as well make hay while the Trézac shines. She bores Mamma frightfully, but Mamma won't admit it because they belong to the same *œuvres*. Shall it be the eleven train, dear? We can lunch at the *Royal* and look in the shops—we may meet somebody amusing. Anyhow, it's better than staying here!"

Undine was sure the trip to Nice would be delightful. Their previous expeditions had shown her the Princess's faculty for giving zest to such adventures. At Monte-Carlo, a few days before, they had run across two or three amusing but unassorted people, and the Princess, having fused them in a jolly lunch, had followed it up by a successful bout at baccarat, and, finally hunting down an eminent composer who had just arrived to rehearse a new production, had insisted on his asking the party to tea, and treating them to fragments of his opera.

A few days earlier, Undine's hope of renewing such pleasures might have been clouded by the dread of leaving Madame de Trézac alone with the Duchess. But she had no longer any fear of Madame de Trézac. She had discovered that her old rival of Potash Springs was in actual dread of her disfavour, and plaintively anxious to conciliate her, and the discovery gave her such a sense of the heights she had scaled, and the security of her footing, that all her troubled past began to seem like the result of some providential "design," and vague impulses of piety stirred in her as she whirled toward Nice with the Princess through the blue and gold glitter of the morning.

They wandered about the lively streets, they gazed into the beguiling shops, the Princess tried on hats and Undine bought them, and they lunched at the *Royal* on all sorts of odd and succulent dishes specially prepared under the head-waiter's zealous supervision. But as they were savouring their "double" coffee and liqueurs, and Undine was wondering what her companion would devise for the after-

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noon, the Princess clapped her hands together and cried out: "Dearest, I'd quite forgotten! I must desert you."

She explained that she'd promised the Duchess to look up a friend who was ill—a poor wretch who'd been sent to Cimiez for her lungs—and that she must rush off at once, and would be back as soon as possible—well, if not in an hour, then in two at latest. She was full of compunction, but she knew Undine would forgive her, and find something amusing to fill up the time: she advised her to go back and buy the black hat with the osprey, and try on the crêpe de Chine they'd thought so smart: for any one so good-looking the woman would probably alter it for nothing; and they could meet again at the Palace Tea-Rooms at four.

She whirled away in a cloud of explanations, and Undine, left alone, sat down on the Promenade des Anglais. She did not believe a word the Princess had said. She had seen in a flash why she was being left, and why the plan had not been divulged to her beforehand; and she quivered with resentment and humiliation. "That's what she's wanted me for . . . that's why she made up to me. She's trying it today, and after this it'll happen regularly . . . she'll drag me over here every day or two . . . at least she thinks she will!"

A sincere disgust was Undine's uppermost sensation. She was as much ashamed as Mrs. Spragg might have been at finding herself used to screen a clandestine adventure.

"I'll let her see. . . I'll make her understand," she repeated angrily; and for a moment she was half-disposed to drive to the station and take the first train back. But the sense of her precarious situation withheld her; and presently, with bitterness in her heart, she got up and began to stroll toward the shops.

To show that she was not a dupe, she arrived at the designated meeting-place nearly an hour later than the time appointed; but when she entered the Tea-Rooms the Princess was not there. The rooms were crowded, and Undine was guided toward a small inner apartment where isolated couples were absorbing refreshments in an atmosphere of intimacy that made it seem incongruous to be alone. She glanced about for a face she knew, but none was visible, and she was just giving up the search when she saw Elmer Moffatt slowly shouldering his way through the crowd.

The sight was so surprising that she sat gazing with unconscious fixity at the round black head and glossy reddish countenance which kept appearing and disappearing behind an intervening forest of aigrettes and ostrich plumes. It was long since she had either heard of Moffatt or thought about him, and now, in her loneliness and exasperation, she took comfort in the sight of his confident capable face, and felt a longing to hear his voice and unbosom her woes to him. She had half risen to attract his attention when she saw him turn back and make way for a companion of markedly professional air, who was cautiously steering her huge feathered hat between the tea-tables. The woman was of the vulgarest type; everything about her was cheap and gaudy. But Moffatt was obviously elated: he stood aside with a flourish to usher her in, and as he followed he shot out a pink shirt cuff with jewelled links, and gave his moustache a gallant twist. Undine felt an unreasoning irritation: she was vexed with him both for not being alone and for being so vulgarly accompanied. As the couple seated themselves she caught Moffatt's glance and saw him redden to the edge of his white forehead; but he elaborately avoided her eye—he evidently wanted her to see him do it—and proceeded to minister to his companion's wants with an air of experienced gallantry.

The incident, trifling as it was, filled up the measure of Undine's bitterness. She thought Moffatt pitiably ridiculous, and she hated him for showing himself in such a light at that particular moment. Her mind turned back to her own grievance, and she was just saying to herself that nothing on earth should prevent her letting the Princess know what she thought of her, when the lady in question at last appeared. She came hurriedly forward and behind her deprecating signals Undine perceived the figure of a slight quietly dressed man, as to whom her first rapid impression was that he made every one else in the room look as common as Moffatt. An instant later the colour had

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flown to her face and her hand was in Raymond de Chelles', while the Princess, murmuring: "Cimiez's such a long way off; but you *will* forgive me?" looked straight into her eyes with a smile that added: "See how I pay for what I get!"

Her first glance showed Undine how glad de Chelles was to see her. In the interval since their last meeting his admiration for her seemed not only to have increased but to have acquired a different character. Undine, at an earlier stage in her career, might not have known exactly what the difference signified; but it was as clear to her now as if the Princess had said—what in fact her beaming eyes seemed to convey—"I'm only too glad to do my cousin the same kind of turn you're doing me."

But Undine's increased experience, if it had made her more vigilant, had also given her a distincter knowledge of her power. She saw at once that de Chelles, in seeking to meet her again, was not in quest of a mere passing adventure. He was evidently deeply drawn to her, and her present situation, if it made it natural to regard her as more accessible to his suit, had not altered the nature of his feeling. She saw and weighed all this in the first five minutes during which, over tea and muffins, the Princess descanted on the luck of her happening to run across her cousin, and de Chelles, his enchanted eyes on Undine, expressed his sense of his immense good fortune. He was staying, it appeared, with friends at Beaulieu, and had run over to Nice that afternoon by the merest chance: he added that, having just learned of his aunt's presence in the neighbourhood, he had already planned to present his homage to her.

"Oh, don't come to us—we're too dull!" the Princess exclaimed. "Let us run over occasionally and call on you: we're dying for a pretext, aren't we?" she added, smiling at Undine.

The latter smiled back vaguely, and looked across the room. Moffatt, looking flushed and foolish, was just pushing back his chair. To carry off his embarrassment he put on an additional touch of importance; and as Undine watched him swaggering out behind his companion, she said to herself, with a faint shiver: "If he'd been alone they would have found me taking tea with him."

Undine, during the ensuing weeks, returned several times to Nice with the Princess; but, to the latter's surprise, she absolutely refused to have Raymond de Chelles included in their luncheon-parties, or even apprised in advance of their expeditions.

The Princess, always impatient of unnecessary dissimulation, had not attempted to keep up the feint of the interesting invalid at Cimiez. She confessed to Undine that she was drawn to Nice by the presence there of the person without whom, for the moment, she found life intolerable, and whom she could not, for obvious reasons, receive under the same roof with her little girls and her mother. She appealed to Undine's sisterly heart to feel for her and assist her, and implied that—as her conduct had already proved—she would always be ready to render her friend a like service.

It was at this point that Undine checked her by a decided word. "I understand your position, and I'm very sorry for you, of course," she began (the Princess stared at the "sorry"). "Your secret's perfectly safe with me, and I'll do anything I can for you . . . but if I go to Nice with you again you must promise me not to ask your cousin to meet us."

The Princess's face expressed the most genuine astonishment. "Oh, my dear, do forgive me if I've been stupid! He admires you so tremendously; and I thought——"

"You'll do as I ask, please—won't you?" Undine went on, ignoring the interruption and looking straight at her under level brows; and the Princess, with a shrug, merely murmured: "What a pity! I somehow fancied you liked him."

XXIX

The early spring found Undine once more in Paris.

She had every reason to be satisfied with the result of the course she had pursued since she had pronounced her ultimatum on the subject of Raymond de Chelles. She had continued to remain on the best of terms with the Princess, to rise

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in the estimation of the old Duchess, and to measure the rapidity of her ascent in the upward gaze of Madame de Trézac; and she had given de Chelles to understand that, if he wished to renew their acquaintance, he must do so in the shelter of his venerable aunt's protection.

To the Princess she was careful to make her attitude equally clear. "I like your cousin very much—he's delightful, and if I'm in Paris this spring I hope I shall see a great deal of him. But I know how easy it is for a woman in my position to get herself talked about—and I have my little boy to consider."

Nevertheless, whenever de Chelles came over from Beaulieu to spend a day with his aunt and cousin—an excursion he not infrequently repeated—Undine was at no pains to conceal her pleasure. Nor was there anything calculated in her attitude. De Chelles seemed to her more charming than ever, and the impetuousness of his wooing was in flattering contrast to the cool reserve of his manners. At last she felt herself alive and young again, and it became a joy to look in her glass and to try on her new hats and dresses. . .

For the moment the only menace ahead was the usual one of the want of money. While she had travelled with her parents she had been at relatively small expense, and since their return to America Mr. Spragg's remittances had come regularly; yet almost all the money she had received for the pearls was already gone, and she knew her Paris season would be far more expensive than the quiet weeks on the Riviera.

Meanwhile the stimulus of reviving popularity, and the charm of de Chelles's devotion, had almost effaced the ugly memories of failure, and refurbished that image of herself in other minds which was her only notion of self-seeing. Under the guidance of Madame de Trézac she had found a small and prettily furnished apartment in a not too inaccessible quarter, and in its light bright drawing-room she sat one June afternoon listening, with all the forbearance of which she was capable, to the counsels of her newly-acquired guide.

"Everything but marriage—" Madame de Trézac was repeating, her long head slightly tilted, her features wearing the liturgical look of a celebrant reciting a hallowed formula.

De Chelles had not been mentioned by either of the ladies, and the former Miss Wincher was merely imparting to her young friend one of the fundamental dogmas of her social creed; but Undine was conscious that the air between them vibrated with an unspoken name. She made no immediate answer, but her glance, passing by Madame de Trézac's dull countenance, sought her own luminous reflection in the mirror behind her visitor's chair. A ray of spring sunlight touched the living masses of her hair and made the face beneath as limpid as a girl's. Undine smiled faintly at the promise her own eyes gave her, and then turned them back to her friend. "What can such women know about anything?" she thought compassionately.

"There's everything against it," Madame de Trézac continued in a tone of patient exposition. She seemed to be doing her best to make the matter clear. "In the first place, between people in society a religious marriage is necessary; and, since the Church doesn't recognize divorce, that's obviously out of the question. In France, a man of position who goes through the form of civil marriage with a divorced woman is simply ruining himself and her. They might much better—from her point of view as well as his—be 'friends,' as it's called here: such arrangements are understood and allowed for. But when a Frenchman marries he wants to marry as his people always have. He knows there are traditions he can't fight against—and in his heart he's glad there are."

"Oh, I know: they've so much religious feeling. I admire that in them: their religion's so beautiful." Undine looked thoughtfully at her visitor. "I suppose even money—a great deal of money—wouldn't make the least bit of difference?"

"None whatever, except to make matters worse," Madame de Trézac decisively rejoined. She returned Undine's look with something of Miss Wincher's contemptuous authority. "But," she added, softening to a smile, "between ourselves—I can say it, since we're neither of us children—a woman with tact, who's not in a position to remarry, will find soci-

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ety extremely indulgent . . . provided, of course, she keeps up appearances. . ."

Undine turned to her with the frown of a startled Diana. "We don't look at things that way out at Apex," she said coldly; and the blood rose in Madame de Trézac's sallow cheek.

"Oh, my dear, it's so refreshing to hear you talk like that! Personally, of course, I've never quite got used to the French view——"

"I hope no American woman ever does," said Undine, holding out her hand to her departing visitor.

She had been in Paris for about two months when this conversation took place, and in spite of her reviving self-confidence she was beginning to recognize the strength of the forces opposed to her. It had taken a long time to convince her that even money could not prevail against them; and, in the intervals of expressing her admiration for the Catholic creed, she now had violent reactions of militant Protestantism, during which she talked of the tyranny of Rome and recalled school-stories of immoral Popes and persecuting Jesuits.

Meanwhile her attitude to de Chelles was that of the incorruptible but fearless American woman, who cannot even conceive of love outside of marriage, but is ready to give her devoted friendship to the man on whom, in happier circumstances, she might have bestowed her hand. This attitude was provocative of many scenes, during which her suitor's admirable powers of expression—his gift of looking and saying all the desperate and devoted things a pretty woman likes to think she inspires—gave Undine the thrilling sense of breathing the very air of French fiction. But she was aware that too prolonged tension of these cords usually ends in their snapping, and that de Chelles's patience was probably in inverse ratio to his ardour.

When Madame de Trézac had left her these thoughts remained in her mind. She understood exactly what each of her new friends wanted of her. The Princess, who was fond of her cousin, and had the French sense of family solidarity, would have liked to see de Chelles happy in what seemed to her the only imaginable way. Madame de Trézac would have liked to do what she could to second the Princess's efforts in this or any other line; and even the old Duchess—though piously desirous of seeing her favourite nephew married—would have thought it not only natural but inevitable that, while awaiting that happy event, he should try to induce an amiable young woman to mitigate the drawbacks of celibacy. Meanwhile, they might one and all weary of her if de Chelles did; and a persistent rejection of his suit would probably imperil her scarcely-gained footing among his friends. All these considerations were clear to her, yet they did not shake her resolve. She was determined to give up de Chelles unless he was willing to marry her; and the vision of her renunciation moved her to a kind of wistful melancholy.

In this mood her thoughts reverted to a letter she had just received from her mother. Mrs. Spragg wrote more fully than usual, and the unwonted flow of her pen had been occasioned by an event for which she had long vainly yearned. For months she had pined for a sight of her grandson, had tried to screw up her courage to write and ask permission to visit him, and, finally breaking through her sedentary habits, had begun to hover about the neighbourhood of Washington Square, with the result that one afternoon she had had the luck to meet the little boy coming out of the house with his nurse. She had spoken to him, and he had remembered her and called her "Granny"; and the next day she had received a note from Mrs. Fairford saying that Ralph would be glad to send Paul to see her. Mrs. Spragg enlarged on the delights of the visit and the growing beauty and cleverness of her grandson. She described to Undine exactly how Paul was dressed, how he looked and what he said, and told her how he had examined everything in the room, and, finally coming upon his mother's photograph, had asked who the lady was; and, on being told, had wanted to know if she was a very long way off, and when Granny thought she would come back.

As Undine re-read her mother's pages, she felt an unusual tightness in her throat and two tears rose to her eyes. It was dreadful that her little boy should be growing up far away from her, perhaps

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dressed in clothes she would have hated; and wicked and unnatural that when he saw her picture he should have to be told who she was. "If I could only meet some good man who would give me a home and be a father to him," she thought—and the tears overflowed and ran down.

Even as they fell, the door was thrown open to admit de Chelles, and the consciousness of the moisture still glistening on her cheeks perhaps strengthened her resolve to resist him, and thus made her more imperiously to be desired. Certain it is that on that day her suitor first alluded to a possibility which Madame de Trézac had prudently refrained from suggesting, and there fell upon Undine's attentive ears the magic phrase "annullment of marriage."

Her alert intelligence immediately set to work in this new direction; but almost at the same moment she became aware of a subtle change of tone in the Princess and her mother, a change reflected in the corresponding decline of Madame de Trézac's cordiality. Undine, since her arrival in Paris, had necessarily been less in the Princess's company, but when they met she had found her as friendly as ever. It was manifestly not a failing of the Princess's to forget past favours, and though increasingly absorbed by the demands of town life she treated her new friend with the same affectionate frankness, and Undine was given frequent opportunities to enlarge her Parisian acquaintance, not only in the Princess's intimate circle but in the majestic drawing-rooms of the Hôtel de Dordogne. Now, however, there was a perceptible decline in these signs of hospitality, and Undine, on calling one day on the Duchess, became suddenly aware that her appearance sent a distinct flutter of discomfort through the circle about her hostess's chair. Two or three of the ladies present looked away from the new-comer and at each other, and several of them seemed spontaneously to encircle without approaching her, while another—grey-haired, elderly and slightly frightened—with an "*Adieu, ma bonne tante*" to the Duchess, was hastily aided in her retreat down the long line of old gilded rooms.

The incident was too mute and rapid to have been noticeable had it not been followed by the Duchess's resuming her conversation with the ladies nearest her as though Undine had just gone out of the room instead of entering it. The feeling of having been thus rendered invisible filled Undine with a vehement desire to make herself seen, and an equally strong sense that all attempts to do so would be vain; and when, a few minutes later, she issued from the portals of the Hôtel de Dordogne it was with the fixed resolve not to enter them again till she had had an explanation with the Princess.

She was spared the trouble of seeking one by the arrival, early the next morning, of Madame de Trézac, who, entering almost with the breakfast tray, mysteriously asked to be allowed to communicate something of importance.

"You'll understand, I know, the Princess's not coming herself—" Madame de Trézac began, sitting up very straight on the edge of the armchair over which her hostess's lace dressing-gown hung.

"If there's anything she wants to say to me, I don't," Undine answered, throwing her head back against her rosy pillows, and reflecting compassionately that the face opposite her was just the colour of the *café au lait* she was pouring out.

"There are things that are . . . that might seem too pointed . . . if one said them one's self," Madame de Trézac continued. "Our dear Lili's so good-natured . . . she so hates to do anything unfriendly; but naturally she thinks first of her mother. . ."

"Her mother? What's the matter with her mother?"

"I told her I knew you didn't understand. I was sure you'd take it in good part. . ."

Undine raised herself on her elbow. "What did Lili tell you to tell me?"

"Oh, not to *tell* you . . . simply to ask if, just for the present, you'd mind avoiding the Duchess's Thursdays . . . calling on any other day, that is."

"Any other day? She's not at home on any other. Do you mean she doesn't want me to call?"

"Well—not while the Marquise de Chelles is in Paris. She's the Duchess's favourite niece—and of course they all hang together. That kind of family feeling is something you naturally don't——"

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Undine was dazed by a sudden glimpse of hidden intricacies.

"That was Raymond de Chelles's mother I saw there yesterday? The one they hurried out when I came in?"

"It seems she was very much upset. She somehow heard your name."

"Why shouldn't she have heard my name? And why in the world should it upset her?"

Madame de Trézac heaved a hesitating sigh. "Isn't it better to be quite frank? She thinks she has reason to feel badly—they all do."

"To feel badly? Because her son wants to marry me?"

"Of course they know that's impossible." Madame de Trézac smiled compassionately. "But they're afraid of your spoiling his other chances."

Undine paused a moment before answering. "It won't be impossible when my marriage is annulled," she then said.

The effect of this statement was less electrifying than she had hoped. Her visitor simply broke into a laugh. "My dear child! Your marriage annulled? Who can have put such a mad idea into your head?"

Undine's gaze followed the pattern she was tracing with a lustrous nail on her embroidered bedspread. "Raymond himself," she let fall.

This time there was no mistaking the effect she produced. Madame de Trézac, with a murmured "Oh," sat gazing before her as if she had lost the thread of her argument; and it was only after a considerable interval that she recovered it sufficiently to exclaim: "They'll never hear of it—absolutely never!"

"But they can't prevent it, can they?"

"They can prevent its being of any use to you."

"I see," Undine murmured understandingly.

She knew the tone she had taken was virtually a declaration of war; but she was in a mood when the act of defiance, apart from its strategic value, was a satisfaction in itself. Moreover, if she could not gain her end without a fight it was better that the battle should be engaged while her suitor's ardour was at its height. To provoke immediate hostilities she sent for him the same afternoon, and related, quietly and without comment, the incident of her visit to the Duchess, and the mission with which Madame de Trézac had been subsequently charged. In the circumstances, she went on to explain to him, it was manifestly impossible that she should continue to receive his visits; and she met his wrathful comments on his relatives by the gently but firmly expressed resolve not to be the cause of any disagreement between himself and his family.

(To be continued.)

IN THE HOSPITAL

By Arthur Guiterman

Because on the branch that is tapping my pane
A sun-wakened leaf-bud, uncurled,
Is bursting its rusty brown sheathing in twain,
I know there is Spring in the world.

Because through the sky-patch whose azure and white
My window frames all the day long
A yellow-bird dips for an instant of flight,
I know there is Song.

Because even here in this Mansion of Woe
Where creep the dull hours, leaden-shod,
Compassion and Tenderness aid me, I know
There is God.

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Juliaca.

ACROSS TITICACA, WITH A GLIMPSE OF BOLIVIA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ALL the afternoon, on our return journey from Cuzco, we had been speeding through the dreary plains of the Kollasuyu, or country of the Collao, the great basin that slopes gently downward from the mountains on every hand to form the cup that holds the waters of Titicaca. Even at this great altitude (for we were more than twelve thousand feet above the sea) flamingoes stood rosy in the pools, and yellow daisies carpeted the tracks. As we approached the lake, the clouds were gathering, and by the time Juliaca's church gleamed white against its background hills giant cumuli were piling into the heavens, threatening a downpour at any moment.

Darkness was creeping on. The express from the coast came snorting into the station; our car was switched on to its rear end and again we started off in the night.

In about an hour we made the lights of Puno and in a few moments drew up alongside the dock. The lake superintendent came into our coach followed by three Indians, who took up our luggage. He also brought with him the captain of the *Coya*, the steamer that was to take us over to Guaqui. At no other spot upon this globe can you have a like experience: an all-night voyage on a 700-ton steamer (the *Inca*, her mate, is 900-ton register) across a great body of water hung two miles or more above the sea.

We watched the preparations for departure with lively interest. Directly below us, upon the forward deck, among half-breeds and Indians and crates marked

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pavos and *patos* (ducks and chickens for the La Paz market), the Bolivian mails lay piled. What distant pictures their well-worn sacks evoked—the red-and-yellow bags that carry the Correos de España from Madrid and Barcelona, mingled with those barred with blue that contained our own American mails, and with other stout canvases marked "Postes de France" or "London to La Paz via Mollendo."

From the bridge overhead our British captain gave his orders to cast off the lines. The steamer swung about and we started out into the night. The moon, hitherto hidden in filmy clouds, now appeared dramatically to light our pathway and sparkle upon the rippling water. The search-light flashed from side to side, bringing out in turn the red buoys that mark the channel, or the tufts of grass and reeds that clothe the long spits running out into the lake.

Thus we cautiously felt our way until the channel widened, the search-light went out, and the quickened thud of the propeller told us we were in open water.

The hills, indigo in their blue-blackness, began to recede and gradually left us alone. The clouds drew aside their curtains and the stars—so close, so bright, so numberless in this rarefied air—seemed to twinkle as they had never twinkled before. And, as my eye singled out Venus, I thought of the Incas and their reverence for the stars, especially "Chasca," this star of the "long and curling locks," that they honored as the special page of the sun, sometimes preceding, then again following, its master.

We could scarcely make up our mind to go below, yet the night air was chill, and our cabin snug—a spacious saloon with three beds and an extra couch, à l'Espagnole, for a servant in the toilet room.

Late in the night we heard the rain pattering on the deck above us, and in the morning, when we awoke at daybreak, it was still showering. No land was in sight, only the gray waters of the lake stretching off to meet the low-lying clouds. But with sunrise the mists lifted, gathered themselves together, and slowly disclosed, along the water's edge, strips of land to the right—the faint forms of islands, the sacred islands of the lake, Titicaca or Inti-Karka, dedicated to the sun, and Coati, sacred to the moon, in the very spot where the founders of the Inca Empire, Manco Capac and his sister-wife, according to legend, rose from the waters of the lake to elevate humanity from its barbarism.

Upon Coati, the ruins of the convent of the Virgins of the Sun and the Moon still exist in good preservation, but under ordinary circumstances they are difficult of access, the regular steamers making no stops at the islands.

As our bow silently ploughed its way through the still waters, the shores drew nearer, the long peninsula of Copacabana, a revered pilgrim shrine of the Indians, almost blocking the passage to the south end of the lake. We entered the Straits of Tiquino, whose stony hillsides, terraced with vineyards, reminded us of the Rhine country. Little groups of thatched mud huts and pottery-roofed houses, humble homes of these primitive lacustrian peoples, lay scattered in the fields or huddled about a pointed belfry.

As we proceeded through the narrows, the clouds began to break and the sun to take possession of this, his own special lake. And what a glory he made of it! By the time we emerged from the straits, Titicaca's waters, hitherto gray, sparkled with a million diamonds and, as the patches of bright sky grew larger, caught azure reflections until they stretched blue, pure and radiant, off to the far-distant hills.

Once or twice we passed a *balsa*, gliding quietly before the morning breeze—a frail boat of reeds, like those we had seen on the coast, though here upon Titicaca even their sails are made of reeds, like those of the children of Pharaoh.

The shore-lines, broken, complicated with numerous islands and inlets, headlands and terraced hills, presented every variety of color as the fleecy cloud-shadows mottled their surfaces, rosy or gray, purple or violet, and in the distance the indigo mountains of the Royal Cordillera reflected themselves in the still waters. Despite the rarity and purity of this wonderful air, Sorata, king of peaks, remained invisible that morning, hiding his head in a wreath of clouds, but upon our return journey he showed his elusive summit far away to the eastward, the third highest peak upon the globe.

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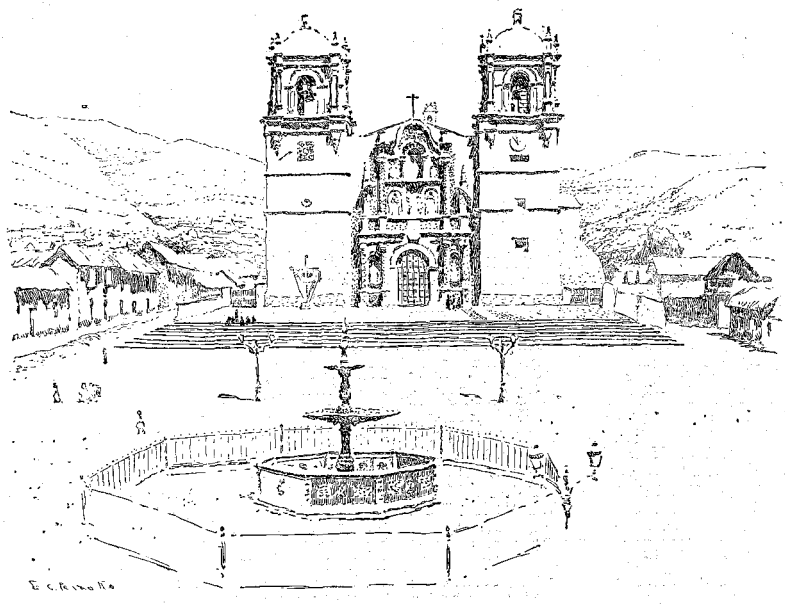
The sky was an unbroken vault of blue when we reached Guaqui. A battalion of infantry, out for manœuvres, was lounging upon the wharf, and their neat uniforms, on the German pattern, reminded us that we had left Peru and crossed the border to Bolivia. A handsome young Englishman came aboard to meet us, the superintendent of the railway.



The plaza and the church, Puno.

The same mighty arm that had smoothed our journey thus far, had reached even across the lake, and, by its ministration, a special car was waiting to take us on to La Paz. It had further been kindly arranged that an engine should take this car immediately to Tiahuanaco, leaving it there until the late afternoon passenger picked it up.

The road lay across a bleak pampa of the Collao. At the end of half an hour or so we stopped at an isolated station.

Few traces of the famous ruins of Tiahuanaco appear at first sight, but upon walking about one is amazed at their great extent. Baffling indeed they remain. Even the most vivid effort of the imagination can do little toward reconstructing them. And if a learned man like Humboldt dare not venture to fathom their mysteries, and such a ripened traveller as Squier calls them the "most enigmatical upon the continent," what guess may a mere searcher for the picturesque dare hazard? Old they are certainly, of a date far preceding the Inca period; but what they were, where and by whom quarried, and how transported to their present situation—one monolith is estimated to weigh seven hundred tons—all these are matters of pure conjecture.

Did a member of some Toltec band that wandered southward carve the curious figure that I have sketched, so strangely like those in Central America, or was the stone-cutter a native of these Andean table-lands, some artisan working out his own idea of art expression? An Aymara tradition declares that these sculptured images are the original inhabitants turned to stone for their wickedness by Tunupa, who was unable to reform them. The Aymaras, who, apparently, are oldest of the American peoples, have a curious account of the creation of the world. It asserts that, in the beginning, Khunu, arch-enemy of man and cause of all his troubles, froze the earth and by continued drought converted fertile plains into sterile deserts, depriving man of all that was necessary to his existence and reducing him to

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the level of the lower animals. But Pachacamac, creator of the world, supreme spirit and regulator of the universe, took pity upon the unfortunate human beings, and restored all that Khunu had destroyed. Khunu's anger, however, was again unchained, and he sent a deluge and plunged the earth into utter darkness.

The prayers of the people were heeded and answered by Inti, the sun-god, who rose from Titicaca, his special shrine, to bathe the earth with warmth and light. His efforts were ably seconded by Ticcihuiracocha, who came among mankind to help them, performing miracles as he went, smoothing down the mountains, lifting up the deep abysses, causing crystal waters to gush from the rocks and, above all, instilling in the human heart sentiments of piety, order, and industry. Realizing that gold and silver were the fount of all corruption, he hid them in the depths of the most inaccessible regions or in the flanks of lofty mountains, and by his efforts and those of Tunupa, who followed him, mankind was restored to happiness and progress.

Such is the Aymara's crude account of the creation—a sort of geological allegory, Khunu representing the Glacial period, Pachacamac the restoring forces of nature, and Ticcihuiracocha the changes of the tertiary period.

We spent some hours wondering at the mighty stones fashioned by these Indians; at their well-cut angles, their hints of sculpture and ornament; the nicety of their joints; the size of their megaliths, and the strange crude carvings in the museum. One quadrangular building would seem by its extent to have been a royal residence; there is a flight of monolithic steps, and there are underground passages, well-preserved doorways, and queer upright stones that resemble Alaskan totem poles. We enjoyed, too, a walk through the little modern town, some of whose houses are built of these same pre-Inca stones, and whose church portal is flanked by curious heads unearthed in the ruins.

The ride on to La Paz continues across a bleak level plateau. Half-wild cattle and groups of mules stampede at the train's approach. Indian women, dressed in crude colors, work in the fields of quinoa, the only grain that grows upon these wind-swept *punas*. Aymaras in black or red ponchos, silent, aloof, wait at the stations.

If the Quichua Indian is sad, the Aymara is even sadder still, a look of concentrated melancholy resting ever upon his features. Unsocial, gloomy, whole families live together with scarcely, it would seem, a spoken word or a look of affection exchanged between them.

By many this habitual sadness is attributed to their excessive use of coca. And certainly no Aymara is ever seen without his *chuspa* or bag that contains this, his favorite drug, the delight, the support, and to some extent the necessity, of his life. I found it interesting to watch an Indian prepare to chew. First he makes himself as comfortable as possible, for it seems that, as in the case of opium, quiet and repose are essential to the full enjoyment of the drug. Then he takes his *chuspa* between his knees, and slowly, one by one, extracts the pale-green leaves, rolling them carefully to form a ball, which he chews until it ceases to emit its juice. Three or four times a day he repeats this operation, the only pleasure of his otherwise monotonous existence.

The effects of coca are varied. Taken to excess it is a terrible vice. Taken in moderation it imparts strange powers of endurance. For example, because of its anæsthetic effect upon the mucous membrane of the stomach, it deadens the pangs of hunger to such an extent that Indians under its influence have been known to work for three days without food or other nourishment of any kind. It seems also to lessen the fatigue of their long journeys afoot and give them strength to combat the effects of high altitudes.

Though known to Europeans but recently, the properties of the coca leaf, from which we make cocaine, have long been appreciated by the Andean Indians. To the Incas coca was sacred, mystic. The priests chewed it during the religious ceremonies; it was burnt like incense before the shrines of the gods, and handfuls of it were thrown during sacrifice. Its leaves were put into the mouths of the dead to insure their favorable reception in the next world, a custom that persists even to-day. And in the mines the Indian workmen still throw it upon the veins of ore, believing it

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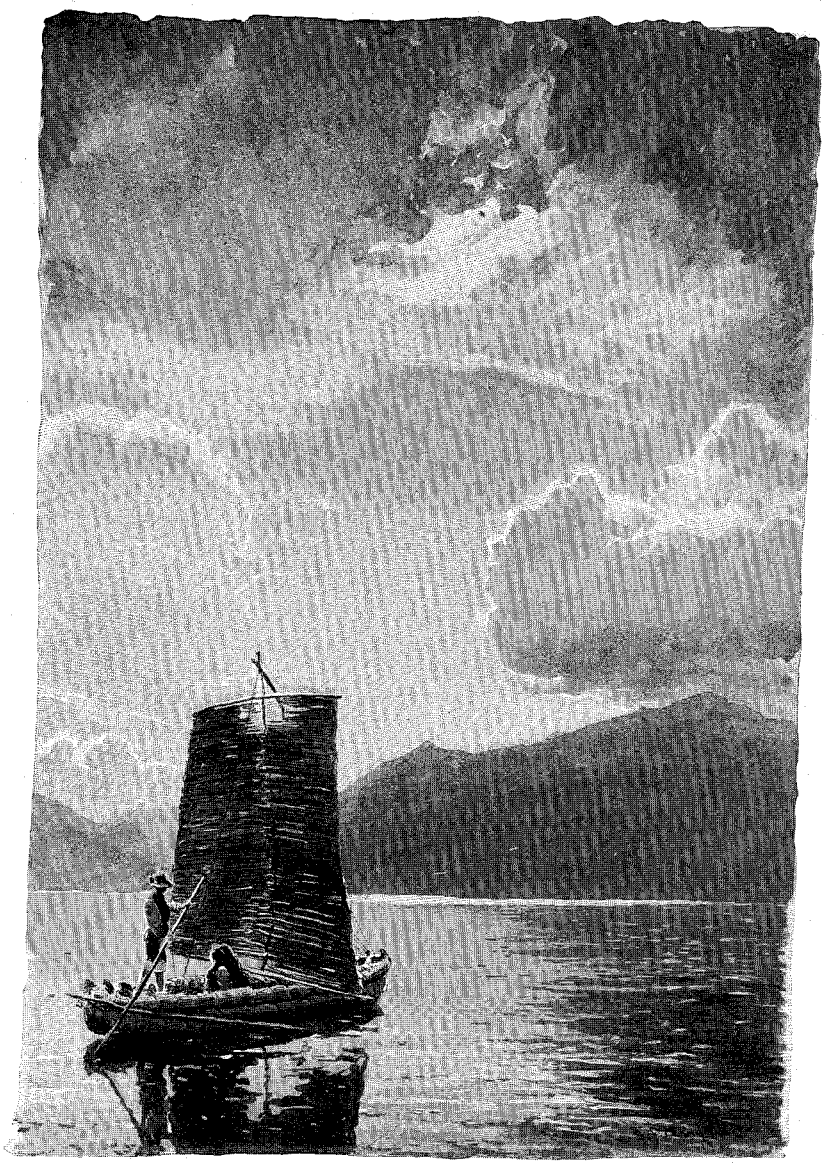

A *balsa* on Lake Titicaca.

We passed a *balsa*, gliding quietly before the morning breeze.—Page 76.

to soften the metal and render it easier to work.

The sun's intensity had gathered up the clouds once more, and off to the westward long curtains of rain obscured the distance. At Viacha, a village fête was in progress. A band was playing over by the public-house, the church was dressed with flags and green boughs, and about the station a large crowd was assembled. A train, bound southward for Oruro and the long dreary journey down to Antofagasta, at present the only other means of communication between La Paz and the coast, stood on the track next us. Two of its coaches were filled with soldiers in charge of German officers, whose Teuton faces and familiar gray uniforms and cloaks looked strangely out of place in these mountain solitudes.

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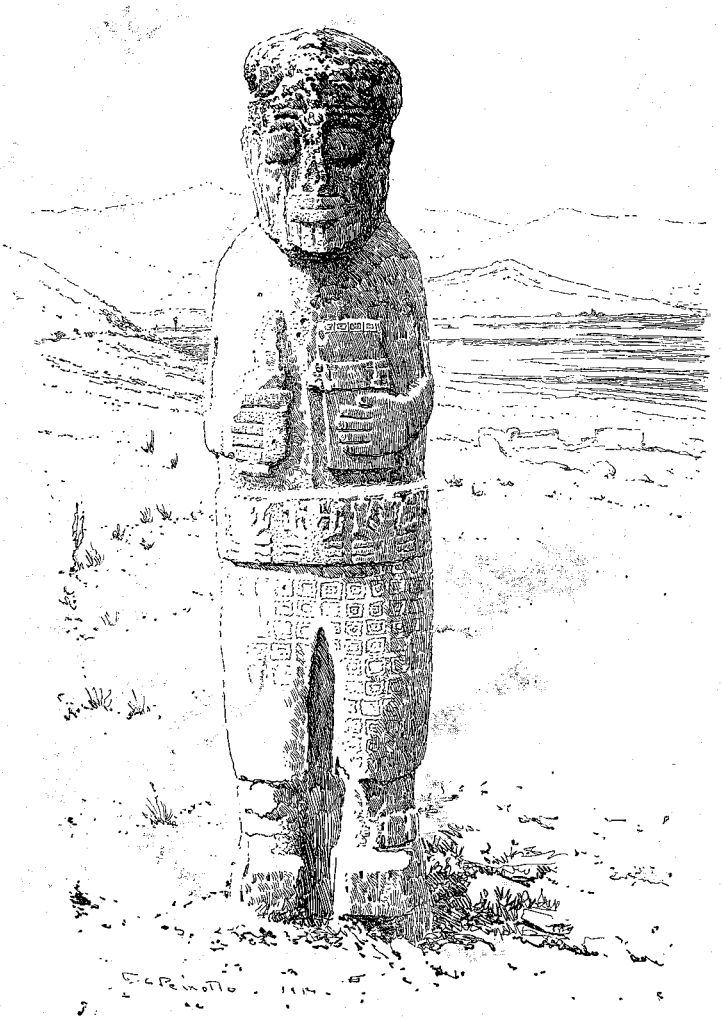
As we left the station the great storm clouds that had been gathering about the mountains shifted a little, drifting just enough to disclose the icy summits and



A pre-Inca statue, Tiahuanaco.

snowy peaks of two of America's greatest mountains, Illimani and Huayna Potosí. So sudden was their apparition, so amazing the grandeur of their structure, so extensive their wilderness of snow, that our eyes never left them as we continued to approach them, appearing first on one side of the train, then upon the other. Their slopes below the snow-line were of an intense blackish blue that formed a dense, rich background to the landscape, and, to add the necessary touch to the foreground, at one point two cholos on light-brown mules with white feet came galloping along wrapped in magenta ponchos with yellow borders—a scheme of color daring yet stunning and worthy of Zuloaga's brush.

We knew that now we must be approaching La Paz, yet no hint of a city lay in the stony fields of this level plateau, stretching apparently unbroken to the Royal Cordillera upon the one hand and to an unlimited distance upon the other. Long trains of little donkeys, heavily laden, watched by their *arrieros*, and great

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Its steep streets plunge down one hill only to ascend another.—Page 82.

majadas of llamas, each carrying its hundred-pound load, were coming from every direction across the plains, and all were trending toward a certain focal point ahead of us. But where could the city be?

The train whistled as it rounded a long curve, and suddenly, without warning, at the side of the track a great chasm opened, coming with such abruptness, so unexpectedly, that, breathless, we grasped some firm object for support.

At its far extremity Illimani, lightly wreathed with clouds, raised its glorious summit, gleaming in all the splendor of its dazzling snow-fields. To the left Huayna Potosí spread its glittering peaks and, cut into the flanks of these two giants of the Andes, seamed and scarred by glacial torrents, deeply eroded, mined by cataracts and rivers, this profound valley has been excavated by the primeval forces of nature. At its bottom, far below us, fifteen hundred feet or more, lay the city of Our Lady of Peace, La Paz, from

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whose slate roofs and towers a pale-blue vapor seemed to emanate as if it were offering incense at the shrine of some great god. And fittingly, for were not these two mountains, Illimani and Huayna Potosí, the Indian's Olympus, the abode of his chief deities!

Along the precipitous walls of this abyss, white fillets of road cut zig-zags and loops, along which we could make out the donkey trains and llamas with their horsemen and drivers crawling slowly downward like strings of ants.

Our steam-driven engine was now changed to one run by electricity, and our train plunged over the brink. The upper plains vanished. Steep walls gradually rose about us. The houses of the city at each turn lifted themselves nearer, and in twenty minutes we were at the station of the Bolivian capital.

Viewed from the rim at the Alto, La Paz looks flat. Upon closer acquaintance, however, it proves to be one of the hilliest cities that you can find, clinging as it does to the slopes upon both banks of the Chuquiapu, the river, or rather the torrent, that tears through the bottom of the valley. Its steep streets plunge down one hill only to ascend another, and in this altitude you constantly find yourselves pausing for breath. But the bright colors and gay architecture of the houses, the rather modern aspect of the clean, well-paved thoroughfares, make the city attractive to a degree, though it lacks the fine monuments and relics of the past that one finds in the Peruvian cities.

By this I do not mean to imply that there are no old palaces or churches. As a matter of fact, there are important buildings several centuries old, for La Paz was founded away back in 1549, and called "The City of Peace," to commemorate the reconciliation between Almagro and Gonzalo Pizarro. How any man had the courage to select this site is quite beyond one's powers of comprehension, yet the wisdom of the choice is apparent, protected as the city is by the walls of its great chasm against the bitter winds and storms that sweep this mountain world.

An Aymara musician.

The principal hotel, installed in an extensive old palace surrounding two fine stone courts, overlooks one corner of the Plaza Mayor that forms the heart of the city, the centre of its activities. It is planted with pretty flower-beds and trees, semi-tropical in character, and decorated with a central monument. Fronting upon it are the handsome government buildings, a fresh new café and club, the unfinished cathedral, begun when the mines of Potosí were at the height of their activity, and the president's palace, where a group of soldiers mount guard in smart uniforms and bright steel helmets. In it, too, stand the carriages, open vehicles, each drawn by four horses, which fact will give you some idea of the steepness of the streets. Few carts are ever seen, but pack-trains pass one constantly. Sometimes these are composed of big mules, laden with tin and ore from the great deposits of Huayna Potosí, headed by a bell-horse with red head-dress and gay pompons, and followed by the *arrieros*, well mounted, watchful, shouting to their beasts, now in terms of endearment, then again in curses. Next, perhaps, will come a flock of llamas, loaded with ice from the Sierra, the cold water trickling over their shaggy coats, or a long string of sure-

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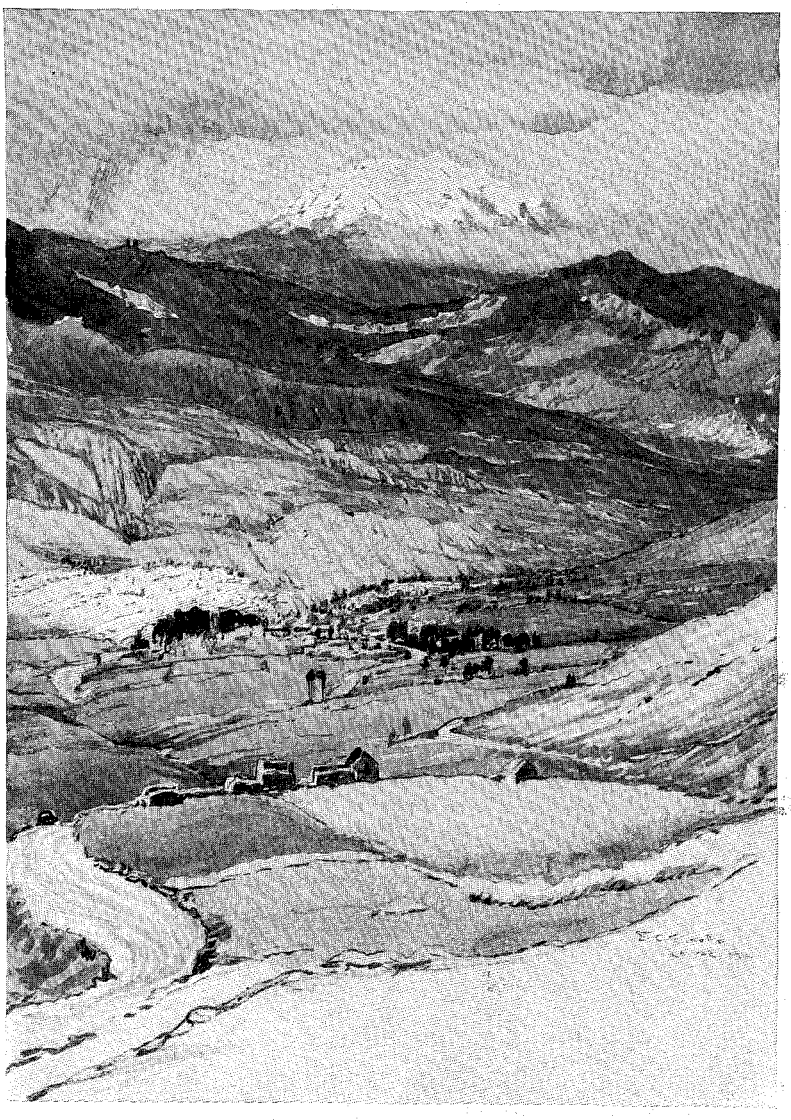

The valley of La Paz from the Alto.

footed donkeys carrying wood, or fresh wheat from the fields, or dried sheep from the mountains, or loads of oil, two dozen bottles on either side.

Sometimes, even, these pack-trains consist of men—also true beasts of burden—carrying incredible loads. I saw, for instance, a family moving, every household article—beds, tables, wardrobes, lounges—carried on human backs up the steep streets, twelve thousand feet above the sea! Even pianos are thus moved, slung on rawhide ropes between six bearers. And again one asks one's self, is it the coca that gives them the heart to do such work?

You may see the Indian life down at the market, which, oddly enough, reminded us in several ways of the souks of Tunis with its pale-green colonnades, through which glints of dazzling sunshine filtered; its stalls with their vendors squatting cross-legged upon them, even the type of these bejewelled vendors themselves, cholo women for the most part.

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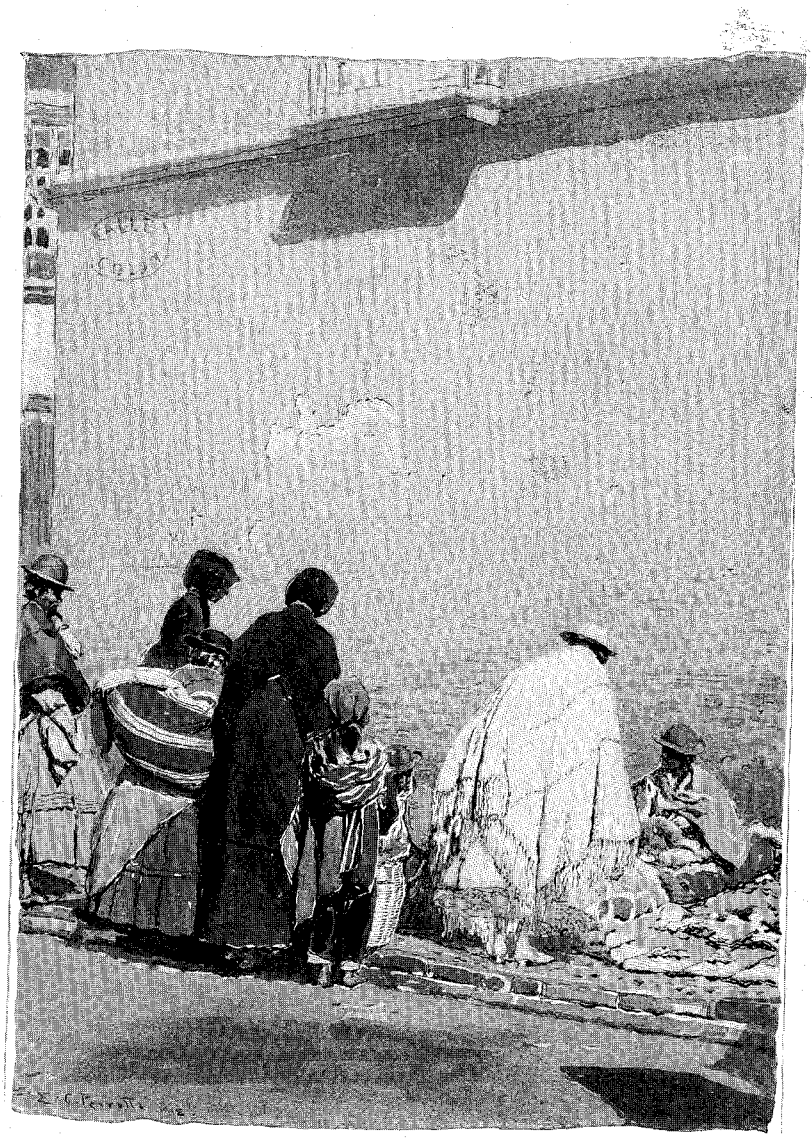
Of all the types of La Paz, these stout *cholitas* are the most characteristic. Because of the decrease of the Indian race and the apathy of the Spanish whites, who constitute only one-eighth of the entire population of the country, the future of Bolivia rests largely upon these half-breeds, who, cunning and shrewd at a bargain, have amassed much wealth.

Their women afford the evidence of this prosperity. Often distinctly handsome, their clothing is spotless. Upon their heads they wear quaint little felt hats stiffened and chalked as white as snow. Their dress, usually of some rich material, is covered, when on the street, by a great shawl whose long silken fringes sweep about their ankles and whose folds are held in place by a handsome pin of gold, usually set with baroque pearls or emeralds, from which dangles a jointed fish, also of gold, with pearls or emeralds for eyes. Their long ear-rings match this pin and are also of gold and precious stones.



Types at the market, La Paz.

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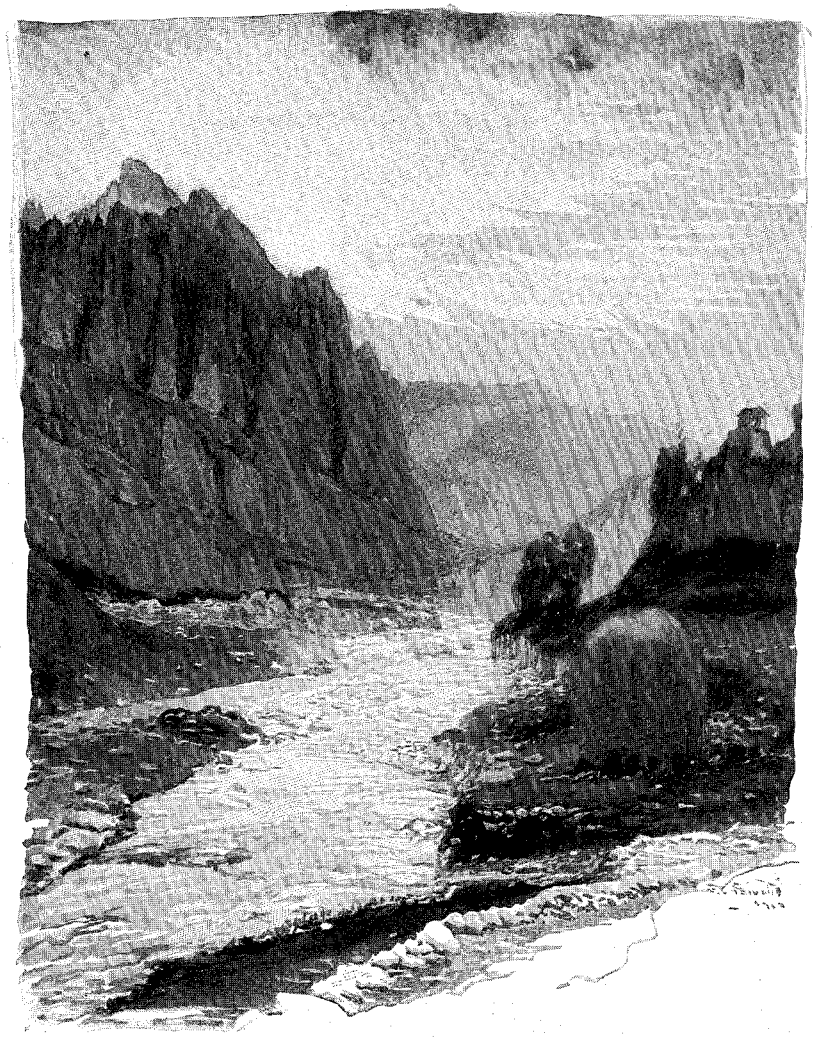

The Obrajes, where the Chuquiapu thunders along in its mad run to the sea.—Page 87.

When they bend over to bargain with the seated women, they disclose their canary-colored, high-heeled shoes, ornamented with tassels, and a few inches of tight-drawn creamy stocking veiled by the well-starched laces of innumerable petticoats that give body to their voluminous skirts.

Petticoats seem to be the great luxury of the native women of all classes. Even the poor Indians wear a half-dozen. When a new skirt is needed it is added on the outside, those underneath remaining just as before. As they choose only the brightest colors, the effect of these multi-colored garments worn one above the other is often startling indeed.

On Sunday mornings the market spills over into all the adjoining streets, along whose curb-stones the Indian women squat with their wares spread out upon the ground before them. And what a debauch of color they make, brilliant as any tulip-beds in Holland! Red, green, magenta, purple, blue, crimson—all the colors of a post-impressionist—their balloon-like skirts go ambling along. No German aniline dye is too strong for them.

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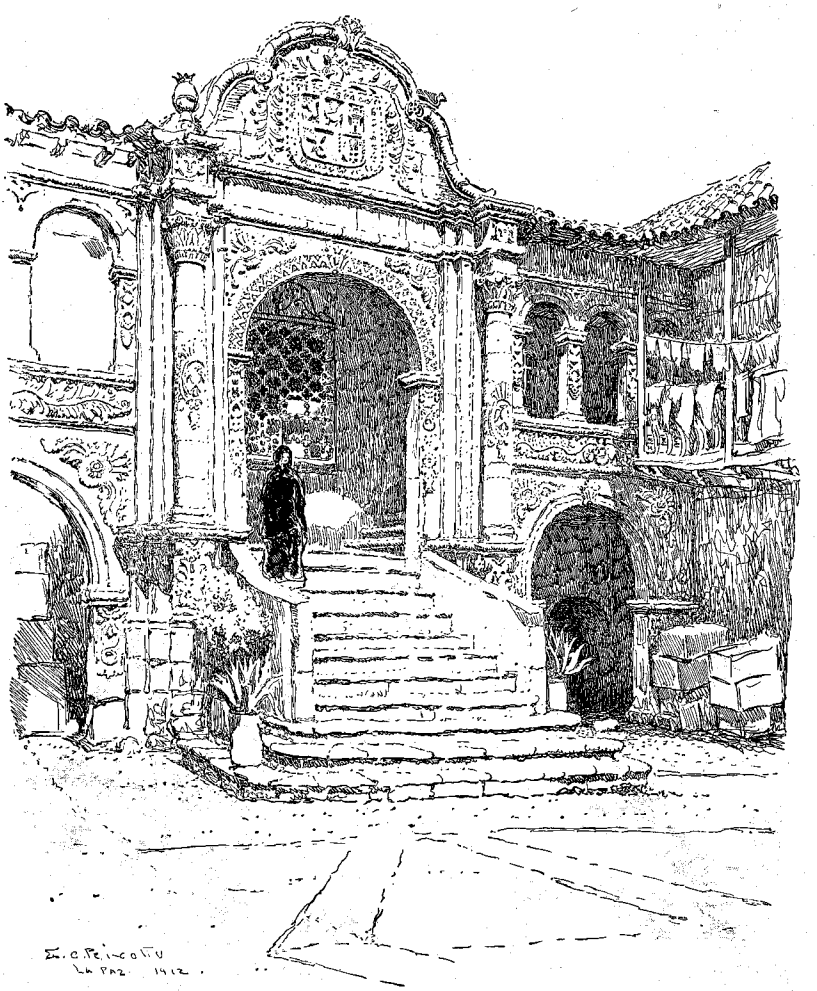

An old palace court-yard, La Paz.

And through this gaudy throng the creamy spots of the cholo women and the black *mantas* of the Spanish ladies, who understand the distinction of their sombre attire, strike the necessary accents.

Down by San Francisco—a handsome church of the early eighteenth century, with a remarkable nave and vaulting—is another market where the Indians buy their clothes and the homespun cloths for the bags and saddle-blankets of their animals. Little stalls, where women sell laces and bits of jewelry and sandals worked with velvet appliqué, stand wedged between the buttresses of the church, and along the Calle del Mercado near by are the shops, gay with color, where you may purchase bright ponchos and pointed caps knitted in intricate designs. In them, too, you may often see men from the Yungas, the rich tropical valley that lies below La Paz, and the principal seat of its coca cultivation—youths whose long hair, tied in queues, falls about their shoulders, and whose gay-striped ponchos conceal all else but their sturdy, bronzed legs bared to the knees.

If you wish to see the Spanish life, you must go, some afternoon, across the bridge to the Alameda, where the band plays two or three times each week, and where the people promenade under the eucalypti along a broad avenue bordered by the new villas owned by the wealthier citizens of La Paz and by the members of the diplomatic corps. To judge from one or two we visited, these homes possess every modern comfort, and judging from the

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conversation that we heard within them their residents indulge in most of the social pastimes that we enjoy—teas, theatre parties, riding clubs, and tennis clubs, though the high altitude is rather against all outdoor sports.

As soon as you leave the streets of the city, in any direction, you are at once confronted with the savage aspect of the country that surrounds it. Forming the continuation of each steep thoroughfare, as it were, rise the cliffs and pinnacles, colored by mineral ores, of this forbidding valley.

Having viewed it from above at the Alto, it is well to see it from below by walking down to Obrajes, where the Chuquiapu thunders along in its mad run to the sea, mining its way deeper and ever deeper into its stony bed. There is a well-founded theory, I believe, that this valley of La Paz was at one time the bed of the great river that drained Titicaca, whose only outlet nowadays is the Desaguadero, that leaves the lake near Guaqui, to finally sink into Oruro's salty plains. And certainly immense volumes of water must have poured down these gullies, and still do for that matter, after the frequent and angry rains.

As you descend, the floral life that has been so entirely absent upon the high plateaus begins to bloom again. Purple lupin and black-eyed susans, wild roses and calceolaria, with their beautiful slipper-shaped flowers, mingle with masses of broom and geranium, while the heads of tall pampas grasses nod along the river-bank. Pepper-trees and willows shade the occasional dwellings.

At the roadside an Indian sits making the pastoral reed-pipes that all the natives play, and the syrinx, also of reeds, such as the great god Pan played in Arcadia. Llamas and donkey-trains, climbing to the capital, stumble up the rocky road. High above hangs the Capilla, a chapel, as its name implies, to which we climbed another afternoon to enjoy the wonderful panorama from a belvedere near by, that overhangs a chaos of valleys and mountains, chain upon chain, culminating in Illimani's dazzling peak that rears its head 21,000 feet above the sea.

Finally, in our descent we reached the public square at Obrajes, and were just admiring the gardens that seemed quite tropical in their exuberance after the rugged plants of the upper plains, when a terrific hail-storm swept upon the valley —thunder, lightning, and torrents of rushing water.

In a few moments all the country was awash. We took refuge in an inn close by, whence we telephoned to a friend in the city to send down a cab. A long wait, during which we whiled away the time by watching the life of this wayside tavern, finally brought us the usual four-horse vehicle, whose leather top was filled with hail-stones as big as birds' eggs.

The storm had abated, however, as quickly as it had begun, and as we climbed upward in the waning light the clouds lifted; the crags and castellated pinnacles grew rosy; a shepherd's lonely flute, as in Beethoven's "Pastorale," lifted the plaintive voice of its *yaravi;* the birds resumed their songs, and all nature seemed to give thanks for its deliverance from the storm.

THE JAIL

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

Is this a clinic, then, for ailing souls?
  A shop for damaged manhood's skilled repair?
Life-saving station on the shores of Time
  To save Time's shipwrecked sailors from despair?

Or is it but a refuse-heap, that breeds
  Filth and disease to threaten all mankind?
A furnace for the shreds of self-respect?
  A slaughter-house for wounded souls and blind?

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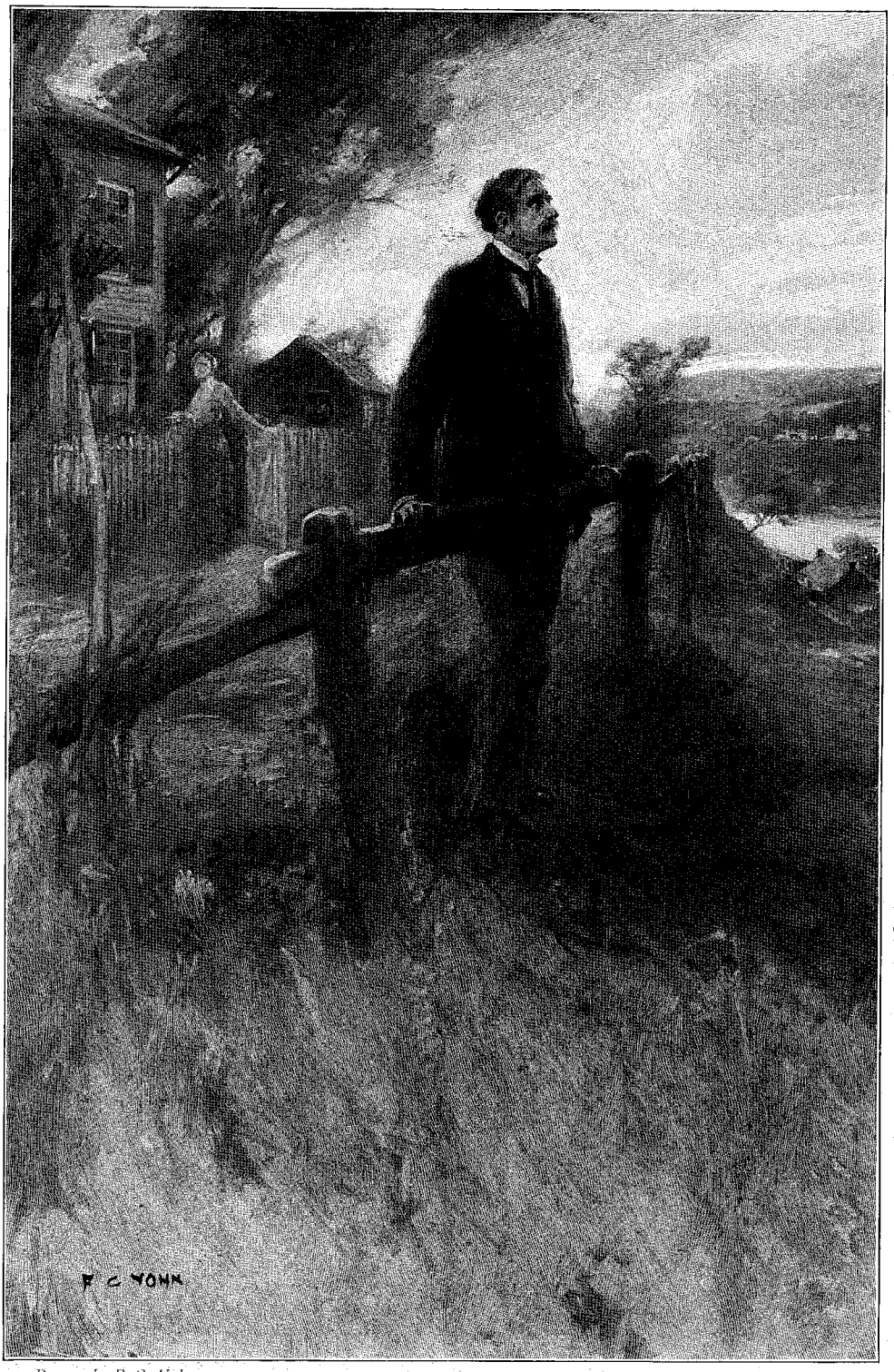

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

He stood with both hands on the rail which guarded the landslide, and looked into the distance.—Page 89.

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AMICI

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

"Who cares for the burden, the night, and the rain
And the long, steep, lonely road?
When out of the darkness a light shines plain,
And a voice calls hail and a friend draws rein
With a hand for the stubborn load."

HE strolled across the road and stood with both hands on the rail which guarded the landslide, and looked into the distance. Below him, at the foot of the landslide and rolling to the river and lodged in the hollows were tin cans and burnt-out kettles and broken china; the Western city had dumped its refuse along this way. From below, untidy children screamed in an untidy garden. But he did not hear or see these things.

Back of him a woman ran down a path to the gate which he had left swinging, and latched it and stood a moment watching him. All his life he had looked into the distance, she considered. A smile came, for the woman loved him. She lingered, gazing at the tall figure with its air of distinction, its shabby clothes. A breeze lifted the loose hair, and she knew, though his back was turned, how a brown-gray lock had blown across the broad forehead, the forehead of a thinker, a dreamer. She sighed. The wife of an unsuccessful inventor is likely to sigh often. She turned to go back, but a little lad scrambled suddenly over the fence.

"Letter, Mrs. Ellsworth," he exploded. "Mother says come s'afternoon. Mother says postman made mistake." He was scrambling back in the same second, with consistent suddenness.

She looked at the letter, saw that it was addressed to her husband, glanced at him, and went with it into the house.

The man, unconscious, still stood with those glowing eyes miles off where the river widened and lawns sloped to it and large houses overlooked it. He threw back his head and gazed high into the orange and rosy sky, and laughed.

"Up as far as that gold-edged fellow—farther. It seems queer that I'll be swimming there before long. But I shall. And *my* aeroplane won't tip over." He thrust his hands into his pockets and smiled happily. "I've done it; just to get it on the market and I'll have made good. I'll have earned my place in the world. And a fortune for Margaret and Jack. Her drudgery over. Margaret," he repeated half-aloud; and again: "Margaret." Then a cloud drowned the brightness from his face. "If I could get money for the model," he spoke aloud. "The thing is so sure. It's a hideous joke not to have a thousand or two now."

His mind, working this way and that trying to find a solution for the problem, his thought travelling along all possible ways, came shortly on another thought, stirring sorely at a touch.

"The fellows," he murmured. "A lot of them have money." He drew his hand sharply from his pocket and thumped on the rail. His dreamy eyes flashed. "Not if I starve," he cried. "Never that. I won't poison the memory of college days. I've got my place among them yet; they don't know; nobody knows."

He dived into a coat-pocket, and brought out a letter. Looking over his shoulder one might have read that the class of such

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a year of Yale University would hold its thirtieth reunion three months from the date; that it was hoped that John Ellsworth of this class would be present; that he was requested to let the class secretary know. Signed with a name which brought to the man's lips a half-laugh.

"Little old Saint Peter," he murmured.

With that his face was grim. Peter Price had sent a letter with the formal notice; a friendly, easy letter, taking it for granted that all of the "boys" would bring to Alma Mater this June some simple gifts of the years. Such gifts as success and good spirits and manly work well done; money to enrich Yale perhaps; perhaps big lads to carry on her banner; perhaps honored names for her roll of fame. The man's head bent farther over the flimsy rail. He caught at it again with both hands. He stared, not away now at the gleaming, darkening river, but at the rubbish—broken pottery, old chair legs, things whose day was done. His day was done; he was fifty-two, and had not made good; he was a failure. They had expected great things of him; he was to have been a Newton, an Edison. He was to have made the class illustrious; they had said it, patting him on the shoulder in generous boy fashion, that last day in New Haven almost thirty years ago. He remembered well how, a dozen boys, they had stood together on the campus, under the elms, very tender-hearted over each other at this parting of the ways, very shame-faced at their unaccustomed softness. Jimmy Pendleton, his chum, with an arm stretched to Ellsworth's shoulder—for Jimmy was short and chubby—had fallen into prophecy.

"We're all great men, that's sure, but it's Johnny who's going to be our crown of glory. He's going to invent things. Flying-machines will be play. You listen while I tell you that this class will be known as the class of John Ellsworth." And the others had growled assent in deep, friendly young voices, while Ellsworth called them all "darn fools," with love and gratitude bursting his ribs. He had felt fairly sure that Jimmy was right.

"Apollo, too," Jimmy went on, for Ellsworth had been voted the "best-looking man." "And our best singster. I'm no inventor, and I can't sing, and something tells me I'm no beauty either," and he rumpled his shoe-brush black hair sorrowfully.

Again the group agreed cordially. "You sure are not, my son," Peter Price had spoken. "You're neither inspired nor beautiful, so's you'd notice it, but don't worry, you may be an honest man yet."

Ellsworth, across the stretch of years, recalled such details. The years had been before him then, and sunshine had flooded them. But one by one his inventions had gone wrong; fate had been against him. And now that he had at last a certainty he must wait, with honor and wealth in reach of his hand, till some other man, whose hand was not weighted by poverty, should lift it and grasp success. It is a thing that happens to inventors; many times a man has died broken-hearted close to his heart's desire.

"Down and out," Ellsworth said. And stood, bent, in the twilight.

So he turned and came slowly to the large, old, half-empty house, and a sound of music floated to him, and a light shone through the curtained glass. He halted. He must not frighten her. He opened the door, trying for commonplace cheerfulness. But she saw. She was playing at her old tinkling piano; the music stopped.

"What is it, John?"

It was futile to lie to Margaret. "Just bothered over my job," he said.

Her arm was about his neck. He drew her down beside him on a sofa, and like an unhappy child laid his head against her shoulder.

"Don't bother, dearest," she spoke.

"It's not just that, Margaret," he said then. "It's everything. I'm down and out. I've kept you down with me. You might have been rich, happy——"

"I am happy," she interrupted.

"You're wonderful," he said. "My best friend; my only friend now. I used to have a lot and they're all gone. Except you, my darling, I haven't a friend in the world."

"John, don't," she begged. "It's not our affair if we have friends. We've just got to live our lives as well as we can, and let the rest come or go." Her eyes fell on the letter. "For you, John. It might be from a friend, this very letter. Read

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it, dear. It's from New York. It might be good news."

He shook his head; then tore the envelope. As he read, his face darkened. His wife waited.

"What is it?"

He stared angrily at the paper. "It's —insult," he said. "Read it."

She took it from him and the man went and stood with his head against the mantel, his face in his folded arms. She read, and waited a long minute, considering. "I can't see it that way."

He whirled about. "You can't see it as an insult that some man should want to pay my way? As if I were a pauper?"

The woman considered again. "We're not paupers, but we're—poor. This man must be rich. He must be fond of you to want you there. He must have a feeling for other people's feelings because he keeps back his name so that you won't have any burden of gratitude. That's fine and delicate of him." She looked again at the letter. "The secretary, Mr. Price, says that no one but he himself and the man himself will ever know." She waited a moment, tense, biting her lip, thinking hard. Then: "I want you to go, John," she broke out beseechingly.

"Go?" He looked at her in amazement. "Go? On charity?"

"Not charity, friendship," she insisted. "Think about it. You care a lot for your class; suppose you had plenty of money and heard that one of them had none, wouldn't you be eager to do this very thing? Could you do it in a kinder way? Wouldn't you think it selfish of him to refuse you the joy of doing that? Isn't it as big to take generously as to give generously? He has a chance to give you money and he's taking it; you have a chance to give him pleasure and you're— Don't refuse it, John," she pleaded.

"Why, Margaret," he answered wondering, "what has got into you? You're so proud, so independent; more than I. However poor we've been, I've known that you preferred it to letting any one, your cousin for instance, help us. You sent back his check. And you're asking me to accept money from a man whose name we don't know."

"Ah, but I know he's heavenly, or he wouldn't have done it like this," she threw back. "And not knowing the name helps. It's as if an angel had flown down with manna. It would be silly to refuse manna. And John," she went on eagerly, "there's possibility in it. When they heard about your air-ship——"

He made a quick gesture.

"No, you wouldn't ask them; but you couldn't refuse to let them have shares in a great— And there would be business men who would know how to organize——"

He interrupted. "Margaret, you're dreaming. You know how I am; it's impossible for me to exploit myself. I might not tell them if they asked." He went on sadly: "I was thinking to-night that none of them knew I was—a failure."

Her arm was around his neck again; her lips on his cheek. "You're not!" she cried vehemently. "Success isn't all making money; success is being somebody, something. And you're that. There's nobody so wonderful—" she flew back without a pause. "But that's not what we're talking about. John, you know how I'd guard your self-respect—and I want you to do this. It might mean everything. If you could only, this year, get the aeroplane started, Jacky could go to Yale." A thrill shook her; his arm around her, he felt it, and his will and his pride were like wax in a flame.

"Where is Jacky?" he demanded.

"He had to go to the office after dinner," she spoke reluctantly. "Extra work. But it means extra pay, and he won't be late to-night."

He groaned. "The boy is only seventeen; he ought to be studying and playing tennis; I can't bear to have him spend his youth and strength in a railway office."

"Don't worry, dear; Jacky is boiling with youth and strength. And he's enchanted to make money."

Again Ellsworth groaned. "It's wrong; it's my fault." He got up and paced the room; his soul was in torment. He went on fiercely. "If I were a steady-going dry-goods man; if I knew how to run a paper factory! Fool! I'm good for nothing. If I could make hair-pins!" he added longingly.

The woman laughed. "You're so absurd, John," she said.

"It's not absurd." He halted before

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her and fired the words indignantly. "If I had a satisfactory business in hair-pins you would have a limousine and Jacky would be in college instead of in a railway office nights. At seventeen." He hesitated. "Sometimes," he went on in a low voice, "I'm not sorry that the two older ones died."

"Don't, John." The woman threw out her hands passionately. "I miss them. Always. I never get over missing them. Don't say you're not sorry." Her face was quivering. Then she pulled herself together with a quick effort. "We mustn't talk about the babies. It's Jacky now. John, I do think it might mean everything for him that you should go to New Haven in June."

The man looked beyond her dreamily from his gray, vision-seeing eyes; one might have thought his mind had wandered from the subject. Then he spoke in a matter-of-fact way. "If you think so, Margaret, I'll go."

The class of thirty years back had taken for commencement week the largest house to be let in New Haven. The Thirties, as the youngsters called them, were an impressive body. There was a cabinet officer and an ambassador and a United States Senator, a famous physician, and a handful of judges; there was a capitalist with a name spoken in whispers, so colossal was his wealth; there were railroad presidents and a great engineer and lesser fry who were yet not small fish. It was an uncommon collection of personages for one class. And not one of these grandees was allowed to pay fifty cents for his own taxicab or the price of a glass of beer. Each had made his contribution as he felt it fit for the reunion fund; each had all expenses defrayed from that fund, and no one but the class secretary knew what proportion each had given. They were for those days on a level—sons of Alma Mater, brothers.

Most classes coming back to reunions at Yale wear a costume for commencement time. It is considered that this common dress helps to wipe out inequalities. The Thirties wore this year blue blouses of workmen, to signify, it was said, how they felt themselves laborers in the thick of the world's work. The strong blue made an insistent note of color about New Haven in those bright days of late June, and the grizzled heads and thoughtful faces were more distinguished for the severity of the setting. Peter Price, driving a magnificent sixty-horse-power car, in such a blouse, in the blue-crowned, visored cap of a mechanic, was a study in incongruity.

"Saint Peter," remarked the finished and cultivated ambassador to a great court, sitting in a profound chair with his heels on the table, "Saint Peter is fooling us. Where's he got to? He's been gone one hour and forty minutes and what he's after heaven only knows."

"Likely all for your own good, Wuggie," came soothingly from the great doctor, the Beloved Physician, men called him. "Little Saint Peter's doing good deeds in the dark; that's his way. You'd better shut up and keep cool, or you'll have apoplexy; you're getting powerful fat."

"I'm not fat at all, Molly Allen," growled his Excellency. The distinguished heels came down. "I'm going to find Saint Peter. He's up to some deviltry and we'd better trail him. Who'll come?"

A dozen blue blouses poured out of the front door. Lazily they strolled in a long, erratic group up the diagonal walk across the green, past the three churches and into College Street. Arm was linked in arm; hands were on shoulders; they were more unconscious, more careless to the seeming than the grave lads in their scholar's caps and billowing black gowns, the men of this year's graduating class, whom one met as they swept, alert, serious from one responsibility to another. These older men in their workingmen's blouses, covering shoulders which were holding up the nation, these iron-gray men, lounging up College Street, smiled a little wistfully at the black figures swinging past, at the untired eyes, solemn today with this great business of graduating. Such as these had they been on that day in June thirty years back; such as themselves would these become when thirty years should be gone. "Good luck; a happy voyage; God bless you," the gentle half-smile of the old fellows in mid-ocean said to the youngsters as they hur-

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ried past, setting their new white sails. But the youngsters did not notice.

"Where's Saint Peter?" demanded the ambassador, halting his blue squad.

With that the Senator wailed suddenly as they stood, eleven strong, in College Street: "Oh, little old Saint Peter—hurry up."

As if in answer a mountainous touring-car swept around the corner of Chapel Street. Behind the wheel was a small man of fifty-odd, in a blue blouse, in a mechanic's cap, blue crowned, visored. At his side a dried-up tiny country woman, in an apologetic black hat, sat stiffly. A purple ribbon was around the hat and dusty artificial violets on its brim. A clean brown calico dress went with it, and a worn and patient but spirited old face. Under the queer hat one saw gray hair strained back and screwed in a knot; life had few frills for this farmer's wife. A large basket of eggs was held in her lap. Peter Price drew up at the curb.

"Mrs. Ryder," said Saint Peter, with great courtesy, "let me present Judge Whalen and Mr. Cutting and Dr. Allen and Mr. Pendleton; and Mr. Ellsworth and Judge Arbuthnot; and Mr. Secretary Loomis, and—see here, fellows, that tonneau holds five, not fifty—and Senator Butler and Mr. Garden and Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Digby."

The blue-bloused regiment closed, bareheaded, around the little old woman.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mrs. Ryder happily, as she bowed at each name. And one felt that she was pleased to meet one. Mrs. Ryder would have been, with a chance, a famous hostess. "Are you young men comin' back for your fust meetin'?" she snapped out, quite in the spirit of the game, in her quaint, sharp, old New England voice.

And the "young men" roared at her unexpected little joke. Not at all shy was Mrs. Ryder, but enchanted with the situation. To the ambassador, inquiring, she explained how old Whitey and the buggy had broke down as they come along with her eggs, and how Saint Peter had rescued her with his chariot of fire. Saint Peter looked sheepish. Would they guy him, or wouldn't they?

"Better climb out now," he threw back to the mass-meeting in the tonneau. "Mrs. Ryder and I must get to market with our eggs."

"They're perfectly beautiful eggs," reflected Jimmy Pendleton. "I need some eggs. What'll you sell them for, Mrs. Ryder?"

"Let me in!"

"We all need eggs," rose in chorus.

"How much, Mrs. Ryder?" demanded the president of the R. V. & St. M. Railway.

"Wal, they're some dearer than last week," hesitated Mrs. Ryder.

"Yes, yes. Much dearer. I think I noticed they were two dollars a pound," suggested the United States Senator.

And jeers arose from knowing ones. "You don't sell eggs by the pound, you poor old idiot. Two dollars a box," corrected Mr. Secretary Loomis, and Mrs. Ryder shook with laughter.

"Eggs is sold by the dozen," she stated.

"Of course. I knew that sounded queer," agreed Jimmy Pendleton. "Two dollars a dozen it is. How many dozen?"

"I couldn't cheat you young boys," said Mrs. Ryder. "Eggs is thirty cents."

"Apiece," stated Pendleton firmly.

"No, *sir*," responded Mrs. Ryder as firmly. "A dozen, ef you please."

"But not such eggs," said the doctor. "See, boys, what a lovely color these eggs are."

"We couldn't take them under fifty cents a dozen," said Jimmy Pendleton.

And Mrs. Ryder's New England conscience was carried by storm, and the total sum of fifteen dollars travelled from various pockets to her ancient leather purse.

"Now, I'll do some tradin' at the store," she announced with perfect confidence in their interest.

"You run along with your eggs to headquarters, Saint Peter," ordered the ambassador, "and we'll wander back and meet you." And the big touring-car had glided away.

Ellsworth, among the others through this episode, contributing his share, had yet felt himself an outsider. To all of these men the dollar given the old country woman was less than nothing; to him it was an item. As he realized what this difference stood for he felt himself of another world. There were men among

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these far from rich, but he was the only one who might not throw away a dollar. And with that a rush of despair came over him. Why had he come? Why had he let Margaret persuade him? He must go back and face a life doubly hard because of this taste of care-free life. Nothing had happened which could help him; nothing would happen. Margaret's eyes would ask and he would not be able to meet her eyes. He felt physically sick as he thought of that. No one had spoken of his work except in general terms; he had shrunk from details because he had no record of work accomplished. There had been a glow of happiness in seeing the remembered faces; in hearing the old voices; they had been glad to see him, friendly, quick to give him his ancient place of honor among them. In the rush of the first days, in the levelling atmosphere which the blue blouses created, he had forgotten till this moment that these were successful men; that he was that grim thing, a failure. The kindly farce of the old woman and her eggs waked him. Not one of "the fellows" was poor as he was poor. Even Jimmy Pendleton—but, Ellsworth reflected, what did he know about that? Jimmy at fifty-two was the natural development of Jimmy at twenty-two, short, mild of face, carefully dressed, chubbier; his shoe-brush mop of black hair replaced on top by a shining baldness. There was a half-deprecating air about Jimmy which seemed to tell of a career not too glorious; it was comforting to Ellsworth.

Yet even Jimmy had tried to pay the old lady two dollars a dozen for thirty dozen eggs. Sixty dollars! Ellsworth, sauntering across the sunny green, bit his lip. How many years was it since he had spent sixty dollars thoughtlessly? When he and Margaret were married there had been enough; they had not worried when his models had taken large sums and had not returned them. But now there was no money even when its return would be certain. He thought with a pang of his flying-machine, the long-sought sure thing doomed to lie idle till some luckier man should invent one like it and win fame and fortune. How "the fellows" would have patted him on the shoulder if he had had that to bring to the reunion! It was cruelly unjust; he was torn with keener suffering than he had felt in all the years before.

By now the party had turned into the big house, where a blue banner hung out with the legend in white letters: "Headquarters of the Class of ——." Blue blouses poured from rooms to meet them; voices and laughter filled all the place; Saint Peter was there, and he and his eggs were the joke of the moment. Ellsworth shot through the gay crowd and made his way to a little smoking-room. No one was there. He dropped into a chair by a table; his arms stretched out and his head fell on them. Down and out. The men's laughter rang through the hall. Why had he come? What could these men with their full lives, their honors and their large affairs, care for a bit of wreckage washed among them by a chance wave from the lost sea of boyhood? He would go back to the woman who loved him and whose life he had filled with disappointments, and carry to her this disappointment more. Down and out.

"Johnny."

He started angrily and stared up at the man whose hand was on his shoulder.

"Jim! How you frightened me! I'm deadly sleepy." He rubbed his eyes, where tears were. "I'm not quite fit, and I dropped into a chair—" The words trailed off.

But Jimmy Pendleton was looking at him as he would have let no man but Jimmy Pendleton look. He was searching into his soul, without pretence of doing otherwise.

"Johnny, old boy, get it out of your system. We didn't room together three years for nothing. I know something is on your mind, and I know you'd be better if you could talk it over with a man. You know I'm to be trusted."

Across the torture that wrung him it seemed that a strong hand had laid a check. The twist of the rack had stopped; slowly, as he stared into the face of the man beside him, dim things that looked, far off, like hope and courage and peace, stirred out of the dark of his consciousness. Jimmy Pendleton's hand was on his; it was Jimmy's face he saw, but it was a transfigured face. Jimmy might be fat and short and bald, but how had it happened that one had never before seen

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the strength in the square jaw and the keenness in the eyes, the air of power in the man? He knew in that second that here was a personality on which he might lean.

"Tell me, old chap," said Jimmy, and pressed down the weight of his steady hand.

Ellsworth told. He poured out the aches that had festered through sore years; the things which even Margaret had only half known. The sting of long misery washed away in the cool river of the other's understanding silence. He talked on disjointedly, easing his soul at every breathless sentence. At last the tale was told, all of it. A tale of fortune failing by a hairbreadth; inventions patented and never known; discoveries anticipated, a month, a week, by some other; years of patient experiment come to nothing. He spoke haltingly of his wife, the girl whom Pendleton had also known, of her unfailing courage; of the two dead children, of the boy who could not have his birthright of opportunity.

"I haven't been lazy, you know, Jim," he explained. "I've worked. But it does seem as if I played in bad luck. And lately I've lost confidence. Except in this last thing; I have to believe in that; it's the real thing. If—" He stopped.

"What, Johnny?"

Ellsworth put his hand in his pocket, hesitated, looked at the other man doubtfully. The truth was that he had kept a small drawing of his beloved machine by him, with a half-formulated idea of being ready if any chance should come. Here was, perhaps, the chance. It flashed into his mind, it was a pity that it was only Jimmy Pendleton. But he drew the drawing out slowly; a thin paper with orderly, intricate lines, numbered and lettered. The sight of them made a new man of him.

"Look, Jimmy!" He spread the paper. "Isn't it a miracle that nobody has thought of this? It's the simplest thing—it's inevitable—it's sure." His face was brilliant. Pendleton bent over the paper. "You see, it's this way," Ellsworth said, and explained.

Slowly Pendleton's expression changed. What had been sympathy turned to critical interest, to surprise, to analytical study of the thin little paper. After a long pause he lifted his head. "Johnny," he said, "I'm not an expert, but I know something about it, and I believe you're right. I think you've got a big thing."

"Think!" repeated Ellsworth indignantly. "Think!—I know it. There's no earthly question that it's a big thing." With that he groaned. "Will it ever do me any good?"

"What do you mean?"

Ellsworth hesitated. "I can tell you, Jimmy." He had it in mind that this was a poor man too. He would not seem to be asking for help.

"Go on," said Pendleton.

"The point is—the point is that I haven't money to make my model."

Pendleton stared at him as he talked swiftly, explaining the need of money, two thousand dollars perhaps. Pendleton, silent, stared. With that the voices down the hall were shouting a name.

"Ellsworth! Johnny Ellsworth," they were calling. "Come down and sing, oh, Johnny Ellsworth."

Pendleton's chubby face lost the masterful lines. He chuckled. "We'll have to go," he said. "I'll take this," and he folded the drawing and put it in his pocket and took Ellsworth's arm and drew him down the hall and into the big room where the greater part of the Thirties were gathered.

"It isn't time for lunch," the ambassador explained. "And Molly Allen has been talking medicine till we're sick, and we want you to make music, Johnny Ellsworth. Get up there and sing till you bust, please."

Ellsworth found himself swung to a chair which appeared on a table, and a learned judge was playing "Lauriger Horatius" on the piano and he was singing it in the lovely tenor which had never grown old, which had a subtle tone somewhere in it which gripped the souls of human beings. The men's voices rolled into his when the chorus came and all the house rang with strong music.

"Ubi sunt o pocula
Dulciora mellæ
Rixæ pax et oscula
Rubentis puellæ."

The swinging old air thundered like the diapason of an organ. And as it ended, "Give us a jolly one," the senator cried.

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And the judge at the piano dashed into "Dunderbeck," and Ellsworth was leading, beating time with his hand, while every man jack, he who could sing and equally he who could not, was roaring out the classic lament:

"For long-tailed rats and pussy cats
Shall never more be seen;
They'll all be ground to sausage meat
In Dunderbeck's machine."

Some of the stouter lads of fifty gasped a bit then, while the judge tinkled an interlude on the keys. Then the doctor spoke, out of a cloud of cigarette smoke which banked his chair; lounging, with his legs crossed, and his keen face thrown back, and his eyes—the luminous blue eyes which could hold, it seemed, every worthwhile human expression—with those extraordinary eyes on the ceiling, he spoke out of the smoke:

"There's one song, you fellows, which I like to think hits off our class. The words aren't much—pretty poor," he reflected half aloud, "but they seem to—do. 'Amici.' I'd like to hear Johnny Ellsworth sing 'Amici.'"

Instantly Ellsworth was pelted. "'Amici'—sing 'Amici,'" they threw at him.

The judge struck a chord; the crowded room was still. Then the beautiful voice, with its haunting under-quality which caught at the secret softnesses in souls, floated out over the company of middle-aged men, and behold they were boys again. Very quietly they listened. The famous doctor's eyes were still on the ceiling; the cabinet minister stared hard at the window; the bishop's big gray head was bent and his look introspective; most of them gazed at Ellsworth singing. Then the chorus came, and with a stir as if a breeze had touched all across a field of corn the whole room blew softly, deeply into the music.

"Amici usque ad aras,"

and the rest.

So they sang it, gathered back to their old altars, the men who had been friends for thirty years.

When the judge's fingers lifted from the last note there was a silence which said things none of them there could have said in words. It spoke, as a silence will sometimes, of memories and faith and loyalty. It told, as each man looked at the faces about him, carved with the tools of Time the sculptor, the silence told of sorrow and joy, of lives each with its full measure of fighting and of pathos, but each lived by the line of straight honor without which one does not comfortably face Alma Mater. An every-day group of American men. A country is not going to ruin at once which shows by the hundred such sons.

"Come down, Johnny Ellsworth; you'll never sing better than that, so you'd better stop now," said the ambassador, and Ellsworth, his hand on the offered shoulder, saw the light flash in something bright on the ambassador's lashes, and wondered if it were possible that Wuggie Lawrence had been actually touched by his singing. Then they were in motion again and pouring out, a burly regiment, up the street to lunch at Commons.

There were two special cars waiting, after lunch, to take them, *en masse*, to the game, the Yale-Harvard base-ball game, which takes place on Tuesday of commencement week, and is the rallying of the returning classes.

"I'll save a seat for you, Johnny. In the first car."

Pendleton called this as John Ellsworth flashed past him up the stairs, when they had come back from lunch. The writing-room was full and Ellsworth wanted to send a word home. He ran up the two flights and began his letter. Doors were all open this midsummer day, and across the hall some maids, unconscious of him, were talking noisily. Ellsworth heard them without hearing the words until a name made its sharper impression, as names do.

"J. H. Pendleton," the woman said. "Yis, it's sure him. The short, fat one. That's the awful rich Pendleton. Nora McGinnis, she says last night as how Barney O'Neill he says as how he gits tin thousand a day."

Ellsworth got up and shut the door. Jimmy Pendleton. Of course. Even Ellsworth had heard of J. H. Pendleton, the financier. But he had never thought of his old chum as such a person. Nobody had told him. Everybody had taken it for granted that he knew. Jimmy Pen-

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dleton! And he had been patronizing him as in the college days when he with his music and genius and good looks was a great man, and roly-poly Jimmie did not count. Suddenly he remembered their talk before lunch. He had given his confidence; he had uncovered his poverty, his need of money. His face flushed. He remembered that no word was said as to helping him; he thought, with bitter illogic, that friendship ceased at the point where effort came in. It was pleasant, this class feeling, for those who had prospered; for the unlucky it did not exist. The rich man had listened, and then had been glad to end the subject by carrying the other off to sing songs. Downstairs the voices surged up louder, and little by little died away. They were gone to the game. This afternoon's events were the culmination of the reunion of the classes; but he could not go. He stared out into the tree-tops; his half-written letter fell to the floor; minutes went by and rolled into half an hour, an hour. He did not stir. An hour more he sat there, sinking ever deeper into unhappy thoughts. Then his misery focussed suddenly into a push of despair. He would not meet them again; he would go home. Hurriedly he began to pack.

There were two trolley cars to take the Thirties to the game. Jimmy Pendleton saved a seat, but as Ellsworth did not come he got out and went through the second car.

"Anybody seen Ellsworth?" he asked.

Nobody had. Then the car started, and he rushed back to his own place. Out at Yale Field things moved rapidly, yet even there, as the blue-bloused Thirties formed in procession, Pendleton cast a glance about even then for Ellsworth. He had a word which he was anxious to say to him. Coming out on the car he had sat next the great engineer; he had taken out Ellsworth's drawing.

"What do you think of that, Digby?"

And Digby had studied it while the car shot through the sunshiny city and the uproarious crowds. He lifted his head at last, and turned and searched till he found a man two seats behind, the Secretary of War.

"Pass this to Loomis, please," he commanded the men between, and spoke across. "Tom, you'd better get that thing for the government. It's Ellsworth's. It's a go. Look at it."

And Loomis had looked, and laughed. "I don't understand a word of it," he had thrown back, "but if you say it's a go, that settles it. Where's Ellsworth?"

The question repeated itself to Pendleton marching down Yale Field. "Where's Ellsworth?" he wondered over and over. A vague uneasiness disquieted him through the bright turbulent afternoon, but it was not till he found himself in the midst of the mad dance all over the color-starred field, celebrating Yale's triumph, that it came to him, with that unreasonable certainty which boys call a "hunch," what had happened. Something had upset the man, and he had not come.

"Great Scott!" thought Pendleton; "it wouldn't surprise me if he had taken a train."

With that he knew that he must find him. It was hard to miss being with "the fellows" when they marched down the street together behind the class banner to make their call on the president; he cared very much that his voice should not be part of the ringing shout which would send up the name they all delighted to honor in the Yale cheer for the president of Yale. But somebody had got to see to Johnny Ellsworth.

He brushed an automobile as he left the grounds and, looking up, saw friends. "For the love of Heaven give me a lift," he begged. "And drive fast. Important business. I've got to get to town."

So that the sea of people had hardly begun to trickle back into the city when he was landed in front of head-quarters.

"Mr. Ellsworth here?" he demanded of the servant who met him.

"Just gone, sir."

"Gone? Where?" threw back Pendleton.

"Couldn't say, sir. But he had a dress-suit case. Perhaps he's took a train, sir."

Pendleton whirled. He looked about for a taxi, for anything to take him to the station; everything had gone to Yale Field. The servant, watching, understood. "Mr. Price's car, sir—" Pendleton vanished to the garage. In three minutes more he was whirling toward the station. In five minutes he was dashing

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through the archway to the tracks. A train was slowly pulling out. He looked up at the car windows helplessly as they past, and suddenly out of one of them Ellsworth's face of tragedy looked down at him. He caught at the hand-rail and swung on. He walked down the car and dropped down.

"Why the devil do you make a fellow run on a hot day?" he inquired, and fanned himself with his hat.

Ellsworth stared. "What's this for, Jimmy?" he said. "It's no good. I'm going."

"Old boy," said Jimmy Pendleton, "you're going to Stamford good and plenty. That's the first stop. I'm going there, too. But do you know what will happen then?" There was a lawless gleam in the speaker's eye. He went on: "We'll get off at Stamford, and we'll catch the next train up."

"No," said Ellsworth.

"My son, I don't want talking back," answered Pendleton. "We're going, you and I, to New Haven, to Digby and Loomis, who are hot on your trail, with that picayune little paper of yours. Digby took one look and told Loomis to lose no time pinching it for the government. So Loomis is sitting on the front steps waiting for you to come and pick up your everlasting fortune."

Then for one moment the good angel was frightened, for his charge turned pale and trembled.

"Cheer up, old man," adjured the good angel. "It's good news. It's all right."

"Jimmy, are you lying?" demanded Ellsworth.

"*Don't* be an ass, old chap," pleaded Jimmy earnestly. "It's Gospel truth. You've arrived. I never was so pleased in my life, Johnny. Give you my word." In a handful of sentences he told his tale.

"But what made you stampede, you old goat?" he inquired. "I thought you were happy as a clam after you had hypnotized us with that voice of yours. What got into you?"

And Ellsworth, laughing shakily, told his tale.

"Of course, I didn't say anything definite," Pendleton said, "because I wanted you to get the start as your right, not as a boost from me. I thought of Digby at once. So you couldn't bear it that I've got money," he added, a bit wistfully. "Why, that's all I've got. I haven't any music, or looks, or genius, or any boy, or—" —his voice broke on the little word, but he went on thickly—"or any Margaret."

There was an odd silence for a second, and Ellsworth slewed about and looked at him. Pendleton's commonplace blue eyes met his with a look not commonplace, a look defiant and tragic and lonely. The blind was down and the soul of the man was at its windows. Ellsworth's gaze was a question. Pendleton answered.

"Yes," he said, "that's it. I loved her. Nobody else, ever. But of course you won out. And you've had her. And you think your life has been hard. Fool, Johnny Ellsworth. Me, I've had millions —and nothing else. Millions aren't particularly cosey to live alone with."

Ellsworth's hand was on the other's now. "I never knew," he said, stammering the short words.

"Well, you know now," said Jimmy Pendleton, "and if you grudge me any fun I can get out of being a millionaire, you're a devil. That boy of yours, *I'm* going to send him to Yale. *I'm* going to take him abroad; I'm going to—oh, damn."

"What?" Ellsworth laughed.

"Why, you'll be rich in six months. The boy won't need me."

"You shall go halves in the boy, Jimmy," the other spoke brokenly. And then, in a flash: "There's a man in the class I must find now, and I don't know who he is."

"What do you mean?" Pendleton asked.

And Ellsworth told the story of his coming to New Haven. As he finished, staring with a new passion of affection at the bald head and unclassic profile turned from him to the flashing landscape, he felt his pulse leap and stand still. In that second he knew.

"Jim," he said, "it was you."

Pendleton turned his head and looked at him. "I suppose you'll want to pay me," he said sadly.

Ellsworth, quite careless of the hundred or so people about them, put his arm around the other's shoulder. "Never, Jimmy," he said. "You'll never see a cent of that money till your dying day.

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So give it up. And I'll never thank you. I—I can't."

"Go to thunder," remarked Pendleton savagely. And then, after a pause: "Wouldn't you have done it?"

"Margaret said that," Ellsworth threw at him. "Margaret said it would be selfish not to take it. She said that the man who did that thing in that way was heavenly. That's her word, heavenly."

There was no answer, but the slow red which spread to Jimmy Pendleton's bald head showed that he heard.

"I thought I had no friends," Ellsworth spoke a moment later. "I thought you fellows were kind-hearted, but would draw the line at taking any trouble."

"Johnny," said the other, "I want you to cut out that. It's poor. It's cheap. Don't be a conceited ass and think you're the only man with decent feelings. The cockles of your heart warm up when the class is concerned, don't they? You'd go a long way for one of us, wouldn't you? All right, then, why shouldn't we be as decent as you? We are; we're pretty fond of each other, and you're one of us. Moreover, you ungrateful chump, you're a special one, for that voice of yours gets us where nothing else can. Nobody gives a hang, except to regret it for you, if you've pulled off success or not. That's your damned self-consciousness, don't you know. And look here, Johnny, it's nothing new to say, but the world is full of friends if you'll hold out your hand and take 'em. Most people are kindly; they're only hesitating for fear you'll snub them, just the way you're hesitating. It's such a foolish waste of energy to be always on guard against a lot of well-meaning good souls. When we get back to New Haven to-night just look at the fellows with new glasses—try rose color. See a friend in each one of them; he's there all right."

"I'll do anything you say, Jim," said Johnny Ellsworth. "I believe in one man now for good. I didn't know a fellow could have as good a friend as——"

"Oh, shut up," said Jimmy Pendleton.

There is a celebration at Yale the night before commencement day which turns the campus into a stage-setting of an unearthly play. The scenery is an orgy of light and shadow; the music is a whirlpool of bands and voices of men. The towns-people are barred, but around Phelps's archway they gather by hundreds to watch the classes march through. For all over New Haven that night are class dinners, and from the dinners, which are early, the classes in costume march in procession and, carrying torches, pass into the campus. By nine or ten o'clock alumni are congregated there from all over the world, of all ages, from the lads who graduated three years back to gray-haired men who went out from college forty-five or fifty or even more years ago.

Around the edge of the campus are small tents, each forming a casual headquarters for a class, over a keg of beer. The bands play by turns or all together. The men sing as they march; the air is sulphurous with the reek of torches. In orange blurs against the thick air torches flame out, a dozen torches, a hundred, spotty, dancing on the smoke-filled atmosphere. The heavy air is pinkish; the windows of the buildings about flash red reflections. The quiet elms stand above this turmoil and rustle in the June night breeze.

"Welcome back, boys of mine," they seem to say. "You are mad with play to-night, but so were your grandfathers sometimes; so will be your grandsons. Come back to me always and play, always safe, always boys, under my branches."

And the pink smoke and the flaring red brightness lift to the branches and the light shines on the under side of the leaves and, against the absolute blackness of the night above, the million leaves of the campus elms have the air of carvings in the roof of a limitless cathedral.

The runaways had just missed at Stamford an up-bound train and had waited a long time for the next. When they finally landed at New Haven it was eight-thirty in the evening. They had dined en route, and Pendleton was in the blue blouse and cap which he had forgotten to change in the rush after the escaping Ellsworth. They stopped at head-quarters to leave Ellsworth's bag and to let him get into the class costume. Then, through the delirium of the town, the staid old New England town gone mad with color and uproar of two thousand "boys" of all ages, they hurried to College Street.

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In the tunnel of Phelps's archway Jim Donnelly, Yale policeman, friend of every Yale boy for uncounted years, opposed his authority to trespassers, let pass the rightful lords of the campus. He honored the late-comers, as they forced their way through the crowd, with a short nod.

"Better hurry up; the Thirties are at it," he admonished them.

Over the wall of the buildings one heard not a sound in College Street; even in the archway one did not hear. As the belated men stepped into the campus the noise burst on them like a clap of thunder.

Bands played, lights flashed, brilliant figures wove and interwove, men's voices filled all the air. Through the kaleidoscopic crowd a man might thread his way, but there was no empty space in the campus. It was pandemonium let loose. With that, one caught here and there a costume, a face, which one knew. Then, as they stood peering, out of the smoke and darkness, out of the mad uproar, coming to them as if out of a wood, was the head of a column of marching men. And the men wore blue blouses. The Thirties—his class—his friends. By the knowledge of the friend beside him he knew that. They came on, cheered, challenged, greeted now and again out of the waving, changing crowd, marching steadily along, the workmen of the nation.

And as they came, suddenly, by a miracle, the bands all stopped playing at once; there was a moment's lull and one heard individual voices in the half silence. And then their own band, the blue-bloused band of the Thirties, broke into an air; an indeterminate chord, and it swung full into the familiar rhythm of "Amici." The foremost men were at Phelps's archway by now and somebody shouted "Johnny Ellsworth," as they saw him and connected the song with his singing of it that morning. And behold, all along the line they were calling his name, as if they knew, as if they welcomed him back to hope and life and undying friendship.

Ellsworth, dizzy with happiness, took the torch that "little old Saint Peter" thrust at him, and fell into line beside a fat, short, bald-headed man whose face shone to him like the face of an angel. Digby and Loomis were ahead; he had met their smiling eyes, and he knew with a choking gladness that they knew that he had a right in this column of efficient workmen; that he had not come with empty hands to Mother Yale; that he, too, brought his offering of honorable work to lay on her altar. He could not find his voice; but the ambassador, turning, threw back a word.

"Sing, you devil," he ordered. "What are you good for, Johnny Ellsworth? Sing."

And with that the voice came, and above the others, clear and sweet through all the others, it lifted suddenly, with its undertone of words unsaid, of things men never tell; of friendship eternal. The strong tones of the world-worn men followed that wonderful voice and tears shone in some eyes as they sang, not knowing that the man who led them was sending up a thanksgiving.

So the Thirties marched about the campus, with torches flaring and bands playing and the classes shouting, and Ellsworth's voice led them singing "Amici."

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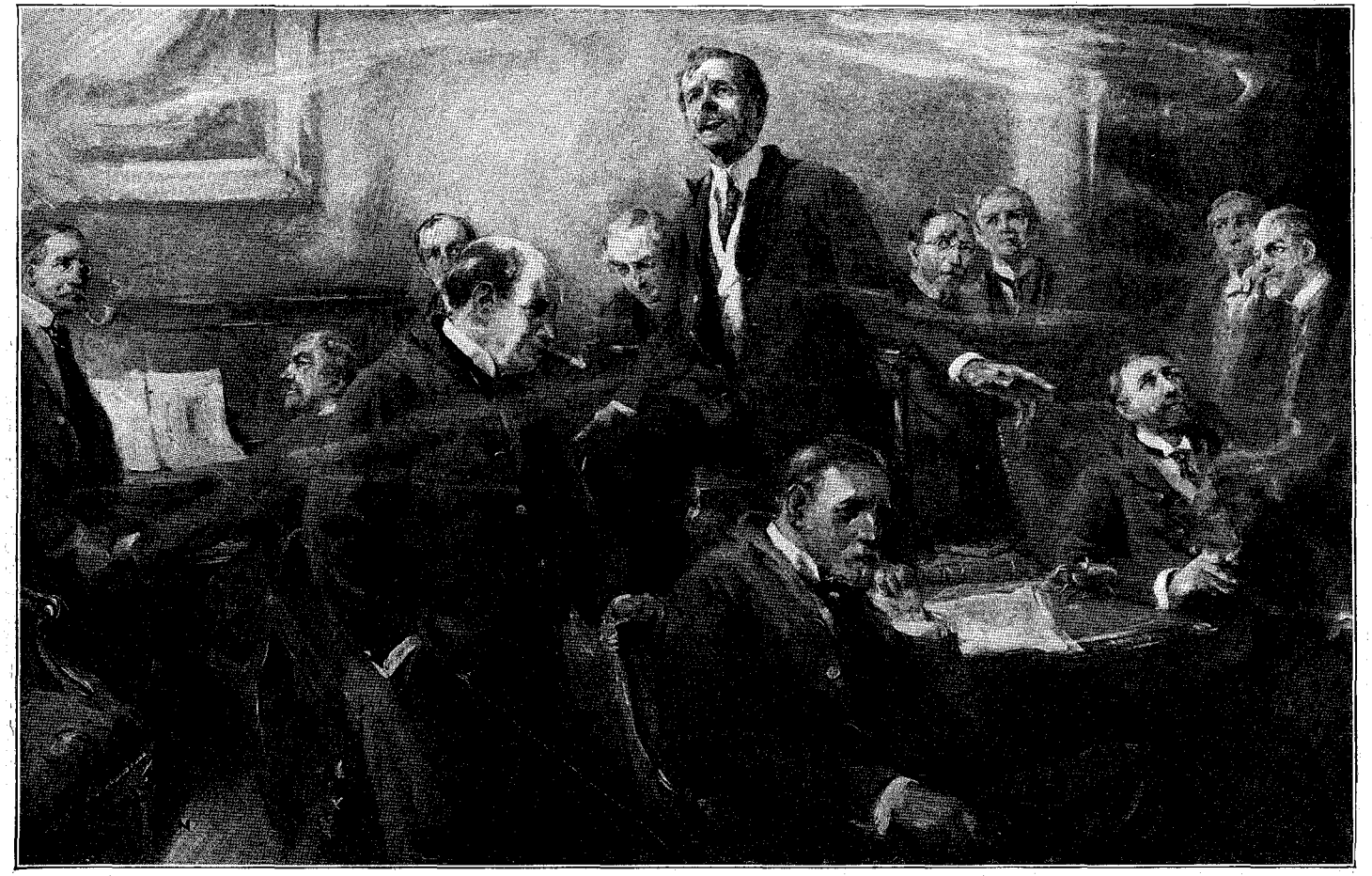

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The beautiful voice, with its haunting under-quality . . . floated out over the company of middle-aged men.—Page 96.

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MOHAMMEDAN HOLIDAYS

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN nothing is the natural soberness of the Turk more manifest than in his holidays. He keeps fewer of them than his Christian compatriot, and most of them he celebrates in such a way that an outsider would scarcely suspect the fact. This is partly, perhaps, a matter of temperament, and partly because Islam has not yet passed a certain stage of evolution. A holiday, that is, is still a holy day. Secular and patriotic festivals are everywhere of comparatively recent origin. In Turkey, where church and state are one to a degree now unknown in Western countries, there was no real national holiday until 1909. Then the first anniversary of the re-establishment of the constitution was celebrated on the 23d of July (July 10, old style). A highly picturesque celebration it was too, in Constantinople at least, with its magnificent array of rugs and mediæval tents on the Hill of Liberty, its review of troops by the Sultan, its procession of the guilds of the city, and its evening illuminations.

Illuminations, however, were not invented by the constitution. Long before a 23d or a 4th of July were, the splendor-loving Sultan Ahmet III discovered how unparalleled a theatre for such displays were the steep shores of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. The accession day of the reigning sovereign made an annual occasion for great families to set their houses and gardens on fire with an infinity of little oil lamps and, in all literalness, to keep open house. This was the one purely secular holiday of the year—unless I except the day of Hidr Elyess. Hidr or Hizr Elyess is a distant relative of the Prophet Elijah, of the God Apollo, and I suspect of personages still more antique. His day coincides with that of the Greek St. George, namely April 23d, old style, or May 6th according to our mode of reckoning. I must add that he is frowned upon in orthodox circles, and feasted only in Constantinople or other localities subject to Greek influence. Nevertheless, many men who scorn the authenticity of his claims to reverence scorn not to go forth into the fields on his day, where they roast a lamb on a spit, eat *pilaf*, and otherwise rejoice over the return of the sun. Perhaps they do so the more willingly because their co-religionaries the Persians keep in that way, a few weeks earlier, their own feast of *Nevrouz*. *Nevrouz*, New Day, is the most sensible New Year's I know, falling as it does at the vernal equinox. The Turks also observe *Nevrouz*, to the degree of sending each other pots of sweetmeat and poetical wishes that life may be as free from bitterness.

Having made these exceptions to the rule that holidays are holy days in Turkey, I now perceive I must make one more. It is almost as trifling as the last, however, for New Year's is scarcely a holiday at all with the Turks. It is not a day of feasting, of visit-paying, or of present-giving. Persons of sufficiently exalted rank go to the palace to felicitate the Sultan or to inscribe their names in his register, and each receives a new gold piece—of no great denomination in these economical days. Ordinary mortals content themselves with exchanging good wishes and small change—lucky pennies, as it were. A penny is the luckier if it is obtained on some pretext, without mentioning the day. About this day is none of the monotonous invariability which distinguishes our own calendar. It is, indeed, the first day of the first month, *Mouharrem*, but of the old lunar year of Arabia. It therefore falls eleven days earlier every year, making the backward round of the seasons in a cycle of thirty-three years. A further element of latitude enters into its determination, and that of other strictly Mohammedan holidays, by the fact that the month is not

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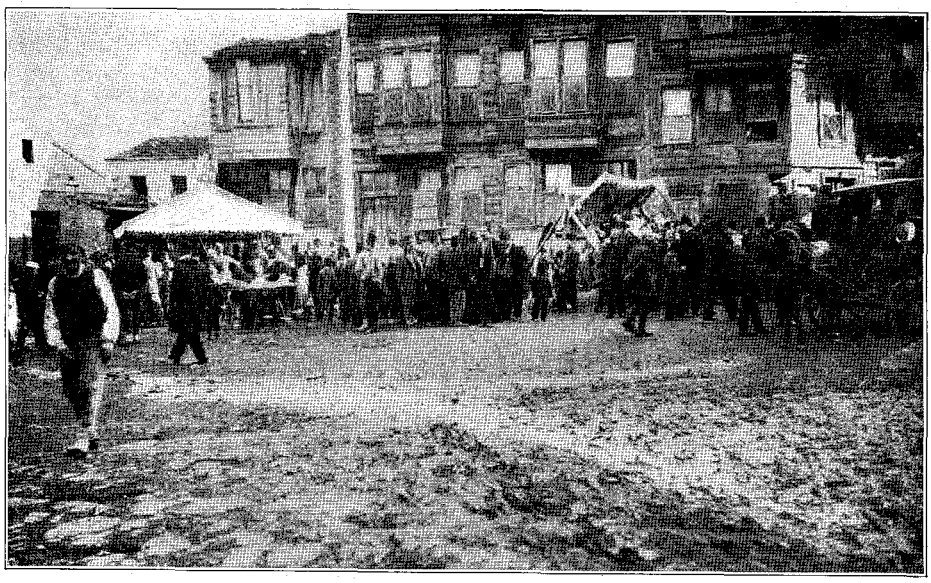
supposed to begin until the new moon has been discovered by the naked eye. In the good old times this verification of the calendar gave rise to most refreshing divergences of opinion. New Year's might be celebrated in different towns on a number of different days, according to the cloudiness of the sky; or, in a case of a conflict of



All the open spaces of the Mohammedan quarters are utilized for fairs and playgrounds.—Page 109.

authorities, two days might even be celebrated in the same town. But the advent of the telegraph and a growing laxity in interpretations have brought it about that some one in the empire is pretty sure to see the new moon at the right hour. The day of the ascertaining of the new moon has a name of its own, *arifeh*. And mark that a Mohammedan, like a Hebrew day, begins and ends at sunset. The celebration of the eve of a holiday in Western countries is doubtless due to the old prevalence of the same usage.

The true holidays of Islam are connected with the life and teachings of its founder. These are seven in mumber. They commemorate the birth of the Prophet (12th of the third moon, *Rebi-ül-Evel*); his conception (6th of the seventh moon, *Rejeb*); his ascension—accomplished, be it remembered, during his lifetime—(27th *Rejeb*); the revelation and completion of his mission (15th of the eighth moon, *Shaban*, and 27th of the ninth, *Ramazan*); the close of the fast of *Ramazan* (1st *Sheval*); and the sacrifice Abraham (10th of the last moon, *Zilhijeh*). This is not the place to discourse of comparative religions, but it is interesting to note in passing the relation between these observances and those of the two other great religions which had their origin so near Arabia. This relation is further indicated by the lenten month of *Ramazan*, and by the paschal week of *Kourban Baïram*. It is characteristic, however, of the puritanism of Islam and of the Prophet's desire to put from him every pretence of divinity that his own anniversaries are celebrated the most simply. They have never been an occasion, like the great Christian festivals, for general feasting. On Mohammed's birthday, to be sure—known as *Mevloud*, from a celebrated panegyric of the Prophet read in the mosques on that day—the hours of prayer are announced by cannon, and sweets are distributed, particularly to the poor and to orphan children. Otherwise the outsider knows of these anniversaries only by the illumination of the galleries of minarets. Whence the holy nights have come to be called the Nights of Lamps. This custom dates from the reign of Sultan Mo-

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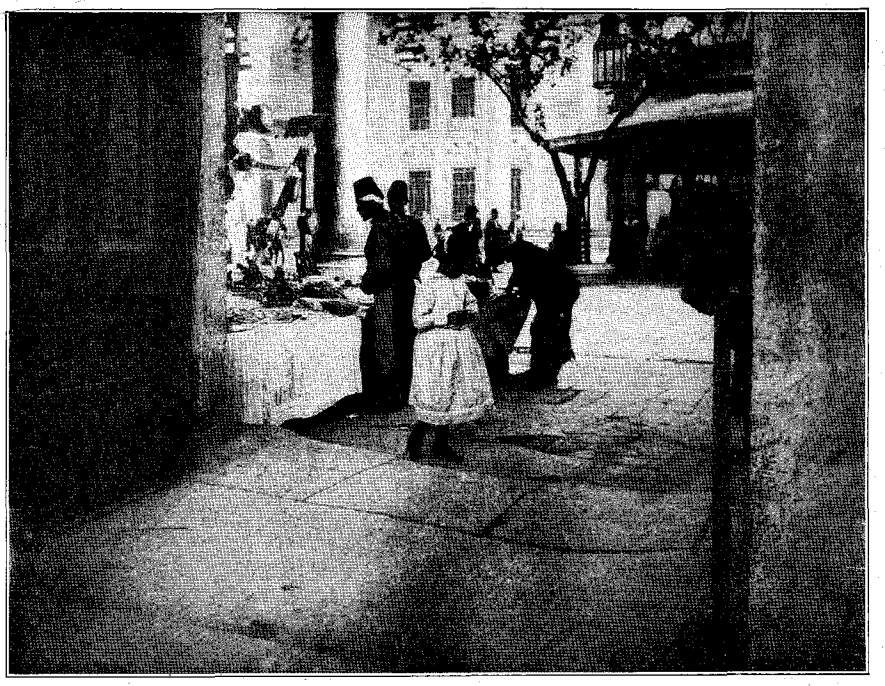

Candy-stand in the court of the Mosque of the Conqueror.

hammed III, whose *Müfti* Bostanzadeh instituted it.

Equally characteristic, in a different way, are the two general holidays of the Mohammedan calendar. They are both known as *Baïram*—feast—and the outsider has no difficulty in being aware of them. Indeed, it would be rather difficult to remain unaware of so much cannon-firing and flag-flying. The month of *Ramazan* has certain festal features, but they are largely discounted by the total fast which every good Moslem observes during the daylight hours. The close of *Ramazan* is marked by three days of unlimited festivity. This, the lesser *Baïram*, is called *Sheker* or sometimes *Mendil Baïram*—Sugar or Handkerchief Feast. Then people exchange sweets and handkerchiefs, if nothing else. It is, however, the time to tip servants and dependants, to make presents, to discharge debts, and in general to fulfil the law of the Prophet by dispensing *zekyaat*, the surplus of one's goods. I was once presented with an interesting little leaflet, printed in silver, which was less a discreet advertisement than a tract as to the true Moslem's duty in this regard. It represented half a fruit of the tree *touba*, under which in paradise all true believers will gather on the resurrection day, and the seeds of this fruit were circles in which were printed the exact quantity of certain comestibles to be given away at *Baïram*. Preparations for this generosity may be seen during the afternoons of *Ramazan*, when the bazaars and the fashionable street of Shehzadeh-Bashi are crowded with shoppers. The court-yard of the mosque of Baïezid II, popularly known as the Pigeon Mosque, is also turned into a fair during *Ramazan*. There the *beau monde* of Stamboul resorts, that is to say the masculine part of it, two or three hours before sunset. Sweetmeats are by no means all that you may buy. Eatables of all sorts, perfumes, tobacco, cigarette-holders, and beads of amber and other materials are also sold, beside silks and rugs. In Abdul Hamid's time there was always a booth for the sale of porcelain from his little factory at Yildiz. And every year the ancient pottery works of Kütahya send up a consignment of their decorative blue ware.

Both *Baïrams* are an occasion for pay-

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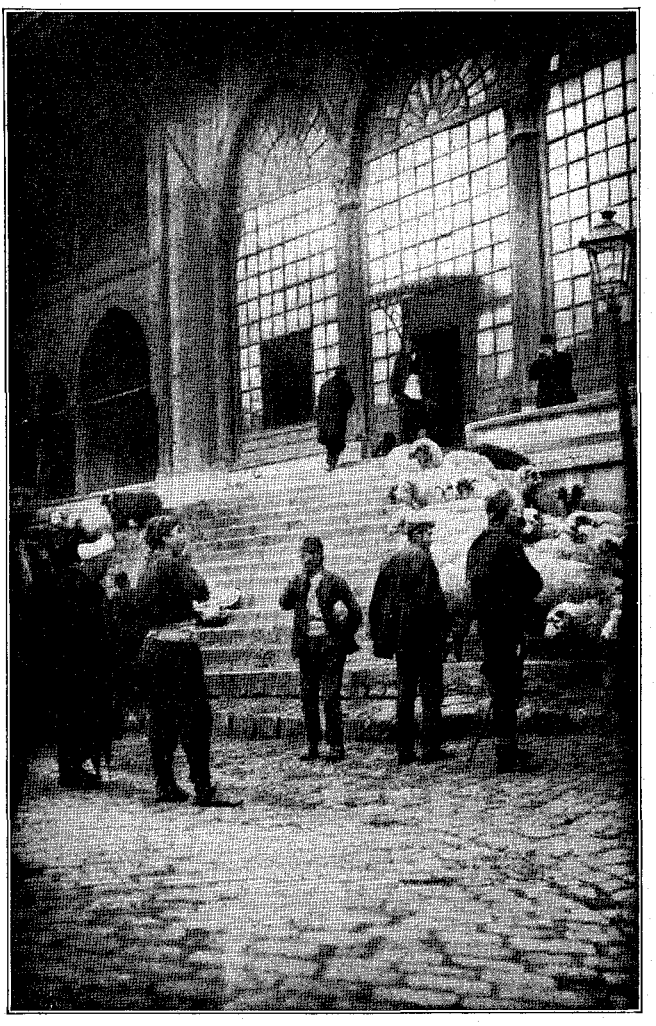
ing visits. Everybody calls on everybody else, so that it is a wonder if anybody is found at home. In the case of the Sultan, however, there is no uncertainty. On the first morning of each *Baïram* he holds a great levee, which is attended by every one of a certain rank. The ceremony has taken place every year since the time of Baïezid the Thunderbolt, who held his court in Broussa in the fourteenth century. Foreigners take no part in this *Mouayedeh* (exchange of feast-day wishes), or *Baise-main* as they prefer to call it, but the diplomatic corps and other notables of the European colony are invited to watch it from the gallery of the throne-room. Or sometimes a humbler individual may be introduced in the suite of his embassy, as was the fortune of the present scribe on the occasion of the first *Baise-main* of Sultan Mehmet V.



Sheep-market at Yeni Jami, Stamboul.

It rather reminded me of youthful operatic days to march through the endless corridors and to climb the immeasurable stairs of Dolma Baghcheh Palace—the Palace of the Filled-in Garden—and to look down at last from the high east gallery of the throne-room. The top galleries of my youthful days, however, did not contain gilt chairs upholstered in blue-

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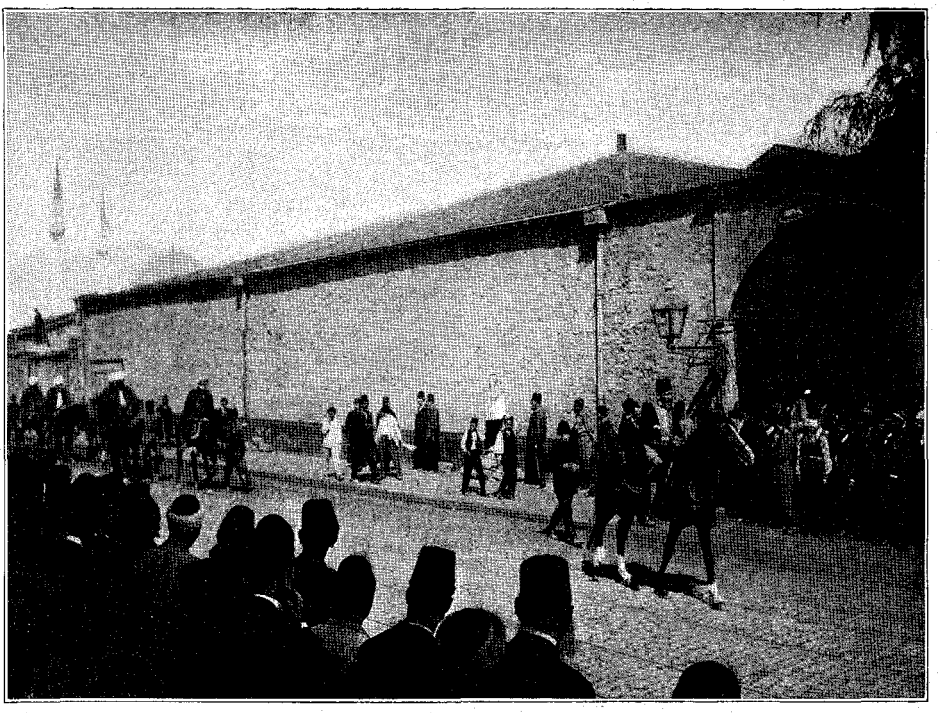

The *Emir-ül-Haj*, the official head of the caravan, with much gold embroidery on his long coat.—Page 114.

and-white satin, or buffets set out with gold plate and presided over by lackeys in red and gold. The lackeys, though, did look a little like the stage. While a Turk makes a magnificent soldier or horseman, he never attains, impassive though he be, the sublime superiority of a European footman. Is it that his livery is unnatural, or is the human in him too strong to be quite purged away? The operatic impression was further carried out by a crystal chandelier swinging from the dome exactly where it would cut off somebody's view, and by the rococo arches surrounding the central square of the throne-room. This huge space was empty, save for a smaller crystal chandelier standing at each corner and a covered throne in the middle of the west side. The throne was a small red-and-gold sofa, as we presently saw when an old gentleman removed the cover. He also looked carefully under the throne, as might a queen apprehensive of burglars or mice; but I suppose it was to make sure no bomb was there.

In the meantime the courtiers began to assemble: the cabinet at the left of the throne, the army and navy—in much gold lace—at right angles to the cabinet, the church under the east gallery. On the south side of the hall, facing the military, stood for the first time the new parliament. The senators, who have all been official personages in their day, wore their various uniforms of state. The deputies looked very European in evening dress and white gloves, but capped of course with the fez of rigor. Last to come in, taking their stand at the right of the throne, were the imperial princes. They had been waiting with the Sultan in an adjoining room, where they had paid homage to him in private. Then, preceded by the grand master of ceremonies, the Sultan himself entered. Every one made a *temenna* to the ground, that graceful triple sweep of the hand which is the Turkish form of salutation, while a choir hidden under one of the galleries chanted: "Thou wilt live long with thy glory, O Sultan, if God wills. Great art thou, but forget not that One is greater." For those who had made obeisance the year before and many other years to Abdul

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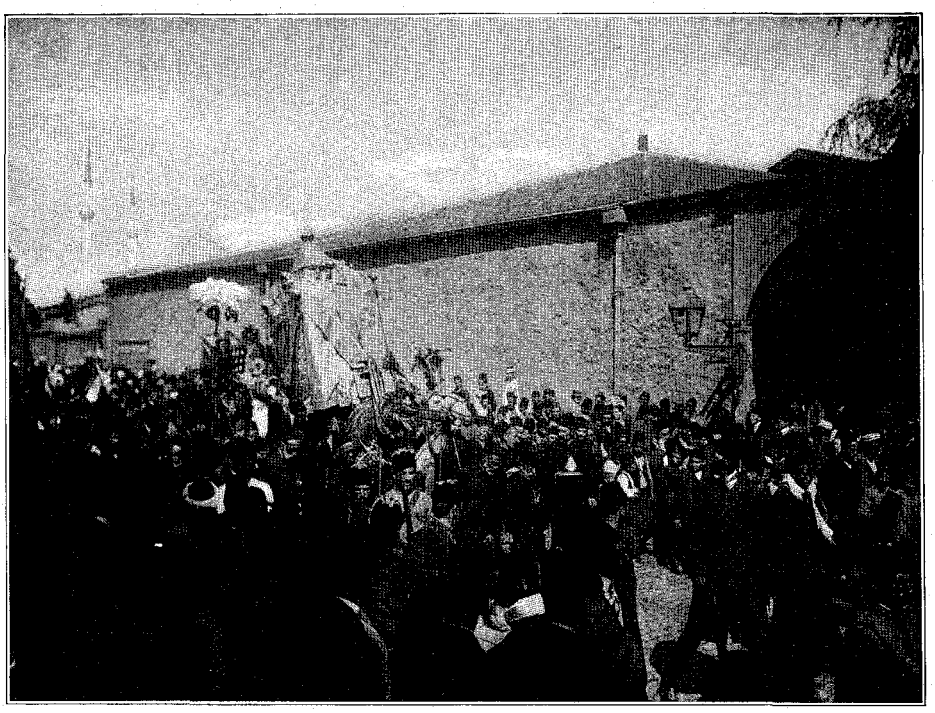

An irregular crowd of priests . . . chanting at the top of their voices, followed by the big camel.—Page 114.

Hamid II there must have been something strangely moving in the spectacle of the kindly faced old man, after all not very majestic in person, who walked a little as if his shoes were too tight yet who took his place at the head of that great company with the natural dignity of his house and race. He wore a stubby new beard acquired since his accession; for it is not meet that the Commander of the Faithful should go shorn.

The ceremony was opened by a little old man in green, the *Nakib ül Eshraf*, whose business it is to keep the pedigrees of the descendants of the Prophet. He appeared from behind one of the crystal chandeliers, bowed low in front of majesty, made a deep *temenna*, stepped backward, and offered a prayer. The Sultan and all the other Moslems present listened to it with their hands held up in front of them, palms inward. Then the first chamberlain of the court, holding a red-velvet scarf fringed with gold, took his place at the left of the throne; the band in the north gallery—and a very good one—began to play, and the *baise-main* commenced. It was not a literal *baise-main*. I suppose the Sultan could hardly be expected to hold out his hand long enough for several hundred people to kiss. It was a *baise-écharpe* rather, as the grand vizier was the first to prove. He made the *temenna* —or salamed, as we put it in English—stepped in front of the Sultan and salamed a second time, kissed the chamberlain's scarf and touched it to his forehead, salamed a third time, and backed to his place. Hilmi Pasha was followed by his colleagues in order. When the last of them had paid homage, the chamberlain passed behind the throne to the right, and it was the turn of parliament. The senators, for most of whom the *baise-main* was no novelty, followed the example of the cabinet. But when it came to the deputies, they emphasized a new order of things by merely saluting, without kissing the scarf. To their speaker, the ex-exile Ahmet Riza Bey, the Sultan paid the honor of offering his hand. Ahmet Riza Bey started to kiss it, but the Sultan prevented him, at the same time drawing him forward past the throne and giving

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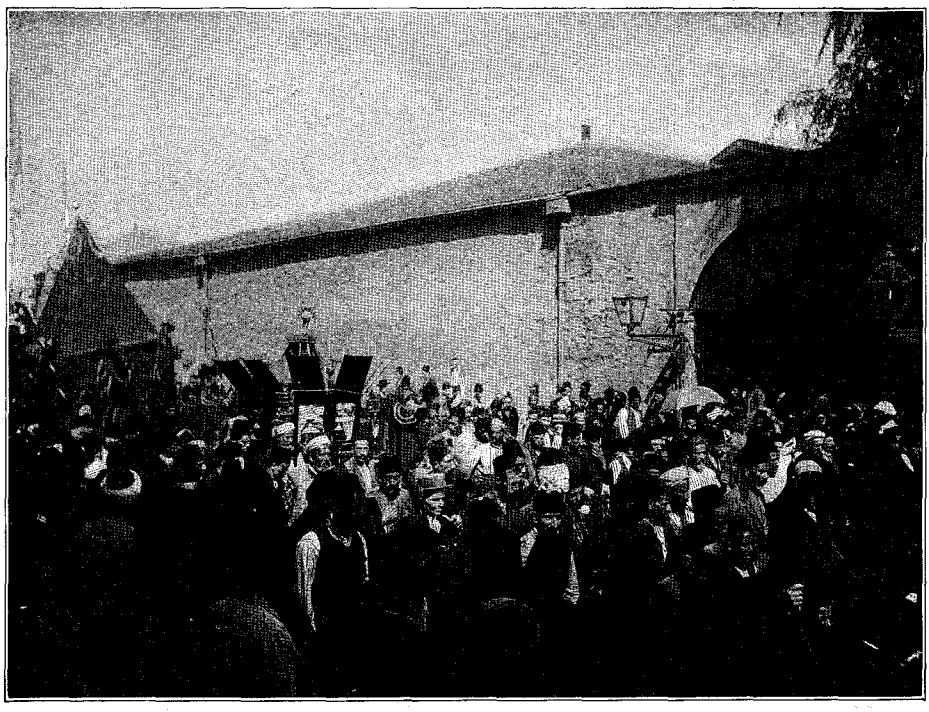

The palanquin.

him a place at the left beyond the grand vizier.

The most picturesque part of the ceremony was when the *ulema*, the dignitaries of the cult, in their gold-collared robes and white turbans ornamented by a band of gold, paid homage. They did not come singly, as had their predecessors, but in a long flowing line of color. At their head marched the *Sheikh ül Islam*, the highest religious official in the empire, who is also a minister of state. He wears white, like the Pope. He was followed by the *Sherif* Ali Haïdar Bey, Minister of Pious Foundations. This handsome green-robed Arab is one of the greatest aristocrats in Islam, being an authentic descendant of the Prophet. And he has, if you please, an English wife. After him came a brilliant company of lesser green robes, followed by a succession of fawn-colored and purple ones. Four dark blues and one sombre gray-beard in black made a period to the procession. It had, to the detached gallery-god view, the appearance of a particularly effective ballet as it advanced in a line parallel to the diplomatic gallery, turned half-way across the hall at right angles, moved forward to the throne, and backed out as it came. And the band did not a little to forward the detachment of the gallery-god view by irreverently playing a potpourri from "Carmen" as the fathers of the cult made obeisance before the throne. The *ulema* were followed by the heads of the non-Moslem religions of the empire. This also was an innovation, and the Greek patriarch made a brief address in honor of it. Last of all the army, the navy, and the civil dignitaries took their turn. This time the band played the march from "Tannhäuser"; and with real courtiers paying homage to a real ruler in a real throne-room, to that music, illusion became fantastic. When the last member of the official hierarchy had made his last *temenna* the Sultan withdrew, followed by the court, while the visitors in the gallery were invited to refresh themselves at the buffet. Then the chiefs of missions and their wives—but not humble individuals in their suites—were invited, by way of further innovation, to have audience of his majesty.

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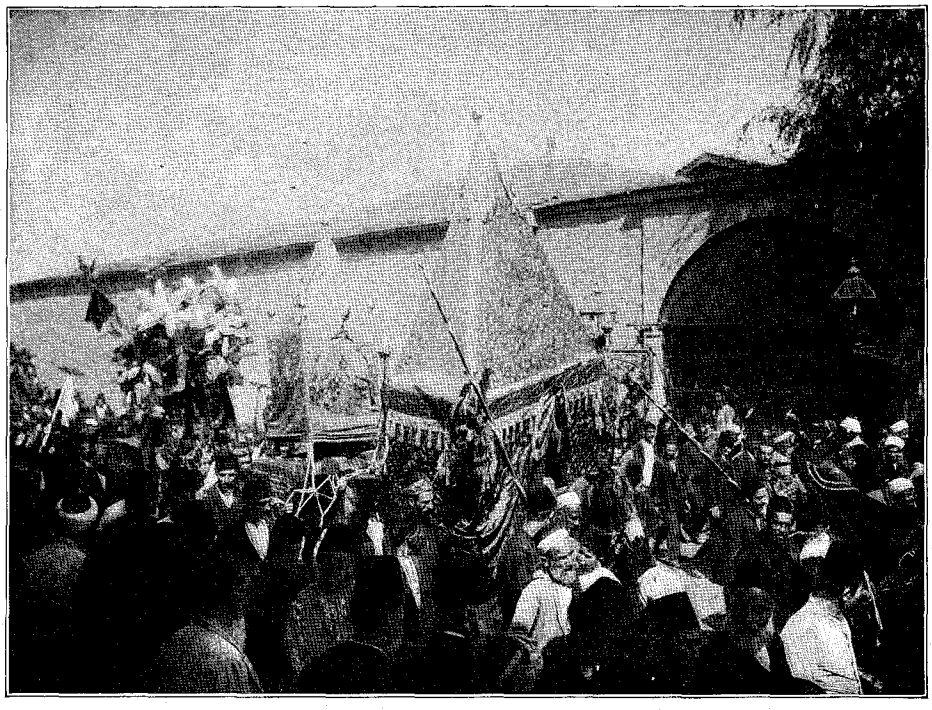

Housings in the Sacred Caravan.

The unofficial side of *Baïram* is quite as full of color in its more scattered way. Then every man who can afford it, or whose master can, puts on a new suit of clothes. He at least dons something new, if only a gay handkerchief about his fez or neck. It is interesting to stand at some busy corner in a Turkish quarter and watch the crowd in its party-colored holiday finery. Friends meeting each other stop, seize a hand between their two, and solemnly rub cheeks. Inferiors try to kiss the hand of superiors, who try in turn to snatch the hand away, their success depending on the degree of their superiority. And everybody wishes everybody else a blessed *Baïram*. The *bekjis*, watchmen who have beaten drums during the nights of Ramazan in order to get people up in time for their last meal, march about collecting tips. They announce themselves by their drums, to which they often add a pipe or a small violin, and they carry a pole that is gaudy with the handkerchiefs people give them. The sound of music, however, often means that dancing is on. There is sure to be something of the sort wherever Kürds or Laz gather together. Your true Turk is too dignified for such frivolities. And be it well understood that the only women who dance in the open at *Baïram* are gypsies, hussies who love to deck themselves out in yellow and who blush not to reveal their faces or their ankles. I regret that I am too little of an expert in matters terpsichorean to enter into the fine points of these performances. I can no more than sketch out an impression of a big green tent in some vacant lot, of the high lights of brass that go with tea and coffee drinking in its shadow, and of fiercely mustachioed persons in tall felt caps, in hooded or haply goatskin jackets, and in wide trousers, if they be Kürds, or of slighter Laz with tight black legs that bulge out at the top and hoods picturesquely knotted about their heads, who join hands and begin very slowly a swaying step that grows wilder and wilder with the throbbing of a demon drum.

It is the children, however, to whom *Baïram* chiefly belongs. In their honor all the open spaces of the Mohammedan

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quarters are utilized for fairs and playgrounds. The principal resort of the kind is the yard surrounding the Mosque of the Conqueror—or it used to be before gardens were planted there. I discovered it quite by accident, one day when I went to Stamboul to see how *Baïram* was being celebrated and saw a quantity of carts, dressed out with flags and greens, full of children. I followed the carts until I came upon the most festive confusion of voices, of tents, of music, of horses, of donkeys, of itinerant venders, of fezzed papas, of *charshafed* mammas, of small girls in wonderful silks and satins, and small boys as often as not in the uniform of generals. Amidst them I remarked with particular pleasure a decorative Arab in white, who strode about with a collection of divinatory green birds. A countryman of his had a funny little peep-show, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, into which I was dying to look but considered myself too dignified to do so. Neither did I go into the tent which bore this ingratiating sign: "Ici on expose animaux vivans et la demoiselle laquelle à la poitrine une cavité." In other tents the physical man was more particularly catered to. Indeed, stuffing seems to be the great affair of *Baïram*. I must not omit, however, the numerous contrivances for inducing motion more or less violent. Merry-go-rounds propelled by hand, swings in the form of boats, milder swings for girls where one could sit under an awning like a lady and run no risk of being dashed to death, and a selection of miniature vehicles for the very little person, were so many arguments against Mr. Kipling and the East-is-East theory. Another argument was put forward by the discreet gambler, with his quick eye for the police, who in various familiar ways tempted youth to flirt with destiny.

It was with some misgiving that I first entered this assemblage, mine being the only hat and camera visible. But during the several *Baïrams* that I returned there no one ever seemed to resent my presence except one young and zealous police officer who made up his mind that I had no other purpose in visiting the fair of Fatih than to take photographs of ladies. At a tent where wrestling was going on they once demanded a pound of me for admission, supposing that I was a post-card man and would make vast gains out of their entertainment. But at another, where I paid the customary ten cents or less, I was invited into the place of honor; and there, no seats being left, a naval officer insisted on my occupying his—because, as he said, I was an amateur of the great Turkish sport and a guest, *i. e.*, a foreigner. Occidental hospitality does not often take that particular form. Another trait struck my transatlantic eye when I happened once to be at Fatih on the last day of *Baïram*. The barkers had all been shouting: "Come, children! Come! To-morrow is not *Baïram!*" Presently cannon banged to announce *ikindi*, the afternoon hour of prayer, which is both the beginning and the end of *Baïram*. All about me I heard people saying: "*Baïram* is finished." And *Baïram* was finished. It was only the middle of a sunny afternoon, and in any other country the merry-making would have gone on till night. But the children went away, and men began taking down the swings and tents in the most philosophical manner. In 1911 *Baïram* was hardly celebrated at all, as a mark of mourning for the Italian war.

The greater *Baïram*, called *Kourban Baïram*, or the Feast of Sacrifice, is more of a religious observance. It lasts one day longer than the other. It commemorates, as I have said, the sacrifice of Abraham. According to Mohammedan tradition, however, Ishmael and not Isaac was the hero of that occasion. In memory of the miracle of his escape every household that can afford to do so sacrifices at least one ram on the tenth *Zilhijeh*. Among the rich a ram is provided for each member of the family, and those who have recently died are not forgotten. It is also the custom to make presents of rams, as between friends, engaged couples, and masters and dependants. The Sultan is naturally distinguished among these donors by the scale of his generosity. He gives a sacrificial ram to each of the imperial mosques and theological schools, as well as to those whom he delights to honor. These huge creatures belong to a very aristocratic race. They are bred by a semi-religious, semi-agricultural community called the *Sayeh Ojaghi*, established since the early days of the conquest in the

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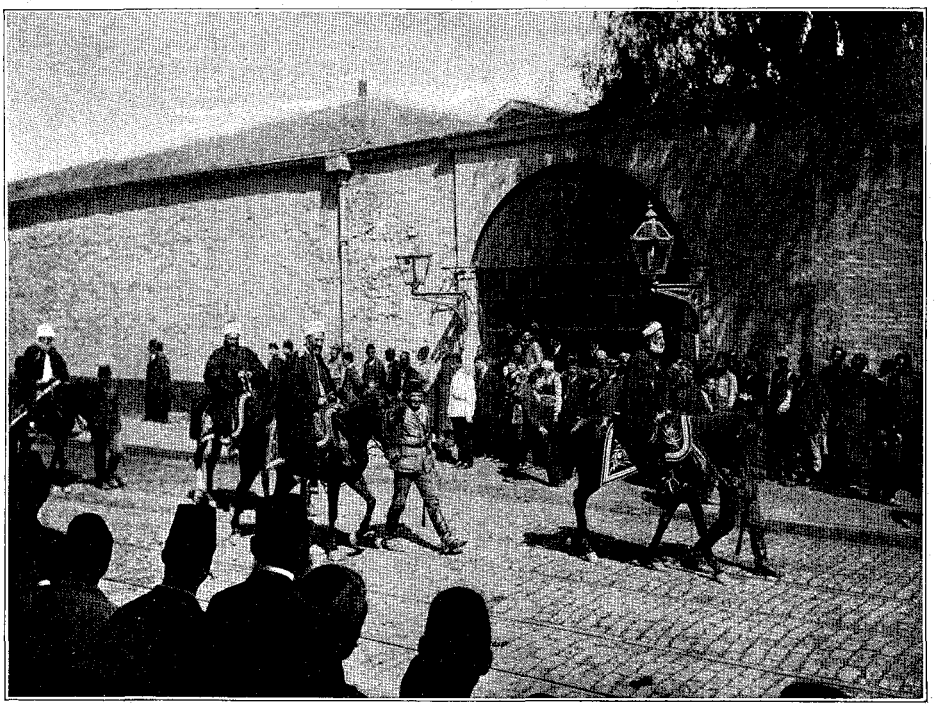
inner valley of the Golden Horn. The members of this community still maintain their mediæval customs and costumes and enjoy certain traditional privileges. In return for these they rear the imperial rams, which they bring in procession to the palace every year about a week before *Kourban Baïram*. There the rams are bathed, their horns and hoofs are gilded, and they are further adorned by velvet muzzles a-glitter with gold fringe and mirror glass. It is not an uncommon sight, although in the already mythic days of Abdul Hamid it was far more common to see an immaculate aide-de-camp driving in an open victoria with one of these gaudy companions.



Church fathers in the Sacred Caravan.

It naturally requires a great many rams to supply the demand of *Kourban Baïram*. Consequently the open spaces of the Mohammedan quarters are full of baa-ing and bargaining for a week or ten days before the sacrifice. The landing-stages of Scutari and Beshiktash are head-quarters of this traffic, Top-Haneh, and the vicinity of the mosques of Yeni Jami, St. Sophia, Mohammed II, and Baïezid II. The last is perhaps the largest and most characteristic of these markets. Single rams that have been grown for the occasion stand picketed near the mosque awaiting a well-to-do purchaser. They are sometimes as large and as gayly dressed as the Sultan's rams. They wear a necklace of blue beads to keep off the evil eye, and bits of their uncut fleece will be tied up with tinsel or ribbon. I remember one who had a red-silk sash on which was printed his name in gold letters—*Arslan*, lion. Such a *kourban* represents a sacrifice of five to fifteen pounds. Most buyers prefer to patronize the shepherds who bring their flocks into the city for the occasion. These shepherds, usually Albanians, make a very picturesque addition to the scene with their huge square-shouldered cloaks of felt fancifully painted in red and blue. The sheep, too, are daubed with color, to distinguish one flock from another. They sell for rather less than a pound apiece, growing cheaper as the day of sacrifice approaches. It is amusing to watch and to

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listen to the bargaining that goes on between shepherd and householder until their demands come within sight of each other. Most amusing, though, is it to see the ram—which I suspect is not seldom a sheep—when the bargain is made, carried away pickaback by one of the innumerable *hamals* who hang around for such an opportunity. These strange couples are the characteristic harbinger of *Kourban Baïram*, the ram staring over the man's shoulder with vast apparent interest in the sights he sees, his hind quarters making the roundest and most comfortable curve in the small of the *hamal's* back.

The actual sacrifice I have never seen, and I hope I never may. I once witnessed a cinematographic representation of what takes place at the palace, and that was enough for me. The moving pictures represented his majesty returning from early morning prayer, alighting at the great door of Dolma Baghcheh, and greeting the dignitaries there assembled to receive him. He then read a brief prayer, took a knife from a platter handed him by an attendant, and passed it to the actual executioner. In theory the head of each house is supposed to perform the sacrifice. The flesh must be given away, and the fleece, or its proceeds, is used for some charitable purpose.

I had been in and out of Constantinople a good many years before I even heard of the Sacred Caravan. The first I heard of it then was on the bridge one day, when I became aware of a drum beating out a curious slow rhythm: *one*, two, *three*, *four*, five, six; *one*, two, *three*, *four*, five, six. I waited to see what would happen, and presently from the direction of Stamboul straggled a procession that of course I had no camera to photograph, against the gray dome and springing minarets of Yeni Jami. It was led by two men with tomtoms, beating in unison the rhythm I had heard. I later learned that those tomtoms have a special name, *kyöz*. After the drummers marched a number of boys in pairs, carrying small furled flags of red silk embroidered with gold. Behind the boys strode a serious-looking person who held a small round shield and a drawn sword. He was followed by a man bearing a big green standard, embroidered and fringed with gold, on a white staff tipped by a sort of brass lyre in which were Arabic letters. Next came a palanquin of white wood slung between mules. It had glass windows and wooden shutters, and looked very cosey with its red-silk cushions; but nobody was there to enjoy them. In the rear of the palanquin were men carrying staves with bunches of dyed ostrich feathers at their tips, like enormous dusters. And then slouched along a magnificent camel. He wore a green-silk saddlecloth embroidered in white, and above that a tall green-silk hoodah with gold embroidery; and ostrich plumes nodded from him in tufts, and at his knees he wore caps of colored beads. Behind him trotted a lot of mules in pairs, all loaded with small hair trunks. I did not know that the trunks were full of presents for the good people of Mecca and Medina.

So lamentable a state of ignorance would not be possible, I suppose, in Cairo, where the annual departure of the *Mahmal* is one of the stock sights. But if the Constantinople caravan attracts less attention in the larger city, it is the more important of the two. The Sultan Bibars Boundoukdari, founder of the Mameluke dynasty of Egypt in the seventh century, was the first to send every year to Mecca a richly caparisoned camel with a new cover for the Kaaba. In the process of time other gifts were sent by the Sacred Caravan to both the holy cities. The first of the Turkish sultans to imitate this pious custom was Mohammed I, builder of the beautiful Green Mosque in Broussa. His great-great-grandson Selim I conquered Egypt in 1517, and with Egypt the relics of the Prophet and the insignia of the caliphate, which were removed to Constantinople. Having become by virtue of his conquest Protector and Servitor of the Holy Cities, Selim largely increased the generosity of his fathers. His descendants of to-day are unable to display the same munificence, but the annual *sourreh* still forms the strongest material bond between Turkey and Arabia. It consists of money in bags, of robes, of uncut cloth, and of a certain kind of biscuit. As for the covering of the Kaaba, it is still made in Egypt and sent from there. The old coverings afford quite a revenue to the eunuchs in charge of the

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temple. The smallest shred is a relic of price, while a waistcoat of the precious fabric is supposed to make the wearer invulnerable and is a fit present for princes. The hangings for the Prophet's tomb at Medina, changed less frequently, are woven in Constantinople. The work is a species of rite in itself, being performed in a room of the old palace, near the depositary of the relics of the Prophet, by men who must be ceremonially pure, dressed in white.

The arrival of the imperial presents in Mecca is planned to coincide with the ceremonies of the greater pilgrimage. These take place at the Feast of Sacrifice, which with the two days preceding constitutes the holy week of Islam. Pilgrimage is a cardinal duty of every Moslem, expressly enjoined in the twenty-second *Sura* of the Koran. The first *Haj* took place during the lifetime of the Prophet, and every year since then has seen the faithful gather in Mecca from the four quarters of the Mohammedan world. Constantinople is one of their chief rallying-places, as being the seat of the Caliph and the natural point of departure for the pilgrims of northern Asia. These holy palmers add a note of their own to the streets of the capital during their seasons of migration, with their quilted coats of many colors, their big turbans, and their Mongol caste of feature. The day for the departure of the Sacred Caravan is the eve of *Berat Guejessi*, or the night when Gabriel revealed his mission to the Prophet. This is nearly four months before the great day of *Kourban Baïram*. In the times when the caravan marched overland from Scutari to Mecca, four months was none too much. But the pilgrimage has been vastly shortened in these days of steam, and will be shorter still when the last links of rail are laid between Constantinople and Mecca. For the time being, however, the Sacred Caravan still makes its official departure on the traditional day, going over to Scutari and waiting there until it is ready to embark for Beïrout. It makes a stop of twenty-five days in Damascus, where the imperial benevolence begins, and thence it proceeds by the new Hejaz railway to Medina.

Behind that rode an official holding out on a red-satin cushion an autograph letter from the Sultan.—Page 114.

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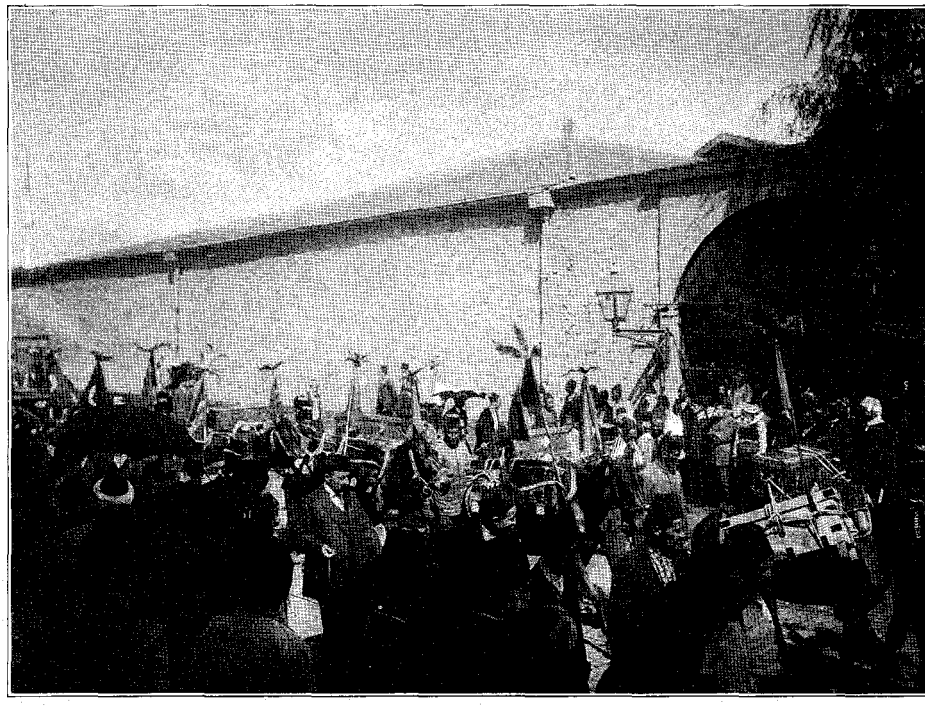

Tied with very new rope to the backs of some thirty mules . . . were the quaint little hair trunks.—Page 115.

The ceremonial attending the departure of the Sacred Caravan is one of the last bits of Oriental color left in Constantinople. I have now seen it several times, however, and every year it seems to lose something. My best procession was my first, which also happened to be the last under a Caliph of absolute power to draw upon the public funds. And although I had a camera with me that time I was not allowed to use it. The convoy I had encountered on the bridge was merely a preliminary of the true pageant, escorting the *sourreh* from the Ministry of Pious Foundations to Yildiz Palace. There the presents, installed for two days under rich tents, were inspected by Abdul Hamid and given into the custody of the *Sourreï Emini*. Then after an imposing religious ceremony the Sacred Caravan commenced its march. For a humble spectator without the palace walls the first intimation of its approach was given by several carriages of palace ladies, who take an unofficial part in most public spectacles. Religious and military dignitaries also began sauntering down the road, which was bordered by soldiers, with an air of dispersing after some important function. Presently a double line of cavalrymen came into sight, preceding more religious and military dignitaries on horseback. One of them was the *Emir-ül-Haj*, the official head of the caravan, with much gold embroidery on his long coat. His post, still an important one, was far more so in the days when the caravan was less certain to escape attack on the way. Some of the horses, particularly of the *ulema*, were led by grooms; others were followed by orderlies carrying big cloth bundles. The body of the procession was made up of an irregular crowd of priests, officers, eunuchs, palace servants, and nondescripts of various sorts, chanting at the top of their voices, followed by the big camel I had already seen and the palanquin. But there were eight other camels this time, of all sizes, down to a fluffy little white one that everybody wanted to pat; and two children were immensely enjoying a ride in the palanquin. Behind that rode an official holding out on a red-satin cushion an autograph letter from the

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Sultan to the *Sherif* of Mecca, confirming him in his office for the coming year. Another bore a huge parcel in his arms, done up in white tissue-paper. This was a robe of honor sent by the Sultan to the *Sherif*. Others still carried silver vessels in which sweet savors burned—" in honor of the angels," as a dervish once expressed it to me. Next marched a second irregular crowd, louder and more amazing than the first. In front of it were two rows of black men in scarlet robes, beating on tomtoms the rhythm I knew, which they alternated with a quicker one. And midway of the crowd a ring of excited persons brandished swords and challenged the enemies of the Prophet to mortal combat. They were an unaccustomed reminder, in tolerant Constantinople, of the early days of the faith. And then, tied with very new rope to the backs of some thirty mules walking two and two, each gay with flags and ostrich feathers and led by a solemn artilleryman, were the quaint little hair trunks in which the Commander of the Faithful sent his gifts to the far-away people of the Prophet.

A Persian painting representing the death of Ali.

There is another annual procession to be seen in Constantinople which recalls to Western eyes even more strangely than that of the *sourreh* an older day of faith. Turks take no part in it, however, although they also observe the tenth of *Mouharrem*, on which it falls, as the anniversary of Joseph's deliverance from prison in Egypt and of Noah's exit from the ark. They make in honor of the occasion and present to their friends a sweet pudding whose name of *ashoureh* also designates the day. The basis of it is boiled wheat, to which are added all manner of grains, nuts, and dried fruits; and the legend is that Noah and his people made a similar pudding on Mount Ararat out of what was left in the bins of the ark.

It is for the Persians that the day is peculiarly sacred. They also make a special dish for it, called *zerdeh*, of rice, sugar, and saffron. But that is a mere detail of what is for them the holiest season in the year. The Persians and the Turks belong to two different sects that have divided the Mohammedan world since the death of the Prophet. It is not for an unlettered unbeliever lightly to declare that so serious a matter was in the beginning a question of *cherchez la femme*. Still it is a fact that the enmity of Ayesha, the youngest wife of Mohammed, toward Ali, the Prophet's cousin and son-in-law, did much to embitter those early differences of opinion. This lady, while on a journey, once caused tongues to wag by disappearing from her litter at a compromising hour and being brought back by a man considerably younger than her distinguished husband. Mohammed was finally forced to silence the voice of scandal by the twenty-fourth *Sura* of the Koran, entitled Light. In the meantime, however, consulting with his four closest friends and followers as to what should be done, he was assured by three of them that there could be no doubt as to the innocence of the Mother of the Moslems. The fourth, Ali, ventured to suggest that the matter would bear investigation. Ayesha never forgave the doubt of her step-son-in-law, and her enmity was a potent factor in keeping Ali from the caliphate. He eventually did succeed, the

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fourth to do so, twenty-four years after the Prophet's death. But the Sunnites regard him as the least of the first four caliphs. The Shiïtes, on the other hand, met violent deaths, the former being poisoned and the latter falling under thirty-three wounds on the heroic field of Kerbela. These tragic events are what the

The paved court-yard of Valideh Han.

do not recognize the first three caliphs at all. They even fête the anniversary of the death of the first one, Omar. Ali is for them the vicar of God, and they hold his descendants to the ninth generation in peculiar reverence. The twelfth of these *Imams*, as they are called, the *Mehdi*, is supposed never to have died. It is believed that he will reappear before the last judgment in order, curiously enough, to overthrow antichrist. As for Ali, the hatred of Ayesha pursued him even after he became caliph, and stirred up disaffection against him. He was finally stabbed. His two sons, Hassan and Hüsseïn, also Shiïtes commemorate on the tenth of *Mouharrem*.

In Persia the entire month is a time of mourning. During the first ten days public passion-plays represent with bloody realism the lives and deaths of the first *Imams*. In Sunnite Constantinople, where there are some six thousand Persians, the commemoration is naturally less public, although the two sects no longer come to blows over it. Most of the Persian colony are from the region of Tabriz, where a Turkish dialect is spoken. Their headquarters are in a number of old stone *hans* near the bazaars and the War Depart-

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ment. Large tents are put up in the courts of these *hans* during *Mouharrem*, and there every evening *mollahs* recite the story of the tragedy of Kerbela. It took place more than a thousand years ago, and religious feeling has cooled much in those thousand years, but the story still has a strange power to draw tears from the crowding Persians who listen to it. After the third night men with banners and torches give a greater semblance of reality to the recitation. On the tenth night, or rather on the night of the tenth day, which is the anniversary of the martyrdom of Hüsseïn, the torches and banners march about to the various *hans* where Persians live.

I shall always remember the first of these processions that I saw. It was in the great paved court-yard of Valideh Han, surrounded by half-ruined cloisters. The central mosque, the temporary shed in one corner, the sparse trees, the silently waiting spectators, made so many vague shapes in the February dusk; and snow was falling. A strange clamor, of pipes and drums and shouting, began to make itself heard in the distance. Suddenly the archway giving entrance to the court lighted up with a smoky glare, and the procession surged slowly into the court. It was led by men carrying flaming cressets of iron basket work and three enigmatic steel emblems on long staves. The central one was a sort of sword blade above a spindle-shaped fretting of Arabic letters, while the other two were tridents springing from a similar base; and from all three floated streamers of crape. Next came two files of standard-bearers, dressed in black, with black caps on their heads. The flags they bore were black or dark-colored, triangular in shape, with the names of the *Imams* and other holy inscriptions embroidered on them in silver. On top of some of the staves was an open hand, of brass. I was told that it commemorated the mutilation of Hüsseïn. Behind the standard-bearers marched more men in black, chanting in a rhythm of six beats and striking their bare breasts on the fifth. Even a foreigner could distinguish the frequent names of Ali and Hüsseïn. Others held in both hands a chain, at the end of which was a bunch of smaller chains. With this, first over one shoulder and then over the other, they beat their backs. The thud kept time with the chanting, and vigorously enough to leave visible, sometimes sickening, signs under the torn black of the single garment they wore. Two white horses followed. The first, with rich saddle-cloth and headstall, carried a little boy on his back. On the saddle of the second, caparisoned in blood-streaked white, were two doves. Then came a band of musicians, singing, playing pipes, beating drums, and clashing cymbals. And last of all, slowly advancing sidewise in two long lines, appeared a grewsome company of men in white, who chanted hoarsely and slashed their shaven heads with bloody swords. The blood-stained figures in white, the black flagellants, the symbolic horses, the mourning banners, the points of steel answering the flare of the torches, made strange matter indeed for the imagination, moving with desperate music through that veil of driving snow.

The procession marched round the court-yard three times and then went into the tent, where a dirge was chanted in honor of the martyrs of Kerbela. At different moments of the ceremony, and particularly at sight of the child and the doves on horseback—symbolic of Hüsseïn's son, who was killed in his arms, and of the souls of the martyrs—many a Persian among the spectators sobbed uncontrolledly. Other spectators smiled at the tears streaming down bearded cheeks and at the frenzy of the flagellants. For myself, I can never help feeling respect for any real emotion, however far I may be from sharing it. People say, indeed, that these processions are not what they used to be and that much of the slashing is feigned. That may well enough be. Still I found myself compelled to turn aside when the men in white passed in front of me. More than one of them, too, had to be helped staggering away before the procession came to an end. It is not every one who takes part in these ceremonies. The participants are men who fulfil a vow of their own or of their parents, usually in gratitude for some deliverance. Their zeal is so great that it is necessary to draw up a preliminary schedule for the processions, so that no two shall meet and dispute the right of way. Each forms in its

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own court-yard, but the men in white do not begin their cutting till they are in the street. When the marchers finally return to their own *han*—having in the meantime visited the public bath—they spread rugs on the floor of the tent and spend the evening drinking tea and entertaining their friends.

This ceremony is repeated in a milder form in Scutari, on the day after *Ashoureh*. Early in the morning the Persians flock to a valley of cypresses called Seïd Ahmet Deressi, which is a corner of the great cemetery reserved for their use. There they rejoice over such as have by their own blood atoned for that of Hüsseïn. I have followed them thither only once, but I am happy to say that no interment took place. Tents were set up on the edge of the cemetery, of a faded green that admirably set off the darker cypresses, and close-packed Persians squatted in them drinking tea or smoking their terrible *tunbeki*. More Persians, recognizable by their black caps if not by their cast of feature, roamed among the trees. Most of them were of the humbler sort, in skirted coats of dull colors. Here and there was one in a long stiff fuzzy black cloak, with a touch of gold at the throat. Many had beards decoratively reddened with henna, and wore their hair shaved high about the neck and off the middle of the forehead. There was much embracing between hairy monsters who had not met, perhaps, since last *Mouharrem*. And much patronizing was there of ambulatory venders of good things to eat. Finally, at what signal I know not, a company of men in black marched out among the graves, bearing triangular flags of the sort I have already described. At some distance they joined forces with a company of colored flags, headed by the strange ornaments of steel. Two of the colored flags should have been in a museum rather than in Scutari cemetery on a wet winter day. They were unusually fine examples of the Persian wood-block printing, and in the centre of each smiled an inimitable lion with a curly tail. These two companies marched chanting together to the end of the cemetery, where they met a third, made up of flagellants. But this time there were no men in white and no bloody blades. Then they all proceeded down the long road to the water, the steel emblems and the colored flags first, the black banners next, and the flagellants last, chanting, beating their breasts, and swinging their heavy chains. Every few steps they stopped and went through their rite with greater zeal. The stops were longest in front of institutions and great houses, where a *mollah* would intone from a parchment manuscript he carried. The procession was followed by hundreds of Persians who joined in the chanting and breast-beating. Their number, and the many stops, made an opportunity for street venders and for beggars. Cripples sat on either side of the narrow street with a handkerchief spread out in front of them on which lay a few suggestive coins. Gaudy gypsy girls were not ashamed to show themselves on so solemn an occasion. I saw two women of a race strange to me, with coppery faces and a perpendicular mark painted in ochre on their foreheads. Strangest of all was a holy man who stood humbly by the wayside. Yet, after all, he was of one brotherhood with the mourners for Hüsseïn. He did not raise his eyes as the procession passed him, nor did he hold out his hand. What first attracted my attention to the goodness of his face were two small reddish balls between which I saw it. Then I made out the balls to be onions, spitted on either end of a steel skewer that pierced both his cheeks.

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THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART II—SUMMER—(CONTINUED)

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

VIII

IN those days, such as had served their country travelled, as befitted Spartans, in ordinary first-class carriages, and woke in the morning at La Roche or some strange-sounding place, for paler coffee and the pale brioche. So it was with Colonel and Mrs. Ercott and their niece, accompanied by books they did not read, viands they did not eat, and one somnolent Irishman returning from the East. In the disposition of legs there was the usual difficulty, no one quite liking to put them up, and all ultimately doing so, save Olive. More than once during that night the colonel, lying on the seat opposite, awoke and saw her sitting, withdrawn into her corner, with eyes still open. Staring at that little head which he admired so much, upright and unmoving in its dark straw toque against the cushion, he would become suddenly alert. Kicking the Irishman slightly in the effort, he would slip his legs down, bend across to her in the darkness, and, conscious of a faint fragrance as of violets, whisper huskily: "Anything I can do for you, my dear?" When she had smiled and shaken her head, he would retreat, and after holding his breath to see if Dolly were asleep, would restore his feet, slightly kicking the Irishman. After one such expedition, for full ten minutes he remained awake, wondering at her tireless immobility. For, indeed, she was spending this night entranced—with the feeling that Lennan was beside her, holding her hand in his. She seemed actually to feel the touch of his finger against the tiny patch of her bare palm where the glove opened. It was wonderful, this uncanny communion in the dark rushing night—she would not have slept for worlds! Never before had she felt so close to him, not even when he had kissed her that once under the olives; nor even when at the concert yesterday his arm pressed hers, and his voice whispered words she heard so thirstily. And that golden fortnight passed and passed through her on an endless band of reminiscence. Its memories were like flowers, such scent and warmth and color in them; and of all, none perhaps quite so poignant as the memory of the moment, at the door of their carriage, when he said, so low that she just heard: "Good-by, my darling!" He had never before called her that. Not even his touch on her cheek under the olives equalled the simple treasure of that word. And above the roar and clatter of the train, and the snoring of the Irishman, it kept sounding in her ears, hour after dark hour. It was perhaps not wonderful that through all that night she never once looked the future in the face—made no plans, took no stock of her position; just yielded to memory, and to the half-dreamed sensation of his presence close beside her. Whatever might come afterward, she was his this night. Such was the trance that gave to her the strange, soft, tireless immobility which so moved her uncle whenever he woke up.

In Paris they drove from station to station in a vehicle unfit for three—'to stretch their legs'—as the colonel said. Since he saw in his niece no signs of flagging, no regret, his spirits were rising, and he confided to Mrs. Ercott in the buffet at the Gare du Nord, when Olive had gone to wash, that he did not think there was much in it, after all, looking at the way she'd travelled.

But Mrs. Ercott answered:

"Haven't you ever noticed that Olive never shows what she does not want

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to? She has not got those eyes for nothing."

"What eyes?"

"Eyes that see everything, and seem to see nothing."

Conscious that something was hurting her, the colonel tried to take her hand.

But Mrs. Ercott rose quickly, and went where he could not follow.

Thus suddenly deserted, the colonel drummed on the little table. What now! Dolly was unjust! Poor Dolly! He was as fond of her as ever! Of course! How could he help Olive's being young—and pretty; how could he help looking after her, and wanting to save her from this mess! And he sat wondering, dismayed by the unreasonableness of women. It did not enter his head that Mrs. Ercott had been almost as sleepless as his niece, watching through closed eyes every one of those little expeditions of his, and saying to herself: "Ah! He doesn't care how *I* travel!"

She returned serene enough, concealing her 'grief,' and soon they were once more whirling toward England.

But the future had begun to lay its hand on Olive; the spell of the past was already losing power; the sense that it had all been a dream grew stronger every minute. In a few hours she would re-enter the little house close under the shadow of that old Wren church, which reminded her somehow of childhood, and her austere father with his chiselled face. The meeting with her husband! How go through that! And to-night! But she did not care to contemplate to-night. And all those to-morrows wherein there was nothing she had to do of which it was reasonable to complain, yet nothing she could do without feeling that all the friendliness and zest and color was out of life, and she a prisoner. Into those to-morrows she felt she would slip back, out of her dream; lost, with hardly perhaps an effort. To get away to the house on the river, where her husband came only at week-ends, had hitherto been a refuge; only she would not see Mark there—unless—! Then, with the thought that she would, must still see him sometimes, all again grew faintly glamorous. If only she did see him, what would the rest matter? Never again as it had before!

The colonel was reaching down her handbag; his cheery: "Looks as if it would be rough!" aroused her. Glad to be alone, and tired enough now, she sought the ladies' cabin, and slept through the crossing, till the voice of the old stewardess awakened her: "We're alongside, miss. You've had a nice sleep." She had been dreaming that she was sitting in a flowery field, and Lennan had drawn her up by the hands, with the words: "We're here, my darling!"

On deck, the colonel, laden with bags, was looking back for her, and trying to keep a space between him and his wife. He signalled with his chin. Threading her way toward him, she happened to look up. By the rails of the pier above, she saw her husband. He was leaning there, looking intently down: His tall broad figure made the people on each side of him seem insignificant. The clean-shaved, square-cut face, with those almost epileptic, forceful eyes, had a stillness and intensity beside which the neighboring faces seemed to disappear. She saw him very clearly, even noting the touch of silver in his dark hair, on each side under his straw hat; noting that he seemed too massive for his neat blue suit. His face relaxed; he made a little movement of one hand. Suddenly it shot through her: Suppose Mark had travelled with them, as he had wished to do? For ever and ever now, that dark massive creature, smiling down at her, was her enemy, from whom she must guard and keep herself if she could; keep, at all events, each one of her real thoughts and hopes! She could have writhed, and cried out; instead, she tightened her grip on the handle of her bag, and smiled. Though so skilled in knowledge of his moods, she felt, in his greeting, his fierce grip of her shoulders, the smouldering of some feeling the nature of which she could not quite fathom. His voice had a grim sincerity: "Glad you're back—thought you were never coming!" Resigned to his charge, a feeling of sheer physical faintness so beset her that she could hardly reach the compartment he had reserved. It seemed to her that, for all her foreboding, she had not till this moment had the smallest inkling of what was now before her; and at his muttered: "Must we have the old fossils in?" she looked back to assure herself that her uncle and aunt were following. To

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avoid having to talk, she feigned to have travelled badly, leaning back with closed eyes, in her corner. If only she could open them and see, not this square-jawed face with its intent gaze of possession, but that other with its eager eyes humbly adoring her. The interminable journey ended all too soon. She clung quite desperately to the colonel's hand on the platform at Charing Cross. When his kind face vanished she would be lost indeed! Then, in the closed cab, she heard her husband's: "Aren't you going to kiss me?" and submitted to his embrace.

She tried so hard to think: What does it matter? It's not I, not my soul, my spirit—only my miserable lips!

She heard him say: "You don't seem too glad to see me!" And then: "I hear you had young Lennan out there. What was *he* doing?"

She felt the turmoil of sudden fear, wondered whether she were showing it, lost it in unnatural alertness—all in the second before she answered: "Oh! just a holiday."

Some seconds passed, and then he said: "You didn't mention him in your letters."

She answered coolly: "Didn't I? We saw a good deal of him."

She knew that he was looking at her—an inquisitive, half-menacing regard. Why—oh! why—could she not then and there cry out: "And I love him—do you hear—I love him!" So awful did it seem to be denying her love with these half-lies! But it was all so much more grim and hopeless than even she had thought. How inconceivable, now, that she had ever given herself up to this man for life! If only she could get away from him to her room, and scheme and think! For his eyes never left her, travelling over her with their pathetic greed, their menacing inquiry, till he said: "Well, it's not done you any harm. You look very fit." But his touch was too much even for her self-command, and she recoiled as if he had struck her.

"What's the matter? Did I hurt you?"

It seemed to her that he was jeering—then realized as vividly that he was not. And the full danger to her, perhaps to Mark himself, of shrinking from this man, striking her with all its pitiable force, she made a painful effort, slipped her hand under his arm, and said: "I'm very tired."

But he put her hand away, and, turning his face, stared out of the window. And so they reached their home.

When he had left her alone, she remained where she was standing, by her wardrobe, without sound or movement, thinking: What am I going to do? How am I going to live?

IX

When Mark Lennan, travelling through from Beaulieu, reached his rooms in Chelsea, he went at once to the little pile of his letters, twice hunted through them, then stood very still, with a stunned, sick feeling. Why had she not sent him that promised note? And now he realized—though not yet to the full—what it meant to be in love with a married woman. He must wait in this suspense for eighteen hours at least, till he could call, and find out what had happened to prevent her, till he could hear from her lips that she still loved him. The chilliest of legal lovers had access to his love, but he must possess a soul that was on fire, in this deadly patience, for fear of doing something that might jeopardize her. Telegraph? He dared not. Write? She would get it by the first post; but what could he say that was not dangerous, if Cramier chanced to see. Call? Still more impossible till three o'clock, at very earliest, to-morrow. His gaze wandered round the studio. Were these household gods, and all these works of his, indeed the same he had left twenty days ago? They seemed to exist now only in so far as she might come to see them—come and sit in such a chair, and drink out of such a cup, and let him put this cushion for her back, and that footstool for her feet. And so vividly could he see her lying back in that chair looking across at him, that he could hardly believe she had never yet sat there. It was odd how—without any resolution taken, without admission that their love could not remain platonic, without any change in their relations, save one humble kiss and a few whispered words—everything was changed. A month or so ago, if he had wanted, he would have gone at once calmly to her house. It would

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have seemed harmless, and quite natural. Now it was impossible to do openly the least thing that strict convention did not find desirable. Sooner or later they would find him stepping over convention, and take him for what he was not—a real lover! A real lover! He knelt down before the empty chair and stretched out his arms. No substance—no warmth—no fragrance—nothing! Longing that passed through air, as the wind through grass.

He went to the little round window, which overlooked the river. The last evening of May; gloaming over the water, dusk resting in the trees, and the air warm! Better to be out, and moving in the night, out in the ebb and flow of things, among others whose hearts were beating, than stay in this place that without her was so cold and meaningless.

Lamps—the passion-fruit of towns—were turning from pallor to full orange, and the stars were coming out. Half-past nine! At ten o'clock, and not before, he would walk past her house. To have this something to look forward to, however furtive and barren, helped. But on a Saturday night there would be no sitting at the House. Cramier would be at home; or they would both be out; or perhaps have gone down to their river cottage. Cramier! What cruel demon had presided over that marring of her life! Why had he never met her till after she had bound herself to this man! From a negative contempt toward one either not sensitive enough to recognize that his marriage was a failure, or not chivalrous enough to make that failure bear as little hardly as possible on his wife, he had come already to jealous hatred as of a monster. To be face to face with Cramier in a mortal conflict could alone have satisfied his feeling. . . . Yet he was a young man by nature gentle.

His heart beat desperately as he approached that street—one of those little old streets, so beautiful, that belong to a vanished London. It was very narrow, there was no shelter; and he thought confusedly of what he could say, if met in this remote backwater that led nowhere. He would tell some lie, no doubt. Lies would now be his daily business. Lies and hatred, those violent things of life, would come to seem quite natural, in the violence of his love.

He stood a moment, hesitating, by the rails of the old church. Black, white-veined, with shadowy summits, in that half-darkness, it was like some gigantic vision. Mystery itself seemed modelled there. He turned and walked quickly down the street close to the houses on the further side. The windows of her house were lighted! So, she was not away! Dim light in the dining-room, lights in the room above—her bedroom, doubtless. Was there no way to bring her to the window, no way his spirit could climb up there and beckon hers out to him? Perhaps she was not there, perhaps it was but a servant taking up hot water. He was at the end of the street by now, but to leave without once more passing was impossible. And this time he went slowly, his head down, feigning abstraction, grudging every inch of pavement, and all the time furtively searching that window with the light behind the curtains. Nothing! Once more he was close to the railings of the church, and once more could not bring himself to go away. In the little, close, deserted street, not a soul was moving, not even a cat or dog; nothing alive but many discreet, lighted windows. Like veiled faces, showing no emotion, they seemed to watch his indecision. And he thought: "Ah! well! I dare say there are lots like me. Lots as near, and yet as far away! Lots who have to suffer!" But what would he not have given for the throwing open of those curtains! Then, suddenly scared by an approaching figure, he turned and walked away.

X

At three o'clock next day he called. In the middle of her white drawing-room, whose latticed window ran the whole length of one wall, stood a little table on which was a silver jar full of early larkspurs, evidently from her garden by the river. And Lennan waited, with his eyes fixed on those blossoms so like to little blue butterflies and strange-hued crickets, tethered to the pale green stems. In this room she passed her days, guarded from him. Once a week, at most, he would be able to come there—once a week for an hour or two out of the hundred and sixty-eight hours that he longed to be with her.

And suddenly he was conscious of her.

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She had come in without sound, and was standing by the piano, so pale, in her cream-white dress, that her eyes looked jet black. He hardly knew that face, so like a flower closed against cold.

What had he done? What had happened in these five days to make her like this to him? He took her hands and tried to kiss them; but she said quickly:

"He's in!"

At that he stood silent, looking into that frozen face. On the understanding of this dreadful composure, so that he might know how to break it up, his very life seemed to depend. At last he said:

"What is it? Am I nothing to you, after all?"

But as soon as he had spoken he saw that he need never ask *that* question, and flung his arms round her. She held back a moment, clung to him with desperation; then, freeing herself, said:

"No, no; let's sit down quietly!"

He obeyed, bewildered, half-divining, half-refusing to admit, all that lay behind that strange coldness, and this desperate embrace; all the self-pity, and self-loathing, shame, rage, and longing, of a married woman for the first time face to face with her lover in her husband's house.

Presently she seemed to be trying to make him forget her strange behavior; to be what she had been during that fortnight in the sunshine. But, suddenly, just moving her lips, she said:

"Quick! When can we see each other? I will come to you to tea—to-morrow," and, following her eyes, he saw the door opening, and Cramier coming in. Unsmiling, very big in the low room, he crossed over to them, and offered his hand to Lennan; then drawing a low chair forward between their two chairs, sat down.

"So you're back," he said. "Have a good time?"

"Thanks, yes; very."

"Good luck for Olive you were there; those places are dull holes."

"It was very jolly for me."

"No doubt." And with those words he turned to his wife. His elbows rested along the arms of his chair, so that his clenched palms were upward; it was as if he knew that he was holding those two, gripped one in each hand.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "that fellows like you, with nothing in the world to tie them, ever sit down in a place like London. I should have thought Rome or Paris were your happy hunting-grounds."

In his voice, in those eyes of his, a little bloodshot, with their look of power, in his whole attitude, there was a sort of muffled menace, and contempt, as though he were thinking: "Step into my path, and I will crush you!"

And Lennan thought:

"How long must I sit here?" Then, past that figure planted solidly between them, he caught a look from her, swift, sure, marvellously timed—again and again—as if she were being urged by the very presence of this danger. One of those glances must be seen by Cramier! There was, truly, no more need for fear, than that a swallow should dash itself against the wall over which it skims. But he got up, unable to bear it longer.

"Going?" The insolence in that suave word!

He could hardly see his hand touching Cramier's heavy fist. Then he realized that she was standing so that their faces when they must say good-by could not be seen. Her eyes smiled, and implored, all at once; her lips shaped the word: "To-morrow!" And squeezing her hand desperately, he got away.

He had never dreamed that to see her in the presence of the man who owned her would be so terrible. For a moment he thought that he must give her up, give up a love that would drive him mad.

He climbed onto an omnibus, travelling west. Another twenty-four hours of starvation had begun. It did not matter at all what he did with them. They were simply so much aching that had to be got through somehow—so much aching; and what relief at the end? An hour or two with her, desperately holding himself in.

Like most artists, and few Englishmen, he lived in feeling rather than in fact; so, found no refuge in decisive resolutions. But he made many—the resolution to give her up; to be true to the ideal of service for no reward; to beseech her to leave Cramier and come to him—and he made each many times.

At Hyde Park Corner he got down, and went into the Park, thinking that to walk would help him.

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A great number of people were sitting there, taking mysterious anodyne, doing the right thing; to avoid them, he kept along the rails, and ran almost into the arms of Colonel and Mrs. Ercott, who were coming from the direction of Knightsbridge, slightly flushed, having lunched and talked of 'Monte' at the house of a certain general.

They greeted him with the surprise of those who had said to each other many times: "That young man will come rushing back!" It was very nice—they said—to run across him. When did he arrive? They had thought he was going on to Italy—he was looking rather tired. They did not ask if he had seen her—being too kind, and perhaps afraid that he would say 'Yes,' which would be embarrassing; or that he would say 'No,' which would be still more embarrassing when they found that he ought to have said 'Yes.' Would he not come and sit with them a little—they were going presently to see how Olive was? Lennan perceived that they were warning him. And, forcing himself to look at them very straight, he said: "I have just been there." . . .

Mrs. Ercott phrased it the same evening: "He looks quite hunted, that young man. I'm afraid there's going to be fearful trouble there. Did you notice how quickly he ran away from us? How thin he is, too; if it wasn't for his tan, he'd look quite ill. The boy's eyes are so pathetic; and he used to have such a nice smile in them."

The colonel, who was fastening her hooks, paused in an operation that required concentration.

"It's a thousand pities," he muttered, "that he hasn't any work to do. That puddling about with clay, or whatever he does, is no good at all." And slowly fastening one hook, he unhooked several others.

Mrs. Ercott went on:

"And I saw Olive, when she thought I wasn't looking; it was just as if she had taken off a mask. But Robert Cramier will never put up with it. He's in love with her still. It's tragic, John."

The colonel let his hands fall from the hooks.

"If I thought that," he said, "I'd——"

"You'd—what? If you could, it would not be tragic."

The colonel stared. There was always *something* to be done.

"You read too many novels," he said, but without spirit.

Mrs. Ercott smiled, and made no answer to an aspersion she had heard before.

XI

When Lennan reached his rooms again after that encounter with the Ercotts, he found in his letter-box a visiting-card, "Mrs. Doone Miss Sylvia Doone," and on it pencilled the words: "Do come and see us before we go down to Hayle—Sylvia." He stared blankly at the round handwriting that he knew so well.

Sylvia! Nothing perhaps could have made so plain to him how in this tornado of his passion the world was drowned. Sylvia! He had almost forgotten her existence; and yet, only last year, after he definitely settled down in London, he had seen, once more, a good deal of her; had even had soft thoughts of her again—with her pale-gold hair, her true look, her sweetness. Then they had gone for the winter to Algiers for her mother's health.

When they came back, he had already avoided seeing her; though that was well before Olive went to Monte Carlo, before even he admitted his own feeling. And since! He had not once thought of her. Yes, the world had indeed vanished. "Do come and see us—Sylvia." The thought of it was simply an irritation. There was no rest from aching and impatience to be had that way.

And then the notion came to him: Why not kill these hours of waiting for Olive by going to look at her home on the river? There was still one Sunday train that he could catch.

He reached the village after dark, and spent the night at the inn; got up early next morning, took a boat, and pulled down-stream. The bluffs of the opposite bank were wooded with high trees. The sun shone softly on their leaves, and the bright stream was ruffled by a breeze that bent all the reeds and slowly swayed the water flowers. One thin white line of wind streaked the blue sky. He shipped his sculls and drifted, listening to the wood-pigeons, watching the swallows chasing. If only she were here! To pass one long day thus, drifting with the

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stream! To have but one such rest from longing! Her cottage lay on the same side as the village, just beyond an island. She had told him of a hedge of yew-trees, and a white dove-cote almost at the water's edge. Soon he came to the island, and let his boat slide into the backwater. It was all overgrown with willow-trees and alders, dark even in this early morning radiance, and marvellously still. There was no room to row; he took the boat-hook and tried to punt, but the green water was too deep and entangled with great roots, so that he had to make his way by clawing with the hook at branches. Birds seemed to shun this gloom, but a single magpie crossed the one little clear patch of sky, and flew low behind the willows. The air here had a sweetish, earthy odor of too rank foliage; all brightness seemed entombed. He was glad to pass out again under a huge poplar-tree into the fluttering gold and silver of the morning. And, almost at once, he saw the yew-hedge, at the border of some bright green turf, and a pigeon-house, high on its pole, painted cream-white. About it a number of ring-doves and snow-white pigeons were perched or flying; beyond the lawn he could see the dark veranda of a low house, covered by wistaria just going out of flower. A drift of scent from late lilacs and new-mown grass was borne out to him, together with the sound of a mowing-machine, and the humming of many bees. It was beautiful here, and seemed, for all its restfulness, to have something of that flying quality he so loved about her face, about the sweep of her hair, the quick, soft turn of her eyes —perhaps it was but the darkness of the yew-trees, or the whiteness of that dove-cote, or the doves themselves, flying.

He lay there a long time quietly beneath the bank, careful not to attract the attention of the old gardener who was methodically pushing his machine across and across the lawn. And how he wanted her with him, then! Wonderful that there could be in life such beauty and wild softness as made the heart ache with the delight of it, and in that same life gray rules and rigid barriers—coffins of happiness! Queer, unreasonable, that doors should be closed on love and joy. There was not so much of it in the world! Why should she, who was the very spirit of this flying, nymph-like summer, be untimely wintered-up in such bleak sorrow? There was a hateful unwisdom in that thought; it seemed so grim and violent, so corpse-like, gruesome, narrow, and extravagant! What possible end could it serve that she should be unhappy! Even if he had not loved her, he would have hated her fate just as much. . . . And, though what lovers think is not always true, that was; for all such stories of imprisoned lives had roused his anger even as a boy.

Soft white clouds—those bright angels of the river, never very long away—had begun now to spread their wings over the woods; and the wind had dropped so that the slumbrous warmth and murmuring of summer gathered full over the water. The old gardener had finished his job of mowing, and came with a little basket of grain to feed the doves. Lennan watched them going to him, the ring-doves, very dainty and capricious, keeping to themselves. In place of that old fellow, he was really seeing her, feeding from her hands those birds of Cypris. What a group he could have made of her with them perching and flying round her! If she were his, what could he not achieve—to make her immortal—like the old Greeks and Italians, who had rescued their mistresses from Time! . . .

He was back in his rooms in London two hours before he dared begin expecting her. Living alone there but for a caretaker who came every morning for an hour or two, made dust, and departed, he had no need for caution. And when he had procured flowers, and the fruits and cakes which they certainly would not eat; when he had arranged the tea-table, and made the grand tour at least twenty times, he placed himself with a book at the little round window, to watch for her approach. There, very still, not reading a word, he continually moistened his dry lips, and sighed, to relieve the tension of his heart. At last he saw her coming. She was walking close to the railings of the houses, looking neither to right nor left. She had on a lawn frock, and a hat of the palest coffee-colored straw, with a narrow black-velvet ribbon. She crossed the side street, stopped for a second, gave a swift look round, then came resolutely on. What was it made him love her so? What was the secret of her fascina-

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tion? Certainly, no conscious enticements. Never did any one try less to fascinate. He could not recall one single little thing that she had done to draw him to her. Was it, perhaps, her very passivity, her native pride that never offered or asked anything, a sort of soft stoicism in her fibre; that and some mysterious charm, as close and intimate as scent was to a flower?

He waited to open till he heard her footsteps just outside. She came in without a word, not even looking at him. And he too said not a word till he had closed the door, and made sure of her. Then they turned to each other. Her breast heaved a little, under her thin frock, but she was calmer than he, with that wonderful composure of pretty women in all the passages of love, as who should say: This is my native air!

They stood and looked at each other, as if they could never have enough; till he said at last:

"I thought I should die before this moment came. There isn't a minute that I don't long for you so terribly that I can hardly live."

"And do you think that I don't long for you?"

"Then come to me!"

But she looked at him mournfully, and shook her head.

Well! he had known that she would not. He had not earned her. What right had he to ask her to fly against the world, to brave everything, to have such faith in *him*—as yet? He had no heart to press his words, beginning then to understand the paralyzing truth that there was no longer any resolving this or that; with love like his he had ceased to be a separate being with a separate will. He was entwined with her, could act only if her will and his were one. He would never be able to say to her: 'You must!' He loved her too much. And she knew it! So there was nothing for it, but to forget the ache, and make the hour happy! But how about that other truth—that in love there is no pause, no resting? . . . With any watering, however scant, the flower will grow till its time come to be plucked. . . . This oasis in the desert—these few minutes with her alone—were swept through and through with a feverish wind. To be closer! How not try to be that? How not long for her lips when he had but her hand to kiss! And how not be poisoned with the thought that in a few minutes she would leave him and go back to the presence of that other, who, even though she loathed him, could see and touch her when he would? She was leaning back in the very chair where in fancy he had seen her; and he only dared sit at her feet and look up. And this, which a week ago would have been rapture, was now almost torture, so far did it fall short of his longing. And it was torture to keep his voice in tune with the sober sweetness of her voice. He thought bitterly: How can she sit there, and not want me, as I want her! And at a touch of her fingers on his hair, he lost control, and kissed her lips. She surrendered only for a second.

"No, no—you must not."

That mournful surprise sobered him at once.

He got up, stood away from her, begged to be forgiven.

When she was gone, he sat alone in the chair where she had sat. That clasp of her, the kiss that he had begged her to forget—to forget!—nothing could take that from him. He had done wrong; had startled her, had fallen short of chivalry! And yet—a smile of utter happiness would cling about his lips. His fastidiousness, his imagination, almost made him think that this was all he wanted. If he could close his eyes, now, and pass out, before he lost that moment of half-fulfilment!

And, the smile still on his lips, he lay back watching the flies wheeling and chasing round the hanging lamp. Sixteen of them there were, wheeling and chasing—never still!

XII

When, walking from Lennan's studio, Olive re-entered her dark little hall, she approached its alcove and glanced first at the hat-stand. They were all there—the silk hat, the bowler, the straw! So he was in! And within each hat, in turn, she seemed to see her husband's head, heavy and large, with the face turned away from her; and so distinctly as to note the leathery look of the skin of his cheek and neck. And she thought: "I pray that he will die! It is wicked, but I pray

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that he will die!" Then, quietly, that he might not hear, she mounted to her bedroom. The door into his dressing-room was open, and she went to shut it. He was standing there at the window.

"Ah! You're in! Been anywhere?"

"To the National Gallery."

It was the first direct lie she had ever told him, and she was surprised to feel neither shame nor fear, but rather a sense of pleasure at defeating him. He was the enemy, all the more the enemy because she was still fighting against herself, and so, strangely, in his behalf.

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Rather boring, wasn't it? I should have thought you'd have got young Lennan to take you there."

"Why?"

By instinct she had seized on the boldest answer; and there was nothing to be told from her face. If he were her superior in strength, he was her inferior in quickness.

He lowered his eyes, and said:

"His line, isn't it?"

With a shrug she turned away, and shut the door. She sat down on the edge of her bed, very still. In that little passage of wits she had won, she could win in many such; but the full hideousness of things had come to her. A lie! That was to be her life! That; or to say farewell to all she now cared for, to cause despair not only in herself, but in her lover, and —for what? In order that her body might remain at the disposal of that man in the next room—her spirit having flown from him forever. Such were the alternatives, unless those words, "Then come to me," were to be more than words. Were they? Could they be? They would mean such happiness if—if his love for her were more than a summer love? And hers for him? Was it—were they—more than summer loves? How know? And, without knowing, how give such pain to every one! How break a vow she had thought herself quite above breaking; how make such a desperate departure from all the traditions and beliefs in which she had been brought up? . . . In the very nature of passion is that which resents the intrusion of hard-and-fast decisions. . . . And she thought: If our love cannot stay what it is, and if I cannot yet go to him for always, is there not still another way?

She got up and began to dress for dinner. Standing before her glass she was surprised to see that her face showed no sign of the fears and doubts that were now her comrades. Was it because, whatever happened, she loved and was beloved! She wondered how she had looked when he kissed her so passionately; had she shown her joy, before she checked him?

In her garden by the river were certain flowers that, for all her care, would grow rank and of the wrong color—wanting a different soil. Was she, then, like those flowers of hers? Ah! Let her but have her true soil—and she would grow straight and true enough!

Then in the doorway she saw her husband. She had never, till to-day, quite hated him; but now she did, with a real blind horrible feeling. What did he want of her, standing there with those eyes fixed on her—those forceful eyes, touched with blood, that seemed at once to threaten, covet, and beseech! She drew her wrapper close round her shoulders. At that he came up, and said:

"Look at me, Olive!"

Against her instinct and her will she obeyed, and he went on:

"Once for all: Be careful! I say, be careful!"

Then he took her by the shoulders, and raised her up to him. And, quite unnerved, she stood without resisting.

"I want you," he said; "I mean to keep you."

And, suddenly letting her go, he covered his eyes with his hands. That frightened her most—it was so unlike him. Not till then had she understood between what terrifying forces she was balancing. She did not speak, but her face grew white. From behind those hands he uttered a sound, not quite like a human noise; turned sharply; and went out. She dropped back into the chair before her mirror, overcome by the most singular feeling she had ever known; as if she had lost everything, even her love for Lennan, and her longing for his love. What was it all worth, what was anything worth in a world like this! All was loathsome, herself loathsome! All was a void! Hateful, hateful, hateful! It was like having no heart at all! . . . And that same even-

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ing, when her husband had gone down to the House, she wrote to Lennan:

"Our love must never turn to earthiness as it might have this afternoon. Everything is black, and hopeless. *He* suspects. For you to come here is impossible, and too dreadful for us both. And I have no right to ask you to be furtive, I can't bear to think of you like that, and I can't bear it myself. I don't know what to do or say. Don't try to see me yet. I must have time, I must think."

XIII

Colonel Ercott was not a racing man, but he had in common with others of his countrymen a religious feeling in the matter of the Derby. His remembrances of it went back to early youth, for he had been born and brought up almost within sound of the coaching road to Epsom. Every Derby and Oaks day, he had gone out on his pony to watch the passing of the tall hats and feathers of the great, and the pot hats and feathers of the lowly; and afterward in the fields at home had ridden races with old Lindsay, finishing between a cow that judged, and a clump of bulrushes representing the grand stand.

But for one reason or another he had never seen the great race, and the notion that it was his duty to see it had now come to him. He proposed this to Mrs. Ercott with some diffidence. She read so many books—he did not quite know whether she would approve. Finding that she did, he added casually:

"And we might take Olive."

Mrs. Ercott answered dryly:

"You know the House of Commons has a holiday?"

The colonel murmured:

"Oh! I don't want that chap."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Ercott, "you would like Mark Lennan."

The colonel looked at her very dubiously. Dolly could talk of it as a tragedy, and a—a grand passion, and yet make a suggestion like that! Then his wrinkles began slowly to come alive, and he gave her waist a squeeze.

Mrs. Ercott did not resist that treatment.

"Take Olive alone," she said. "I don't really care to go."

When the colonel went to fetch his niece, he found her ready, and very half-heartedly he asked for Cramier. It appeared she had not told him.

Relieved, yet somewhat disconcerted, he murmured:

"He won't mind not going, I suppose?"

"If he were going, I should not be."

At this quiet answer, the colonel was beset again by all his fears. He put his white 'topper' down, and took her hand.

"My dear," he said, "I don't want to intrude upon your feelings; but—but is there anything I can do? I can't bear to see things going unhappily with you!" He felt his hand being lifted, her face pressed against it; and suffered acutely.

"Don't, sweetheart," he said at last; and with his other hand, cased in a bright new glove, he gently smoothed her arm. "We'll have a jolly good day and forget all about it."

She gave the hand a kiss, and turned away. And the colonel vowed to himself that she should not be unhappy—lovely creature that she was, so delicate, and straight, and fine in her pearly frock. And he pulled himself together, brushing his white 'topper' vigorously with his sleeve, forgetting that this kind of hat has no nap.

He was tenderness itself on the journey down, satisfying all her wants before she had them; telling her stories of Indian life; and consulting her carefully as to which horse they should back. There was the duke's, of course, but there was another animal that appealed to him greatly. His friend Tabor had given him the tip—Tabor who had the best Arabs in all India. Besides, it would be at a nice price. A man who practically never gambled, the colonel liked to feel that his fancy would bring him in something really substantial—if it won; the idea that it could lose not really troubling him. However, they would see it in the paddock, and judge for themselves. The paddock was the place, away from all the dust and racket—Olive would enjoy the paddock! Once on the course, they neglected the first race; it was more important, the colonel thought, that they should lunch. He wished to see more color in her cheeks; wanted to see her laugh. He had an invitation to his old regiment's drag, where the champagne was sure to be good. And

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he was so proud of her—would not have missed those young fellows' admiration of her, for the world; though to take a lady there was, in fact, against the rules. So it was not till the second race was due to start that they made their way into the paddock. Here the Derby horses were being led solemnly, attended each by a little posse of persons looking up their legs and down their ribs to see whether they were worthy of support, together with a few who liked to see a whole horse at a time. Presently they found the animal which had been recommended to the colonel. It was a chestnut, with a starred forehead, parading in a far corner. The colonel, who really loved a horse, was deep in admiration. He liked its head, and he liked its hocks, above all he liked its eye. A fine creature, all sense and fire—perhaps just a little straight in the shoulder for coming down the hill! And in the midst of his examination, he found himself staring at his niece. What breeding the child showed, with her delicate arched brows, little ears, and fine, close nostrils; and the way she moved—so sure and springy. She was too pretty to suffer! A shame! If she hadn't been so pretty that young fellow wouldn't have fallen in love with her. If she weren't so pretty—that husband of hers wouldn't—! And the colonel dropped his gaze, startled by the discovery he had stumbled on. If she hadn't been so pretty! Was that the meaning of it all? By George, how cynical! Something in himself seemed to confirm it somehow. What then? Was he to let them tear her in two between them, destroying her, because she was so pretty? And somehow this discovery of his—that passion springs from worship of beauty, and warmth, and form, and color—disturbed him horribly, for he had no habit of philosophy. The thought to him was strangely crude, even immoral. That she should be thus between two ravening desires, a bird between two hawks, a fruit between two mouths! It was a way of looking at things that had never before occurred to him. The idea of a husband clutching at his wife, the idea of that young man who looked so gentle, swooping down on her; and the idea that if she failed, lost her looks, went off, their greed—indeed, any man's, would fade away—all these horrible ideas hurt him the more for the remarkable suddenness with which they had come to him. A tragic business! Dolly had said so. Queer and quick—women were! But his resolution, that the day was to be jolly, soon recurred to him, and he hastily resumed inspection of his fancy. Perhaps they ought to have a ten-pound note on it; and they had better get back to the stand! And, as they went, the colonel saw, standing beneath a tree at a little distance, a young man that he could have sworn was Lennan. Not likely for an artist chap to be down here! He looked again. It *was* undoubtedly young Lennan; brushed-up, in a top hat. Fortunately, however, his face was not turned in their direction! He said nothing to Olive, not wishing—especially after those unpleasant thoughts—to take any responsibility; and he kept her moving toward the gate, congratulating himself that his eyes had been so sharp. In the crush there he was separated from her a little, but she was soon beside him again; and more than ever he congratulated himself that nothing had occurred to upset her and spoil the day. Her cheeks were warm enough now, her dark eyes glowing. She was excited, no doubt, by thoughts of the race, and of the 'tenner' he was going to put on for her.

He recounted the matter afterward to Mrs. Ercott. "That chestnut Tabor put me on to finished nowhere—couldn't get down the hill—knew it wouldn't, the moment I set eyes on it. But the child enjoyed herself, all the same. Wish you'd been there, my dear!" Of his deeper thoughts, and of that glimpse of young Lennan, he did not speak, for on the way home an ugly suspicion had attacked him. Had the young fellow, after all, seen, and managed to get close to her in the crush at the paddock gateway?

XIV

THAT letter of hers fanned the flame in Lennan as nothing had yet fanned it. Earthiness! Was it earthiness to love as he did? If so, then not for all the world would he be otherwise than earthy. In the shock of reading it, he crossed his Rubicon, and burned his boats behind him. No more did the pale ghost, chivalrous devotion, haunt him. He knew now that he could not stop short. Since she asked

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him, he must not, of course, try to see her just yet. But when he did, then he would fight for his life; the thought that she might be meaning to slip away from him was utterly unbearable. But she could not be meaning that! She would never be so cruel! Ah! She would—she must come to him in the end! The world, life itself, would be well lost for love of her!

Thus resolved, he was even able to work again. And all that Tuesday he modelled at a big version of the fantastic, bull-like figure he had conceived after the colonel left him up on the hillside at Beaulieu. He worked at it with a sort of evil joy. Into this creature he would put the spirit of possession that held her from him. And while his fingers forced the clay, he felt as if he had Cramier's neck within his grip. And yet, now that he had resolved to take her if he could, he had not quite the same hatred. After all, the man loved her too, could not help it that she loathed him; could not help it that he had the disposition of her, body and soul!

June had come in with skies of a blue that not even London glare and dust could pale. In every square and park and patch of green the air simmered with life and with the music of birds swaying on little boughs. Piano-organs in the streets were no longer wistful for the South; lovers already sat in the shade of trees.

To remain indoors, when he was not working, was sheer torture; for he could not read, and he had lost all interest in the little excitements, amusements, occupations that go to make up the normal life of man. Every outer thing seemed to have dropped off, shrivelled, leaving him just a condition of the spirit, a state of mind.

To be out, especially amongst trees, was the only solace.

He sat for a long time that evening under a large lime-tree, on a knoll above the Serpentine. There was very little breeze, just enough to keep alive a kind of whispering. What if men and women, when they had lived their gusty lives, became trees! What if some one who had burned and ached were now spreading over him this leafy peace—this blue-black shadow against the stars? Or were the stars, perhaps, the souls of men and women escaped forever from love and longing? He broke off a branch of the lime and drew it across his face. It was not yet in flower, but it smelled lemony and fresh even here in London. If only for a moment he could desert his own heart, and rest with the trees and stars!

No further letter came from her next morning, and he soon lost his power to work. It was Derby day. He determined to go down. Perhaps she would be there. Even if she were not, he might find some little distraction in the crowd, and the horses! He saw her in the paddock long before the colonel's sharp eyes detected him. And, following in the crush, managed to touch her hand in the crowded gateway and whisper: "To-morrow, at the National Gallery, four o'clock—by the Bacchus and Ariadne! For God's sake!" Her gloved hand pressed his hard; and she was gone. He stayed in the paddock, too happy almost to breathe. . . .

Next day, while waiting before that picture, he looked at it with wonder. For there seemed his own passion transfigured in the darkening, star-crowned sky, and the eyes of the leaping god. In spirit, he was always rushing to her like that. The minutes passed, and she did not come. What should he do if she failed him! Surely he would die of disappointment and despair. . . . He had little enough experience as yet of the toughness of the human heart; how life bruises, and crushes, yet leaves it beating. . . . Then, from an unlikely quarter, he saw her coming.

They walked in silence down to the quiet rooms where the Turner water-colors hung. No one save two Frenchmen, and an old official, watched them passing slowly before those little pictures, till they came to the end wall; and, unseen, unheard by any but her, he could begin!

The arguments he had so carefully rehearsed were all forgotten, nothing left but an incoherent pleading. Life without her was not life; and they had only one life for love—one summer. It was all dark where she was not—the very sun itself was dark. Better to die than to live such false broken lives, apart from each other. Better to die at once than to live wanting each other, longing and longing, and watching each other's sorrow. And all for the sake of what? It maddened

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him, it killed him, to think of that man touching her when he knew she did not want him. It shamed all manhood; it could not be good to help such things to be. A vow, when the spirit of it was gone, was only superstition; it was wicked to waste one's life for the sake of that. Society—she knew, she must know—only cared for the forms, the outsides of things. What did it matter what society thought?—it had no soul, no feeling, nothing.

And if it were said they ought to sacrifice themselves for the sake of others, to make things happier in the world, she knew that was only true when love was just light and selfish; but not when people loved as they did, with all their hearts and souls, so that they would die for each other any minute, so that without each other there was no meaning in anything. It would not help a single soul for them to murder their love, and all the happiness of their lives; to go on in a sort of living death. Even if it were wrong, he would rather do that wrong, and take the consequences! But it was not, it *could* not be wrong, when they felt like that!

And all the time that he was pouring forth those supplications, his eyes searched and searched her face. But all that came from her was: "I don't know—I can't tell—if only I knew!" And then he was silent, stricken to the heart; till, at a look or a touch from her, he would break out again: "You do love me—you do; then what does it all matter?"

And so it went on and on that summer afternoon, in the deserted room meant for such other things, where the two Frenchmen were too sympathetic, and the old official too drowsy, to come. Then it all narrowed to one fierce, insistent question:

"What is it—*what* is it you're afraid of?"

But to that too he got only the one mournful answer, paralyzing in its fateful monotony:

"I don't know—I can't tell!"

It was awful to go on thus beating against this uncanny, dark, shadowy resistance; these unreal doubts and dreads, that by their very dumbness were becoming real to him, too. If only she could tell him what she feared! It could not be poverty—that was not like her—besides, he had enough for both. It could not be loss of a social position, which was but irksome to her! Surely it was not fear that he would cease to love her! What was it? In God's name—what?

To-morrow—she had told him—she was to go down, alone, to the river house; would she not come now, this very minute, to him instead! And they would start off—that night, back to the South where their love had flowered! But again it was: "I can't! I don't know—I must have time!" And yet her eyes had that brooding love-light. How *could* she hold back and waver? But, utterly exhausted, he did not plead again; did not even resist when she said: "You must go, now; and leave me to get back. I will write. Perhaps—soon—I shall know." He begged for, and took, one kiss; then, passing the old official, went quickly up and out.

XV

He reached his rooms overcome by a lassitude that was not, however, quite despair. He had made his effort, failed—but there was still within him the unconquerable hope of the passionate lover. . . . As well try to extinguish in full June the beating of the heart of summer; deny to the flowers their deepening hues, or to winged life its slumbrous buzzing, as stifle in such a lover his conviction of fulfilment. . . .

He lay down on a couch, and there stayed a long time quite still, his forehead pressed against the wall. His will was already beginning to recover for a fresh attempt. It was merciful that she was going away from Cramier, going to where he had in fancy watched her feed her doves. No laws, no fears, not even her commands could stop his fancy from conjuring her up by day and night. He had but to close his eyes, and she was there.

A ring at the bell, repeated several times, roused him at last to go to the door. His caller was Robert Cramier! And at sight of him, all Lennan's lethargy gave place to a steely feeling. What had brought him here? Had he been spying on his wife? The old longing for physical combat came over him. Cramier was perhaps fifteen years his senior, but taller, heavier, thicker. The chances were pretty equal!

"Won't you come in?" he said.

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"Thanks."

The voice had in it the same mockery as on Sunday; and it shot through him that Cramier had thought to find his wife here. If so, he did not betray it by any crude look round. He came in with his deliberate step, light and well-poised for so big a man.

"So this," he said, "is where you produce your masterpieces! Anything great since you came back?"

Lennan lifted the cloths from the half-modelled figure of his bull-man. He felt malicious pleasure in doing that. Would Cramier recognize himself in this creature with the horn-like ears, and great bossed forehead? If this man who had her happiness beneath his heel had come here to mock, he should at all events get what he had come to give. And he waited.

"I see. You are giving the poor brute horns!"

If Cramier had seen, he had dared to add a touch of cynical humor, which the sculptor himself had never thought of. And this even evoked in the young man a kind of admiring compunction.

"Those are not horns," he said gently; "only ears."

Cramier lifted a hand and touched the edge of his own ear.

"Not quite like that, are they—human ears? But I suppose you would call this symbolic. What, if I may ask, does it represent?"

All the softness in Lennan vanished.

"If you can't gather that from looking, it must be a failure."

"Not at all. If I am right, you want something for it to tread on, don't you, to get your full effect?"

Lennan touched the base of the clay.

"The broken curve here—" then, with sudden disgust at this fencing, was silent. What had the man come for? He must want something. And, as if answering, Cramier said:

"To come to a different subject—you see a good deal of my wife. I rather wanted to tell you that I don't very much care that you should. It is just as well to be quite frank."

Lennan bowed.

"Is that not," he said, "perhaps rather a matter for *her* decision?"

That heavy figure—those threatening eyes! The whole thing was like a dream come true!

"I do not think so. I am not one of those who let things drift. Please understand me. You come between us at your peril."

Lennan kept silence for a moment; then he said quietly:

"Can one come between two people who have ceased to have anything in common?"

The veins in Cramier's forehead were swollen, his face and neck had grown crimson. And Lennan thought with strange elation: Now he's going to hit me! He could hardly keep his hands from shooting out and seizing in advance that great strong neck. If he could strangle, and have done with him!

But, quite suddenly, Cramier turned on his heel. "I have warned you," he said, and went.

Lennan took a long breath. So! That was over, and he knew where he was. If Cramier had struck out, he would surely have seized his neck and held on till life was gone. Nothing should have shaken him off. In fancy, he could see himself swaying, writhing, reeling, battered about by those heavy fists, but always with his hands on the thick neck, squeezing out its life. He could feel, absolutely feel, the last reel and stagger of that great bulk crashing down, dragging him with it, till it lay upturned, still. He covered his eyes with his hands. Thank God! The fellow had not hit out!

He went to the door, opened it, and stood leaning against the door-post. All was still and drowsy out there in that quiet backwater of a street. Not a soul in sight! How still, for London! Only the birds. In a neighboring studio some one was playing Chopin. Queer! He had almost forgotten there was such a thing as Chopin. A mazurka! Spinning like some top thing, round and round—weird little tune! . . . Well, and what now? Only one thing certain. Sooner give up life than give her up! Far sooner! Love her, achieve her—or give up everything, and drown to that tune going on and on, that little dancing dirge of summer!

(To be continued.)

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BILLY'S BOOK

By Gerald Chittenden

IT was to be expected that Strange would turn to me for assistance—I had inherited him from my father, and he had the old-fashioned idea of the uses of a family lawyer. His telegram informed me that his only brother had died in Paris, and that he had sailed at a few hours' notice to bring the body home; he begged me, with a rare prodigality of words, to go to a certain New England boarding-school and do what I could for his brother's boy. I went without delay, though with no very clear idea of what purpose I could serve; I was but little acquainted with boys, and maybe somewhat afraid of them.

In large part my apprehensions were groundless, for Strange had spared me as much as possible by wiring the head-master to break the news. The worst part of my errand had been done for me; when I told the head-master my name and business, he himself went with me to look for the boy. We found him alone in a grove of evergreens—very little and very lonely against the sweeping background of the hills and the intervale. He turned at the soft fall of our footsteps, and almost smiled when he saw the head-master.

"This is Mr. Stuart, Billy. An old friend of your uncle's."

Immediately the head-master left us alone. Billy—a handsome youngster, even with the traces of tears on his face—looked after him as though sorry to see him go. Then he came forward and held out his hand to me.

"How do you do, Mr. Stuart?" he said.

I answered him in kind—I had intended to do no more than that. But something—some faint suggestion of instant welcome in his eyes—swept me out of the man-to-man attitude I had resolved upon when first I saw his straight little back among the evergreens.

"You poor little kid!" I exclaimed involuntarily. Immediately, I cursed myself for a fool.

Billy's hand closed convulsively over my fingers. Then he drew it away and sobbed—once. He sat down on the soft pine needles, facing the intervale, his knees drawn up to his chin; he remained dry-eyed, though his face twitched now and then. There seemed to be nothing I could say or do. A little awkwardly, I believe, I sat down and waited. Presently he looked full at me, his face drawn and pinched, and somehow years older. He held out his hand again, and I grasped it as I should have grasped another man's.

"I'm so glad," he said, speaking very slowly to keep down the rising flood of tears, "that you didn't put your arm around my shoulders." He smiled at me—a very uncertain smile, yet a wholly humorous one. "I hate that worse than poison," he added.

"I always did too," I found myself saying.

"When—" He stopped, and then went on with a rush. "When will Uncle Billy get home with father?"

There was no time to answer—his extraordinary control broke into little bits. He leaned against me and cried. Then I did put my arm around him—quite involuntarily—and felt no hostile rigidity in his shoulders. The storm passed in a little while. We sat for an hour and more in the grove, talking quietly, for the most part about his uncle. When the school bell rang, we went in to supper, which the head-master sent to us in his private dining-room. A human sort of a man, that. The dry channels of tears were the only noticeable marks of Billy's grief; more nearly his normal self than he had been when I saw him first, he did his best to entertain me—talked about the school in general and athletics in particular. Occasionally, when some turn of talk reminded him of his father, he gulped and fell silent awhile, for even though the breakdown in the grove had demolished his reserve as far as I was concerned, there remained an instinctive desire for perfect control and a pride in it. That was a family characteristic, I thought; certainly, repres-

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sion was his uncle's most prominent trait. Before I left for the city that evening, I had surrendered to Billy unconditionally. I have no boys of my own; his calloused little hands so twisted themselves in my heartstrings that I have never been able to extricate them. Not that I have ever wanted to.

I had brought with me the papers in a case of mine that was scheduled for an early hearing, intending to work on them during the trip back to the city. I had the porter bring me a table, and opened my brief-case, but got no further with my business than beginning to begin. Billy had so engaged my affections that the thought of him interfered with my mental processes. Especially, I wondered about his future, and about the effect which constant association with William Strange would have on his development. Strange was at that time the foremost literary critic of the East, and it had always seemed to me that he was a critic by a sort of divine appointment. Those who knew him well knew the chill keenness of his powers of observation. In spite of them, and my knowledge of them, he always seemed to me to lack that understanding which is more of the heart than the head; he was too essentially intellectual to be altogether human. To be sure, he was a merciful man, very sparing in the use of the rapier which was his pen, although he occasionally killed a book neatly, scientifically, and conclusively. The book so treated was generally deserving of death—there was never any prejudice in his judgment, or any hot-headed enthusiasm for or against anything under the sun. His relations with his brother had been uncommonly intimate, and I had no fear that Billy would suffer from lack of affection—the less so, as Billy had clearly shown me that his uncle was now first in his affections. I did, however, fear that Billy might consciously or unconsciously fashion himself after his uncle's model, and thereby lose a full half of his charm. Well, it was none of my business after all. I turned to my papers—and found that the train had already reached 125th Street.

Our contacts with our fellows are apt to be tangential. After my first meeting with Billy the orbit of my life diverged from his and from Strange's. I heard from Strange, of course, and saw him once or twice when he came into my office on the usual sort of business—transfers of property, affidavits, what not. Such things count but little in one's relations with other people; there is no progress in them, no growth toward or away from one another. Strange and Billy were apt to wander during the boy's vacations; one Christmas they went on a flying trip to the West Indies and the next to Mexico. In the summer they were on Strange's fifty-foot yawl, and it was impossible to say where they would be from one day to the next. It happened that I saw Billy not at all for two years, though he wrote me three or four times. I was careful to answer his letters, for one does not have too many friends, and a letter from a boy of thirteen or fourteen is the surest proof of affection in the world. Even during these pleasant meanderings, Strange conscientiously filled his two columns weekly with criticisms as trenchant, as discerning, and as cold as they had ever been.

After two years our orbits again converged. Like many New Yorkers, I belong to several clubs, and take my cocktail always in the same one, but on this particular evening I broke my custom and dropped in at the Players' about half-past five in the afternoon. Strange was there, and beckoned me to a table where were four or five of his fellow-craftsmen.

They were talking about "The Unkind King"—as who was not during the first year of its appearance?

"The most extraordinary thing about it," said Henderson of the *Era*, "is the breadth of its appeal. The other day I went down to the cellar of our building to clean my pipe at the exhaust of the engine. The engineer was so busy reading it that he didn't look up—not even when the live steam began to sing songs through the mouthpiece of my pipe."

"I'd have him fired," rejoined one Curtis. "He'll blow you up some day. But it is extraordinary—that universal appeal."

Kendrick, a small, fair terrier of a man, agreed in his usual superlatives.

"You see it even on the trains," he said. "Five out of every six people reading the book, and all of them laughing over it, or crying."

"Laughter and tears—there's plenty of both in 'The Unkind King,'" commented Sanford, "and such execution as we don't

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often get nowadays. A critic might have written it."

"A critic? Never!" Kendrick spat Sanford's suggestion out of his mouth. "'The Unkind King' was done by a man with a heart. You'll be saying Strange did it next."

"Never that, Tommy," laughed Henderson. "We can't do without our old iceberg until your sheet dies of a surfeit of—lampoons. He keeps us sober, and you beggars on the *Yellow Peril* are all the time trying to make us drunk. By the way, Bill," he went on, turning to Strange, "you haven't dethroned 'The Unkind King' yet."

"Haven't read it," answered Strange. "I'm afraid I might become enthusiastic—like Kendrick."

Kendrick grunted.

"The *Yellow Peril* has a contagious journalistic disease," continued Strange. "But I wonder who did write the thing?"

"There's nothing to show," replied Henderson. "No distinctive trick of style from beginning to end."

"Not one," agreed Sanford. "I'm inclined to believe that Henry Andrews is the new man we've all been waiting for."

The discussion shifted from the book to the author, some of the men maintaining that he was a new man, and the rest that no new man could have done what Andrews had done. In the midst of the talk, Strange looked at his watch.

"If you haven't anything on," he said to me, "won't you dine with Billy and me? We haven't seen you for a long time."

"I'd like to."

"Then we'd better be moving. So long, boys," he said to the others. "Get your *Yellow Peril* detective force to work, Kendrick, and find out who this Andrews man is."

His leaving so early surprised me not a little, and when we were in the street I commented on it.

"I have dinner regularly at seven now," he said, "on Billy's account."

This from a man who had been used to dining at any hour between six and midnight and never at the same hour two nights running.

Billy hailed me with flattering delight and chanted his Odyssey from oysters to salad. He had seen cities and men, yet he was the same Billy I had found two years before in the balsam grove—as genuine, as agreeable, if anything somewhat more spontaneous. Evidently Strange was to Billy a different man from the keen, almost cynical Strange known to the rest of the world; his influence on the boy had not been in the least repressive. Yet there was a ridiculous resemblance between the two of them as they sat at opposite ends of the dining-table. That, at least, was a new thing since I had last seen either of them, and I wondered if it were not Billy who was exercising an influence on Strange. When coffee had been served Billy said good-night and left us.

"Fine kid, Stuart," said his uncle, "and a great friend of yours. Talks about you all the time. Did you hypnotize him or anything?"

"Not that I know of."

"He's a mighty pleasant person to winter and summer with." Strange ground out the coal of his cigarette, lit a cigar at one of the candles, and sipped his liqueur. "Have you read 'The Unkind King'?" he asked.

"I've read it," I answered. Indeed, I sat up over it half the night before. "Everybody is waiting for your opinion."

"Everybody? Thirty-five thousand copies in a month doesn't look as if they were waiting much."

The young ash of his cigar sizzled into his coffee-cup.

"You hear a lot of talk," he said slowly, "high-art talk, from the kind of people who pretend to think that every dollar is dirty, about the folly of judging a book by its sales. You know—commercialism of the age—artistic conscience—that sort of thing. It's just about true enough to be the blackest kind of a lie. Sales aren't the only criterion, of course, but they're an accurate negative test. Good books nearly always sell well; if they don't, they're pretty sure to lack something—vitality, generally, which is a better name than heart-interest. What did you think of 'The Unkind King'?"

I told him in no measured terms. He listened, frowning at the table-cloth.

"'Stark beauty,' eh? Sounds as if you'd cribbed that phrase from Kendrick. It's a favorite of his. You didn't use to be so extravagant in your praises."

"This book is different," I affirmed.

"It must be." He shifted his chair a little and moved two glasses out of the way

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of his elbow. All his movements had in them a deftness and decision. "Do you remember my two ventures in fiction? Failures, both of them. It was not for me, and I didn't try it again. I dropped into criticism—a snug harbor for all who have failed at creation. There's an explanation of my failure—if you care to hear it?"

"Explanations are meat and drink and recreation to a lawyer."

Strange chuckled.

"You're your father's son. Meat and drink surely, but I wasn't certain about the recreation. Well, it goes back a long way, this explanation of mine. The year before I went to college I wrote a story for a composition prize. It didn't get the prize, but the teacher who did the judging wrote on the back of it in red ink, 'Keep your eyes open—and your heart too—and you will do something worth while.' He meant kindly, but it was dangerous advice to give a boy of eighteen. Dangerous for me at any rate. I took the first clause as a watchword and allowed the matter of the heart to remain in a forgotten parenthesis."

Strange's cigar glowed behind its shield of ash as he sucked at it.

"So I tried literature, and in college, where my work was judged by academic standards, succeeded measurably. When I graduated I kept on trying for a little while, for I was comfortably off. Too comfortably. I observed, and observed, and observed. I cubby-holed men and women, and docketed events. I didn't know even then that there's little difference between the reporter's eye and the wise and understanding heart. I got so that I could say nothing superlatively well—and faultlessness is damnation in literature. So I gave up literature and took to criticism."

He smiled, the target of his own satire.

"Then my brother died. Singularly close we had been for years. It's physically painful thinking about it, even now. You know."

I nodded. He to whom bereavement must be explained is fortunate above the sons of men.

"A great loss. But—there was Billy."

He raised his head; his face was no longer the face of a man grown weary in a vain pursuit.

"Every living thing," he went on with conviction, "is brought forth in travail. Travail of the body or travail of the heart, one or the other, for the mind doesn't count. When the labor is over comes the joy, but pain is the price we must pay—pain and the usury of pain."

His tone dropped to a matter-of-fact level.

"Any woman could have told you that. It's the one invariable law. After my brother's death came Billy. And then—"

He looked over at me, his eyes bright under his heavily thatched brows.

"—And then I wrote 'The Unkind King.'"

"You wrote 'The Unkind King'?" I queried, more than a little surprised. "You?"

"No," answered Strange. "Billy did. Let's go into the library."

SONG FOR A CHILD

By Stark Young

HAST thou not seen the quiet blue
That bends from out the quiet skies,
And watcheth thee the long day through?
It is thy mother's eyes.

Hast thou not seen the tender sun
That lights thy heaven there above,
And sends the stars when day is done?
It is thy mother's love.

Hast thou not heard each leaf and tree
Forget the daytime's heat and noise,
While sleep comes stealing over thee?
It is thy mother's voice.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THE unpractical man who feels himself to be the originator of a new idea is a very interesting subject of study. He is usually misunderstood, because he really belongs to a special class, psychologically speaking, and because that class has never yet received adequate attention. The aspect under which, in recent times, he happens most frequently to present himself to the public eye, is as the claimant for priority in the invention of works successfully produced on the stage by other people. Lawsuits brought on charges of plagiarism of this sort have often resulted in amusement for the multitude; but there are features in all such occurrences that are more curious than humorous.

Property in Ideas

There are few men or women who have not known, at some time, persons whose one function seemed to be the giving expression to ideas that would have been amazingly brilliant if they had not been so utterly futile. If one came to ask oneself why they were so futile, one found that it was because the principles enunciated were never supported by intermediate propositions. These pseudo-geniuses had taken their notions out of the air, as it were; not by reasoning from ascertained facts. Such atmospheric philosophers have been encountered by most of us at chance moments, and in hap-hazard places. It seems to be a part of their specialty to haunt the by-ways. One will stumble upon them orating at a boarding-house table in a small country town. I have met one of them, and fallen into conversation with him, during a solitary walk at a high altitude in the Swiss Alps. They shun the centres, because no one listens to them there. But in the back-waters, where they sail their little ships, they are at ease, and one feels that they are quite happy. They occasionally have peculiar tricks of manner, or what pathologists call "tics." Perhaps they touch all the trees as they pass along; or perhaps they carefully step over all the cracks in the pavement.

And yet, if we recall certain of their notions, the chances are that we may recognize in them the beginnings of ideas that have become embedded, a generation later, in the common working-life of the day; ideas, possibly, that pass for being among the most luminous discoveries of the hour. The truth, of course, is that when an idea has come to the point of being known as a contemporary discovery it has long since passed the stage of authentic newness. It has become a feasible, a workable, a fruitful idea; the man who first makes it feasible and fruitful is the rounded, useful, successful man. And all the great men of the world, in every line of activity, have been of this class. They took their ideas from their environment, and indelibly stamped them with their genius. But they were never what one may call air-plants. That rôle belongs to the kind of brain of which we have been speaking. And a very peculiar brain it is, organized particularly, it would appear, for apprehending the future—if one may say so without seeming too fanciful—and so intent on that function that it never quite sees or grasps what is practically going on in the present.

All sorts of orders of intellect may be comprised in this category. And all degrees of cultivation, or of the lack of it, sometimes. But whether they are out-and-out visionaries, or shrewd and clever people who need a grain more of practical sense only to become extraordinarily successful, one trait is common to all these persons, and that is the jealous feeling of possessorship that they have in their ideas. I have in especial remembrance one man who had a really brilliant aptitude for the picturesque phrase, and who declared bitterly that his epithets would occasionally come back to him from all over the country, and had done so after years of time, and that when this happened it always made him very angry. When it was suggested to him that some one else might have thought of the same thing to say on a similar occasion, he repelled the notion with scorn. He felt, by instinct, the primary quality of his epigrams. He knew his own children. No one else had used just that word on his independent inspiration. His was the original; the others were copies.

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And the curious fact is that he was possibly right. People who declare that their ideas have been stolen may know perfectly well that they speak the truth. They may be of those to whom primary ideas *do* come. That fact may not make success for them. The chances, as we have seen, are all in favor of the reverse. But, although the world is hard on them, they have their distinction. They are organized, in some mysterious way, so that they do know things first—albeit they may not know them to any avail.

On Saving One's Childhood

As a child I was rather a spendthrift of happiness; I can remember with what eager intensity I lived through rare moments of special pleasure, reckless of the future. Holidays left me worn and exhausted with my too swift grasp of life. At times of an unwonted treat my little store of candied sweets would vanish in a twinkling, while my brother always had a hoard on which he drew with slow, irritating enjoyment, I watching, sad in the memory of the impassioned sweetness of moments gone.

Perhaps this helped make me a bit more wary as the days went on. After all, there were two sides to my ancestry; the one, prodigal alike of money and of sympathy, letting go their wisdom, before it had quite become wisdom, in over-ready service of mankind; the other, frugal, careful, afraid to spend either self or pelf, so that, in their long hesitancy, their hoarded wisdom rusted in their minds as their coin rusted in their purses. I have jogged on as best I might with these two sets of ancestors at my heels. "Let go," says the one; "Hold on," says the other. "Give, don't be selfish," says the one; "Wait until you have something to give," says the other; and so it has always been with me—the impetuous plunge forward, the swift tug back.

The result has been curiously interesting. I am capable of utmost, scrupulous economy, and have often found a kind of artistic delight in selecting, choosing the absolutely essential, while sparing self-denial has brought ascetic joy. Who has failed to know that fine, high, Thomas-à-Kempisy mood of gazing serenely at the shop-windows of this world's display, and rejoicing that there are so many things one does not want? Life has brought few things better than those moments of conscious pleasure in plain living and high thinking, in that divine hunger that asks no food.

I can spare and save and go without for a long, long time; then comes a moment—a spring-time slant in the sunlight, a sudden stir in the blood, a glimpse of the map of Italy, a picture of a ship riding the blue water, or it may be the sight of starved child-faces in the city streets, or the hopeless eyes of suffering horses—and my hoard is swept away in a twinkling. There is a great wind stirring in my small store of golden grain; the spot where it had lain is vacant; nothing is left save the quickening wind, and a prayer in my heart that the seed may stir and spring to life wherever it falls.

Back of it all I feel shadowy ancestral hands, guiding me this way and that. Curiously enough, the two joys seem evenly balanced. There is never regret in swinging the purse that no longer jingles, in thinking with what sweat of brow and of mind those coins were brought together; my stride upon the highway grows a bit longer, because I now must walk and may not ride, but the joy of letting go, whether to serve my own mental lack, or another's bodily need, is too great for penitence.

As in the matter of mere pence, so it is with other things and greater; lately I have come to think of one of my long hoardings, the longest, with an anticipatory thrill of that moment when the spending will come. For years I have hoarded my childhood, not from any miser instinct, but because circumstances have made it difficult for me to spend it. Those earliest days of royal squandering, when all that came was flung joyously far and wide, were cut short by boarding-school; the merry, timeless companionship of lamb, and cat, and horse gave way to sad association with those who kept strict hours, and who proved poor substitutes for my bleating, purring, neighing comrades of old.

From those far days to these my frugal ancestors have, in this matter, kept the ascendency. In pleasuring, I have been put upon a strict allowance; days and hours, priceless days and priceless hours, have been doled out to me; I have spent them always with an anxious sense of making them go as far as possible. Those rare holidays, giving out a silver sound in the mind before and after, have been carefully hoarded; I have not squandered, and little have I spent. The

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result is a saving beyond the intent of my thrifty and care-taking forebears. My unspent childhood gives me a zest in holiday that goes not with my sober years. I can find a child's sense of pleasure in mere change, in new faces, new places, in the steady streaming of life this way and that in city streets. The swiftly moving pictures outside a car window, a man at his spring ploughing, children with their dog on the grassy path toward school, a load of yellow pumpkins among the browning shocks of corn—delight me as they did when I was ten. Not all that I have learned concerning the suffering of those dwelling in the slums can check my enjoyment of the odd types: the shaggy eyebrows and long beards of wise-looking old men, the star-like faces of women, with their eyes upon their children, the human kindness that forever shines from the faces of the very poor.

I can find an almost absurd delight in the theatre; the music, the rising curtain, bring always the old thrill. Good drama is almost unbearably real; I feel spent in witnessing even in memory the Duse of old days. Even foolish things entertain me, and I discover amusement in tawdry melodrama, where shouting wonders are performed, and one's sensibilities are pounded by a sledge-hammer, as in "The Two Orphans," "Little Nell," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Perhaps, however, enjoyment here comes from watching and sharing the childish mood of the audience, father, mother, and children breathless in wide-eyed wonder.

Yes, I have saved up my childhood, and it is here to use in the evil days—some of them are evil, despite our knowledge that "the best is yet to be"—of middle life. My eyes seem the keener from having been so long hidden behind the dictionary. My pleasure in the matinée is increased tenfold by the preliminary moments in the lecture-room, where something inside keeps anxiously inquiring: "Can you hold out until 12.30?" Every excursion into the unknown has for me the grace of holiday, and the old joy of recess which was intensified by the knowledge that recess was but fifteen minutes long. There is never an unexplored road that does not tempt me, never a by-path that does not make me think I should like to go down it if I had time. Finding such poignant joy in simple things, I marvel much at the blasé faces of many of the young. What happens to those people who can always go, have always time enough and pennies enough? What joy can there be in days that are all alike, unaware of tension relaxed, of strain over? What noonday hour of intense delight can there be in the lives of those who have no morning session? I speak the language of one for whom life, literally and figuratively, has been the school-room. What did Browning mean, wise Robert Browning, in making Pippa, the mill-girl of that immortal holiday, turn out, in quite vulgar fashion, to be monsignor's niece? Never again could such joy be hers; never again could she, swathed in silks of others' weaving, idling away weary hours, say:

> "O day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
> A mite of my three-hour treasure
> . . . . . .
> Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!"

It is with a sense of luxury that I am storing up those holidays I have never had, planning how to spend my golden hoard with that mixture of frugality and liberality that best becomes my ancestry. I am hungry, but I find in that hunger a keen enjoyment that I like prolonged. At night I lie awake sometimes, thinking about all those days and weeks of freedom, by curving seashores, on long Alpine trails past slopes of fresh, eternal green, those sunny winter afternoons of Rome and of the Riviera that are to come. I owe much to those ancestors who said: "Put life into your pocket and keep it"; my deepest gratitude is yet due to those who said: "Throw it freely away." I have saved and saved, and I intend still to have the rapture of the spendthrift moments when I shall toss my long-hoarded treasure this way and that. I mean to have my fling—but not quite yet!

FASHIONS in feminine names last too long. A tyrannical majority of parents, egged on by novelists, have given us a surfeit of Betty and Peggy. Who is not now thoroughly weary of both, associated though the former be with the sweetest of puddings? I seize the strategic moment to present the claims of the excellent, durable, dignified, but neglected Maria. Too long has she kept sanctuary in the pages of early Victorian memoirs and diaries. The time is ripe for her reappearance, along with her buxom sisters Martha, Ma-

Maria to the Fore!

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tilda, and the rest of that Edgeworthian family. When woman suffrage has become fashionable, it is time that daughters should be named Maria.

There is variety enough among the sisterhood, or school, of Maria to suit all tastes. Julia and Delia have a sedate and studious sound; Susan is bustlingly domestic; Martha and Sarah are suitable for presidents of Woman's Auxiliaries and Benevolent Societies. Sophia suits a belle, and Augusta a chairman of committees. Caroline plays a swift game of tennis and is a daring horsewoman.

With the reinstatement of Maria, *et aliæ*, had I my way, the banished middle name should return to favor. A bevy of unattached but deserving names would thus come at once into more frequent use, enriching our nomenclature. A few of these, it is true, belonging to no particular school, have managed for some time to hold their own against the monopoly of Betty and Peggy. Such is the classic Helen, and such the Saxon Edith. The character of many of these independent names which have never herded into schools has become strong and full of personality; fit, indeed, to write in baptism with any of the noble *gens* of Maria.

Occasionally these free-lance names "hunt in couples." Anna and Annie, though near relations, are not congenial. Anna has a touch-me-not air. Her clothes are too nice to be risked in any sort of romp or scramble. Anna will not speak until formally introduced. Annie, on the other hand, is affectionately patronized by her elders, and infinitely accessible to her juniors. As an aunt she especially shines, and if a school-teacher she finds her desk covered with infant offerings of wake-robin and pussy-willow.

Emily is intensely dutiful and daughterly, and of the old school of wives; while Emma (a spinster) is timid, nervous, and anxious to please.

Robertas, Edwinas, and Georgianas have in them the makings of a school. They are fine, frank comrades, permanent and dependable friends.

Jane, I fear, is a minx.

Mabel is a gambolling and cavorting character, indelibly school-girlish.

Jessie, too, is perennially youthful, but in a more becoming fashion. Like Annie, Jessie is a pet with her elders; they spoil her, yet she is never spoiled.

Christine will marry young, and will always have a look of wonder, as if she had been long looking at the stars.

Olivia and Isabella (no relation of Belle) belong in a parlor. They could never learn modern dancing. As little girls they wore pantalettes, and in mature years they still wear nightcaps.

Lucy is unworldly, romantic, rather distinguished, preferably to be met by moonlight. She has store of lovers, yet cannot be called a belle; she is too dreamy; she has been to the land of faery. . . .

There is a name the unequalled commonness of which has not profaned it. Mary is the title of Madonna, and of universal woman. Those peoples do well among whom it is a custom that one daughter shall always be Mary. There seems a happy incompatibility between the syllables of that name and any or all of those traits called feline. Mary harmonizes with all other names, but, reader! wouldst thou provide in baptism a good angel for thy daughter, call her Mary Margaret.

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THE FIELD OF ART

SOME EARLY PICTURES OF LUTHER

HAD Martin Luther lived nowadays his likeness would have adorned the front page of every newspaper, would have been displayed in many a shop window, and would have been flaunted on flags and borne on buttons by his followers. He himself might not have been averse to such publicity; indeed, the success of the popular, progressive movement known as the Reformation was largely due to the fact that its leader was the first man in history to exploit that mighty engine for moulding public opinion, the recently invented printing-press. Curiosity as to the appearance of a prominent man was no less keen then than it is now, and to gratify it, lacking the photograph and the half-tone, the arts of the wood-cutter and engraver were called into service. Particularly at the time of the Diet of Worms, when the eyes of all Europe were fixed on the friar of Wittenberg trumpeting his message to the emperor and estates of Germany, portraits of the protagonist in the great drama were produced in profusion and rapidly bought up by an applauding people.

Pen-and-ink sketch of Luther, made by George Cuspinian at the Diet of Worms.

Original in the Viennese archives.

It is a pity that Albrecht Dürer never saw Luther, for had he done so we should now possess a portrait of the latter worthy of its subject. From the first Dürer was enthusiastic for the Reformation. But a few months after the revolt from Rome was started with the posting of the "Ninety-five Theses," the painter sent the Wittenberg professor some of his own etchings as a token of esteem. Early in 1520 their common patron, the Elector Frederick of Saxony, sent Dürer some of the reformer's pamphlets. The artist replied to the elector's chaplain, George Spalatin: "I beg your Reverence to express my warmest thanks to his Grace, and please commend to him the excellent Dr. Martin Luther, for the sake of the Christian truth which concerns us more than worldly riches and power, for temporal things pass away, but the truth lives forever. If God help me I will go to Dr. Luther and make his likeness in copper [*i.e.*, engrave it] for a lasting memorial to the Christian man who has helped me out of great anguish. I beg your Reverence if Dr. Luther writes anything more in German please to send it to me at my expense."

But, as the desired opportunity never came, we are obliged to rely for our knowledge of Luther's appearance on the efforts of a lesser artist, Lucas Cranach. Of his early life nothing is known. In 1504, at the age of thirty-two, he burst into fame with his "Flight into Egypt," the first and also the greatest masterpiece from his brush. This achievement secured him an appointment as court painter to the Elector Frederick in the same year, when he at once settled at Wittenberg. Here, besides his profession, he drove the trades of printer, apothecary, goldsmith, and banker, gradually accumulating a large fortune and taking a leading place in the town, of which he was frequently burgomaster. How soon his friendship with Luther began after the latter's call to teach there in 1511 cannot be told. By 1520 they were so intimate that the professor stood godfather to the painter's daughter Anna. From the same year dates the first portrait, an etching, followed by two others in 1521. Thrice also did Cranach paint his famous fellow-

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citizen—in 1521, 1525, and 1526—the last two times in company with his wife, Catharine von Bora. Throughout the picture galleries of Europe there are numerous later paintings of the reformer commonly said to have come from Cranach's brush, but they are all, in fact, done by inferior artists working under his direction. At that time in Germany art was not so much the product of the individual as of the guild. Every town had its company of painters just as it had a craft of cloth-weavers. The little flying serpent which distinguishes the Cranach pictures was not so much the sign manual of the master as the trade-mark of his firm.

Title-page of Hutten's "Gesprächbüchlein," 1521, with portraits of Luther and Hutten.

For many years the two distinguished Wittenbergers remained fast friends. Cranach was an honored guest at the reformer's wedding, June 13, 1525, and the next year acted as sponsor for his first-born son, Hans. About the same time he lent Luther a sum of money, which was soon repaid. In later life their relations cooled. In 1539 the price of grain rose very high and Luther suspected the painter of being one of a company of capitalists who had cornered the market. Against this monopoly he appealed with much feeling to the elector. Another cause estranged them still further in 1545. Cranach often illustrated the books of the reformers, and at this time was applied to by them for some caricatures of the pope. In one of these that dignitary was represented with an ass's head and a woman's body indecently exposed. Luther was not noted for the delicacy of his polemic against the Catholics, but this was too much even for him. "Master Lucas is a coarse painter," he commented; "he might have spared the female sex because God created woman and for the sake of our mothers. He could have depicted the pope in other forms worthy of him, even more diabolical."

Of all Cranach's portraits of the reformer the most interesting is the etching made by him early in 1521. The projecting brows, the prominent nose and chin, the powerful jaw and thick neck give a correct impression of the tremendous will of the man who successfully challenged the world. A number of copies from this plate were struck off, some of which were signed by Luther and forwarded on March 7 to Spalatin at Worms for distribution among his supporters at the Diet, before which he himself had just been summoned. This hitherto unnoticed fact proves that one of the arts by which public men to-day court popularity was not unknown four centuries ago.

Such special favors were necessarily limited in number, but the cheap wood-cuts of the people's hero were countless. The extent to which they were idolized was bitterly noticed by the nuncio to Germany, Jerome

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Aleander, who, on December 18, 1520, wrote the papal vice-chancellor, Cardinal Giulio de' Medici: "Recently they have made the Luther's picture with a halo; the same portrait without the halo was offered for sale here [at Worms] and bought up so quickly

Prophecey des Ehrwirdigen Herren D. Martini Luthers.
Pestis eram viuus moriens tua mors ero Papa.
O Bapst ich mag mit fugen sagen/
Das ich alzeit inn meinen tagen.
Bin gewest dein Pestilentz/
Bin komen in Welsch vnd Teudsche grentz.
Dein Reich gestürtzt darnieder
Darneben erweckt gewaltige glieder/
In reiner Lahr Gott fürchtiglich/
In Gottes Reich gahr wunderlich.
Die Gott regiert mit seinen gaben/
Werden ane scheu herrnüber draben.
Zu erhalten das Göttlich Wort/
Nicht schewen dein/noch Tyrannen mordt.
Dann ich mit meinem sterben/
Werde dich vnd dein Reich verderben.
Das wird Gott durch sein gnade schaffen/
Sobald drab werde in Gott entschlaffen.
Vnder seine Heldt erwecken zwar/
O Bapst das sag ich dir vorwar.
Das mein abgang wirt sein dein Todt/
Duss komen endlich in abfal vnd nodt.
Nimer herfüre brechen wirdet/
Zu noch dein Teuffels glieder.
Amen das geschehe vnd werde war/
Auff das sich erfrew der gleubigen schar.

Wood-cut of Luther, made in 1546.
Original in the London Record Office.

likeness of Luther with the dove over his head, and with the cross of the Lord. On another sheet they have given him a halo. The people buy these pictures, kiss them, and carry them even into the palace." Again, on February 8, 1521, he wrote: "A little while ago at Augsburg they were selling that I could not get a copy. Yesterday I saw on one and the same page Luther with a book and Hutten with a sword. Over them was printed in fair letters: 'To the Champions of Christian Liberty, Martin Luther and Ulrich von Hutten.' A quatrain in praise of each was inscribed below. Hutten,

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said the poet, was threatening with his sword. A nobleman showed me one of these pictures, but I have not been able to get another." I have not come across the picture here described, but one very like it, taken from a contemporary work, may serve to illustrate his words.

If Aleander was unable to get a likeness of Luther at Worms, one of his Italian compatriots was not so unfortunate. Jerome de' Medici, ambassador of the Marquis of Mantua to the emperor, wrote from Worms, on April 16 and 19, full accounts of the heretic's appearance before the Diet. At the same time he purchased for the marchioness Isabella d'Este, the celebrated patroness of art, paintings of Luther and Erasmus. Cardinal Bembo saw them in Isabella's gallery in 1537, but it is practically certain that she acquired them sixteen years earlier. One reason for assuming this is that after 1525 the portrait of the reformer was almost always painted as a pendant either to his wife or to Melanchthon, whereas in earlier years he was paired with Erasmus or Hutten. Isabella's pictures cannot, unfortunately, be identified with the portraits of the reformer now to be seen at Florence and Milan, for these are of a later date, and depict not Luther and Erasmus but Luther and Catharine von Bora.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the likenesses of the reformer at Worms is a pen-and-ink sketch made on the spot by George Cuspinian, a canon of Würzburg, who had accompanied his bishop to the Diet. He was a great admirer of the Wittenberg professor, with whom he had a personal interview on the very day (April 18) of the great oration closing with the words traditionally reported: "Here I stand. I can no other. So help me God." Either at the interview, or more probably at the Diet itself, the canon made the sketch here reproduced, and forwarded it, with a personal letter from Luther, to his cousin John Cuspinian, the imperial councillor at Vienna. Both letter and portrait are preserved in the Viennese archives. The latter evinces little artistic ability, but has the deepest historic interest as having caught the greatest man of the age at the very crisis of his career. It is, as it were, a sort of snapshot of him taken at the moment he was uttering the words that thrilled the world.

Luther's portraits were exported not only to Italy and Austria but also to England. The reformer's relations with Henry VIII were particularly close. A violent controversy in 1521 was followed by long negotiations in mutual efforts at reconciliation. Though these were but partially successful, each followed the career of the other with tense interest. When Luther died, February 18, 1546, Henry's agents at Bremen, Messrs. Brende and Brigantyn, promptly informed him of it. "Though it is no great matter," they deprecate, "yet because of the great fame of it in this country, we thought it but right to advertize your Majesty thereof." This news, in a despatch of March 4, was confirmed by one of March 10 from the English agent at Antwerp to the secretary of state, Lord Paget, who had himself in former years visited Wittenberg and made the acquaintance of its celebrated professor. In June Dymmock was transferred to Bremen, where he came into contact with Protestants and heard much of the impending war between the emperor and his heretical subjects. In order to unite all members of the new church, Melanchthon and Bugenhagen, its chiefs, sent forth a stirring appeal (July 4–6) to their comrades to stand fast by the faith. One of these exhortations, together with other tracts, came into the hands of Dymmock, who forwarded all of them on July 23 to Paget, and with them a colored wood-cut of the deceased leader. All of these are now preserved in the London Record Office; the wood-cut having been identified by me as the one sent by Dymmock. This gentleman wrote Paget that he was also forwarding "a provysye made by Martin Luther in his latter dayes." This prophecy is probably the Latin verse at the top of the wood-cut, with the German paraphrase below. The Latin—also to be read in hieroglyphics at the bottom of Cuspinian's sketch—is indeed by Luther and means: "Living I was thy plague, dying I will be thy death, O pope." Though the artist, "A. S.," cannot be identified, it is probable that the wood-cut came from Wittenberg with the tracts. Bearing the date 1546 it shows the prophet in his old age, the dove fluttering above him, to the right his seal—the heart, cross, and rose; on the desk in front of him some books, an hour-glass, death's head, inkstand, and quill. Though no artistic masterpiece, this picture is a historic document of uncommon interest.

PRESERVED SMITH.

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Drawn by Fred Pegram.

We two walked once beneath the moon—
Yellow it hung, and large and low—
And listened to the tender tune
Of nightingales,—*Here lies Pierrot!*

—"Here Lies Pierrot," page 162.

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